THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.D. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 17, 1910 — 5c. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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ROOFING

TWO PLY — CAPITAL STOCK $500,000.00 — TOTAL ASSETS $2,585,257 91 — SURPLUS $681,631 21 — No.

National Surety Company

NEW YORK

CONGO ROOFING
Guarantee Bond

Know all men by these presents, That we the United Roofing & Manufacturing Company a corporation of Delaware, as principal, and the National Surety Company, as surety, are held firmly bound unto

... as hereinafter called the purchaser, in the penal sum of Five Hundred Dollars, ($500.00) which sum is hereby agreed as the maximum liability hereunder, to the money of the United States of America, well and truly to be paid, and for the payment of which we and each of us hereby bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, administrators, successors and assigns jointly and severally firmly by these presents.

Dated at Philadelphia, Pa. ...

Whereas, the said principal has manufactured and sold and purchaser has purchased ... squares of two-ply Congo Roofing which has been applied on the said ... and ... and the applications thereof on said roof completed on ... on which the said principal gives the following guarantee, to wit:

GUARANTEE

That for a period of ten years from the said date of completion of application the said roofing will remain at all reasonable condition, damage from fire, hail, tempest, or other causes outside of ordinary wear and tear excepted, provided that the said roofing is applied in accordance with the printed instructions on the back of this bond and that it shall be coated at the end of two (2) years and again at the end of six (6) years from above date of application with a coat of Congo Paint, manufactured by the above principal, using not less than one gallon to two hundred (200) square feet of roof surface for each coating.

Now, therefore, ... and principal shall fail in any particular as to both to said guarantee, said principal hereby agrees to furnish said purchaser free of charge sufficient roofing to ... that portion failing to comply with the above guarantee, to said purchaser at his option may make ... necessary repairs ... and purchaser shall ... prove the failure of said roofing, provided that the ... with the conditions of the bond ... in the above guarantee shall be construed to cover damage to the roofing ... caused thereby.

... purchaser, and ... roofing shall well and truly comply with the terms of the aforesaid guarantee and said principal does ... hold ... said purchaser the terms of the guarantee, then the obligations shall be ... and ... said roofing ... to be ... and ... in full force and effect, provided however, that this instrument is executed by the National Surety Company ... upon the following express conditions, namely:

... said principal shall ... any amounts ... for ... expenses of the aforesaid guarantee ... within thirty days after proof as is herein provided has been submitted to and ... said purchaser shall immediately notify the National Surety Company in writing by registered letter, ... National Surety Company shall have the right ... to ... Fifth Avenue, New York City, New York, and the said ... to ... and purchaser ... and ... to ... and ... to ... and ... to

The Law Says—"Guard Your Employés' Lives"

How to Protect Human Life by Power Transmission

STATE after state is adopting still more stringent factory—machinery laws. Safeguard your machinery by acceptance of the Dodge Idea. Do it at the smallest outlay.

Gain, at the same time, in power. Put an end to power waste in transmission.

Let the Dodge board of engineers show you how, free of obligation.

A most rigid law, for instance, went into effect in Illinois, January 1st. Read its terms. See how it demands protection of employés. Notice how the friction clutch, a famous Dodge Line feature, is specified:

The Letter of the Law

"Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois represented in the General Assembly; That all power-driven machinery, including all saws, planers, wood shapers, jointers, sand-paper machines, iron mangles, emery wheels, ovens, furnaces, forges and rollers of metal; all projecting set-screws on moving parts; all drums, cogs, gearing, belting, shafting, tables, flywheels, flying shuttles and hydro-extractors; all laundry machinery, mill gearing and machinery of every description; all systems of electric wiring or TRANSMISSION, etc., shall be so located, wherever possible, as not to be dangerous to employés, or shall be properly enclosed, fenced or otherwise protected.

"Where machines are arranged in groups, rooms or departments, and are supplied by power through the use of main or line shafts, receiving power from some prime mover, located without the group, room or department, the power-receiving wheel of such main or line shaft, shall, wherever possible, be provided with a FRICTION CLUTCH."

The Dodge Split Friction Clutch is recognized today as being of the utmost importance in power transmission equipment of mill or factory. With the Dodge Split Friction Clutch installed, you avoid loss of life, waste of power, squealing belts in shifting, and loose-pulley nuisances—and dangers.

The split feature enables the power user to comply with the law at a minimum expense. For Dodge Split Friction Clutches and Split Pulleys can be mounted on the shafts without disturbing any other equipment or taking down the shaft—as would be required with a non-separable clutch.

Many a shop and factory could, by judicious use of Friction Clutches, save immensely in power and time. Long lines of shafting and a multiplicity of belts, running in idle departments—just because some other department is in operation—waste power shamefully.

Shut-downs for repairs are inevitable also, in a plant not divided into power units.

Avoid such expensive annoyances by installing the Dodge Split Friction Clutch and Split Pulley.

As well as the Split feature in transmission equipment and friction clutches to control departments separately, the Dodge Idea embodies interchangeability wherever possible and the splendid economy of self-oiling bearings.

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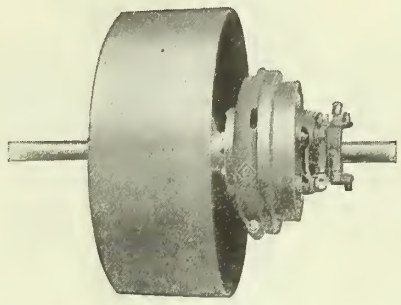
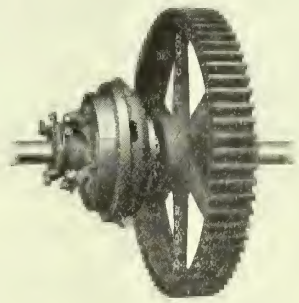
Write for Catalog ZC-10 and special plan for guaranteeing delivered prices on Dodge goods, giving you exact price on transmission machinery complete, laid down in good condition at your nearest freight station. If you desire this information, mention fact when you write.

Watch for the Diamond D—It is Your Protection



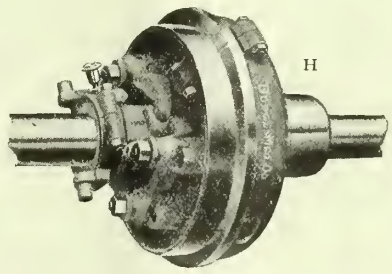
Dodge Split Clutch in Combination With an Iron Split Pulley

Both clutch and pulley being split, this combination can be easily and quickly installed without disturbing other equipment.



A Spur Gear in Combination With a Dodge Split Clutch

Such combinations, and those formed with pulleys, sprocket wheels, rope sheaves, etc., are easily effected by means of standard extension sleeves, and are interchangeable.



Friction Clutch Coupling

When the Dodge Split Friction Clutch is to be used as a Cut-Off Coupling, the hub H is simply substituted for the extended sleeve. This hub is keyed to the end of the driving shaft and is provided with a brass bushing for receiving the adjacent end of the driven shaft, thus making a true male and female bearing and assuring absolute alignment.

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Power Transmission Engineers and Manufacturers Of the Dodge Line Power Transmission Machinery

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THE Dodge Idea means that every line shaft is controlled by a friction clutch, as specified in the law.

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By the Dodge Idea, the latest factory laws in any state for safeguarding life and property, in so far as power transmission machinery is concerned, are met.

Even if, in YOUR state, there are not yet rigid factory laws—you cannot tell how soon such laws will be passed.

So it is best to be prepared.

Do not wait for this legislation—do not face constant danger of fatal accidents when the Dodge Line will banish it—at the lowest cost. And will, at the same time, cut out every dollar of power-waste in transmission—by doing away with avoidable friction—by delivering every ounce of power, with the least possible loss, from its source to the machinery which makes your product.

No Fatal Accidents— No Big Damages to Pay

Many have been the damage suits because an employé, through accident, has been maimed or killed.

A machine could not be stopped, or cut out, at once. The engine room had to be signaled to shut off all the power—for the entire plant. By that time—it was too late.

A Dodge Clutch or Cut-Off Coupling would have enabled a helper—or probably the man himself—to cut out, immediately, the machine.

Then there would have been no accident—no just cause for damages.

The scientific advice of our board of expert engineers will show you an immediate way out of all power transmission difficulties.

However great or small your factory needs, learn from us the saving possible.

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We will send you the Dodge Handy Calculator for Pulleys, Belts and Friction Clutches, in real leather case, prepaid for 25 cents. That's what it costs us, not including postage. Your money back if not satisfied. Please use the coupon.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

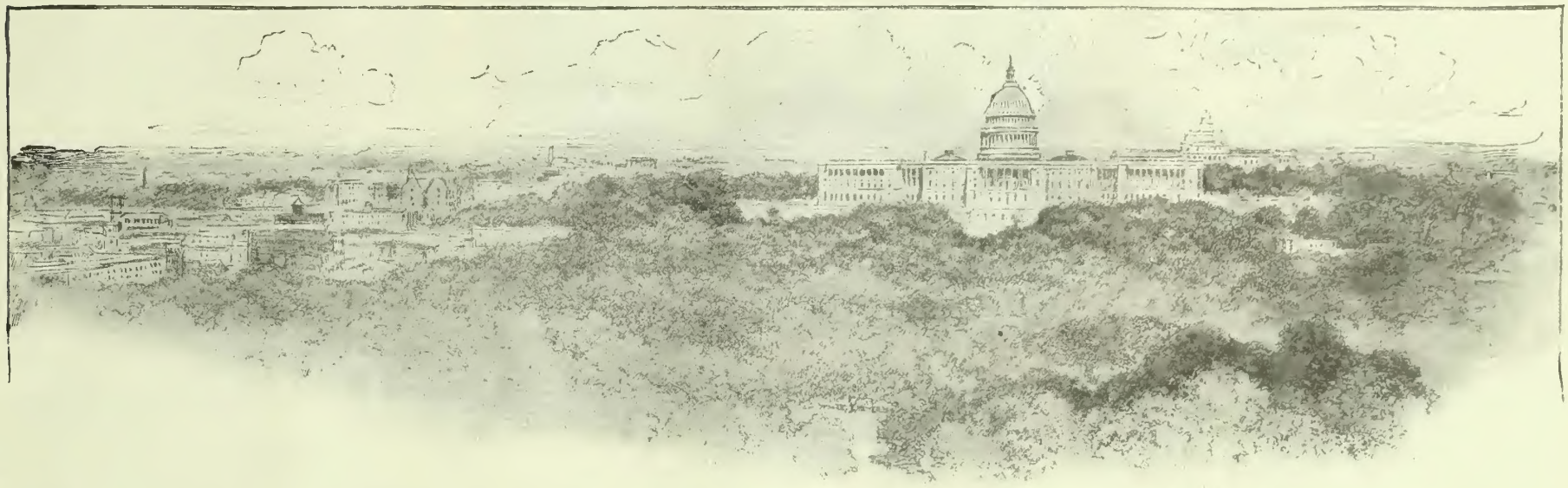
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 183 — PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1910 — Number 12

THE TARIFF COMMISSION



The Natural History of a Reform

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

REFORMS have a way—all reforms that spring from a real need and represent a sound idea—they have a way of working upon the minds and the consciences of the people and of forcing themselves into great issues and then into beneficent and permanent facts. It is the part not only of wisdom but also of sheer prudence to hesitate before opposing them, and especially before throwing oneself headlong against them.

It is curious to observe the attitude of politicians toward such reform. Usually a proposed measure that embraces the correcting and remedial idea injures powerfully established interests—or rather the managers and beneficiaries of those interests imagine this to be the case. So when the reform is proposed, not yet having made headway among the people, these "interests" carry the biggest guns, politically speaking.

Thus the politician or party manager, who always is on the side of the heaviest battalions for the sake of the advantages it gives him and never on the side of right just for the sake of right, invariably is against this "innovation," as he calls it, this "new-fangled idea," this "crazy scheme," this "overturner of tried and tested things," and various other epithets that he considers descriptive of the reform.

Indeed, epithet is the first weapon that he lays his hand upon with which to smite the reform—epithet and sneer and ridicule—until finally he is forced to make some kind of an argument against it. Have not all of us witnessed this opposition to every law that eventually changed conditions, when it was first proposed? After the idea has made its way by the sheer power of its own merits, and public opinion takes the reluctant fingers of the legislator and forces them to grasp the lawmaking pen and write the provisions of the reform upon the statute books—after this everybody quickly forgets the hard fight that brought it about and the methods of those who resisted it. As I shall show, the politician who fought it swears to the public that he was the earnest friend of this reform all along—that is, he swears this after the reform has succeeded.

As I was saying, the politician-searcher for the sources of power, the party manager who wants to win elections, right or wrong, usually is against all measures that change existing conditions, no matter how bad those conditions are—indeed, the very wrongfulness of those conditions often makes him oppose a reform all the more fiercely. For frequently the more wrongful those conditions are the greater is their value to those who profit by them. And those who profit by them have helped the politician and party manager both in their individual political careers and in their party's contests. Also it cannot too frequently be repeated that before the reform has made its way with the people these interests are infinitely more helpful to these men than the little reform sentiment can possibly be. For the interests can furnish campaign funds and other sinews of war, and the reform cannot furnish votes—that is, not yet, not at this particular stage of the game.

The Two Unmanageable Forces of the Universe

BUT what happens? Is not this the way of it? The reform has argument back of it. It has facts; and facts cannot be battered down or laughed out of court. You cannot insult a fact. Ridicule has no more effect upon a fact than a single drop of rain in the middle of the Atlantic has upon the Rocky Mountains. There are just two unmanageable forces in the universe—a fact and an idea. An idea is logic based on facts. And facts have a way of lodging in the minds of men and women. Also the plain logic of those facts has a provoking fashion of capturing human intelligence. If it were not for logic and facts, human progress would be in a poor way. Kings have always been against both; so have aristocracies; and so, in our day, are those various forms of entrenched power which are doing wrong or which are not based on economic principles.

We are talking now about the progress of a reform and the comic changes it makes in the attitude of those crafty political ones who watch the current of events. The facts and their logic, upon which the reform is based, make progress. The few voices originally raised in favor of the reform persist in their appeal. The unanswerableness of what they say gives those voices a carrying power that reaches across the continent. The truthfulness of the words they write penetrates the humblest homes.

Gradually—but more and more swiftly as communication becomes more rapid and easy—individuals at the most scattered points of the Republic become convinced, and then themselves become advocates of the reform. The subject begins to be a matter of daily conversation by business men at their clubs, by workingmen at their midday meals or at their meetings, by travelers in the smoking-compartments of our trains—most important of all, by families about their hearthstones.

Suddenly occurs some event which the simplest mind can observe—and this event, like a great picture painted on the skies, illustrates the helpfulness of this proposed reform to all the people except those who benefit by the order of things that this reform will alter.

Why the Bitterest Foes Become Smiling Friends

SO IT now becomes a question of votes. When it has reached the voting stage it attracts the politicians and party managers. If it is big enough the reform becomes an issue—something from which a politician or party manager may reap personal or party advantage. It interests him now, this reform. The period of sneers, abuse and ridicule has passed. He is not a bit more concerned than formerly in the necessity or the wisdom for the reform—he does not even remotely care about its righteousness.

Indeed, in his heart he hates the reform—all reforms. But he is concerned keenly and he does care mightily about those votes. Yes, indeed! It has now become a problem in mathematics to ascertain which can do him or his party the more good—further resistance of this reform and the aid of the powerful who are opposed to it, on the one hand; or conversion to the reform and the votes which that will mean to him and his party, on the other hand.

Just at this point his mind is still and hesitant, like waters falling on the top of a great divide, uncertain which way to flow. If he thinks it wise to oppose the reform for one or two elections longer he will do that; or if he thinks it wise to throw his arms about the reform and make it his own he will embrace it with ecstasy; or if he thinks on the whole the best thing for him and his party is to grant the beginnings of that reform, but not a great deal, he will yield his grudging and halfway assent.

By the latter of these processes he can still retain the favor of the mighty ones whom heretofore he has served and who have given him largess; and at the same time contend to these bothersome friends of this movement that he is with them at heart, but feels that wisdom requires that sure progress must be slow progress.

Another thing that makes for laughter on the part of the intelligent observer is the desire of this politician or party manager to "save his face." He is as much concerned about "saving his face" as is a Chinaman. There is something childish, something almost pathetic if it were not so funny, about the anxiety of this type of man in our public life not to appear before the people to have opposed something that

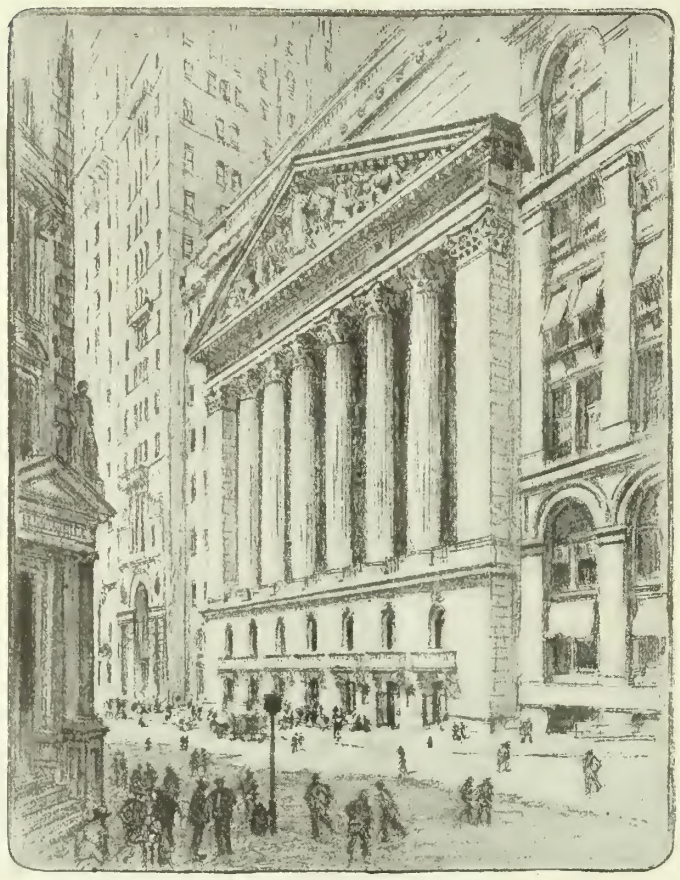
finally proves successful. With the amusing audacity of infancy, or of piracy, these men often and indeed usually claim actually to have been the firmest friends, if indeed not the originators, of the movement that they have fought with all their practiced resourcefulness.

For example: can any one find in the whole country any public man who will admit that he was against the establishment of the Department of Commerce and Labor? It is not thinkable, is it? Yet such men there were—men of reputed weight, too, and proved wisdom. Or what man in public life will openly admit that he was hostile to the railway rate legislation of four years ago?—how long a time four years is in obliterating power! You will not find one such man. Rather you will hear the bitterest foes of that legislation say that they were for it all the time, and that, as a matter of fact, it was they who enacted it.

An excellent illustration is the Pure Food Law. For years and years that reform battered at the doors of Congress to get into the halls of legislation; and then battered at the doors of committee-rooms to get out of them; and then clamored in open session for enactment. It is doubtful whether it would be on the statute books at this day but for the hurricane of popular wrath aroused by the revelations concerning the packing-houses brought on by the meat inspection bill. Yet you may hear on any stump the very men who chloroformed the Pure Food Law, bound and gagged it, cut its tendon Achilles, and in various other ways hushed and maimed it, proclaiming that they are the ones who actually established it as a vital law.

An even more vivid example was the experience of the Meat Inspection Law—its history was brief, its victory quick and brilliant. This was due to the splendid and daring generalship of President Roosevelt in uncovering the facts and demanding the enactment of this law, and to the quick blows with which the friends of this measure followed up its introduction. Yet with all these things coming one after another in swift succession and with ever-increasing force, the politicians and party managers fought the reform desperately.

Crafty legislators pulled most of the teeth out of the reform and proposed to pass a bill that could no more bite than a new-born babe or a senile old man. We put the teeth back again, but we were pretty well clawed and scratched and otherwise disfigured before the fight was over. Yet when finally the bill was passed, the very men who had fought it, who in committee-room and lobby and other places familiar to these gentry had done their level best to denature this reform—these very men, I say, boldly appeared to the public and declared with unctuous fervor that they had been for it all the time. All they had been doing, they said, was just to make its provisions a little more secure.



Some Hard-Won Reforms

TAKE the Employer Liability Law or the Safety Appliance Law or the law making it a crime for railroads to compel their train crews to work more than sixteen hours without rest or sleep. If you would accuse any public man of opposing any of these measures he would denounce you as the slanderer of an upright statesman. What is more, he would produce in proof of the falsehood of your charge his vote upon that very measure. Yet each of these laws was resisted with all the cunning that years of parliamentary practice have developed into an art. When, finally, the foes of these reforms could not succeed in seriously impairing them and could no longer delay a vote, practically everybody voted for them. Now that they are laws everybody takes it for granted that nobody ever did oppose them. And, as in the case of the Pure Food Law, you may hear men in both parties who were determined enemies of each of these measures point with pride to their part in their enactment.

I cite these instances because they are as fresh as any that can be mentioned in the hurrying memory of our hasty days. But the same thing has been true of every reform since before the foundation of our Government; true of the abolition of imprisonment for debt; true of every one of the splendid array of laws for the protection of labor and the amelioration of human conditions; true of those laws for the control of capital, which dishonest capital so violently opposed but which honest capital now finds to be so wise because so just.

Every one of these reforms, which when enacted the whole world admits to be beneficial and no power could overthrow, travels from its inception to its enactment step by step the exact road that I have described—violence, epithets, sneers, ridicule, hesitation, grudging assent, enactment, enthusiastic approval, and finally the claim of original support by their original enemies.

In the case of every one of them the politicians and party managers have had the same monotonous and unhappy experience—resistance in behalf of their benefactors, the contributing and supporting interests, at whose evil practices each reform struck; uncertainty of mind as the reform gathered momentum; reluctant yielding to growing popular demand; and finally championship of the very cause they had fought—the saving of their own and their parties' faces at the end.

I doubt if ever in the history of reform measures there has been a case better illustrative of this than that of the Tariff Commission whose beginnings we have now achieved—only the beginnings, it is true, but even that is a great deal, as you will see. From an unfriended waif, kicked and cuffed by the lords of legislation, called hard names by the mighty in authority, it is coming into its own and is the chief issue of the great campaign now opening.

As the most considerable immediate reform now in process of realization, its genesis and the forces that have placed it in its present commanding position in public discussion are as important as they are fascinating. So let us look into the history up to the present hour of this greatest of all proposed present-day business measures.

Always, but particularly since the Civil War, our tariffs have been builded, no matter on what theory or by what party, in an incredibly ignorant, unjust and unscientific way. Until recently very little intelligent attention was paid to the methods of making a tariff law, and a great deal of uninformed attention was given to tariff theories. And these tariff theories were important—for considering the tariff systems of other nations it would have been harmful for this country to adopt a free-trade or tariff-for-revenue-only system and honestly build a law upon that theory. And so, after much discussion of tariff theories, the country most wisely has settled down definitely to the theory of protection—intelligent and honest protection, mind you, and not that extortion under the name of protection which is as intolerable in a tariff as it is in anything else.

But as a practical matter of cold, icy facts it made little difference whether the people determined in favor of the theory of a protective tariff or the theory of a tariff-for-revenue-only, so far as the methods of making a tariff law under either popular decree were concerned. In either event our tariffs have been put together by log-rolling, by trades, by deals, by combinations.

Until the last tariff session all of these log-rolling, wire-pulling, lobby-employing methods of making our tariffs were somewhat hidden from the public gaze by the smoke of a more or less foolish rhetorical battle. It is a historic fact that the last tariff session is the only one in our history where a body of determined men studied the various tariff schedules from the economic viewpoint—studied them scientifically, went with painstaking care into the facts, examined with mathematical precision the figures. Heretofore in making our tariffs a very effective stage setting was arranged for the entertainment of the public—the log-rolling, the lobby-fixing, occurred behind the scenes.

In the theatrical performance on this stage setting the Democrats would deliver thunderous denunciations of the "robber tariff," spin out an infinitude of rhetorical logic about the "principle of a tariff-for-revenue-only"—all with a great deal of fury and a great deal of ignorance; the Republicans, with even greater fury and an equal amount of ignorance, would denounce "free trade," paint horrible pictures of "pauper labor," exalt the "principle of protection"—but neither Democratic nor Republican orators knew a great deal about just precisely what was being done to the schedules under either the "principle of a tariff-for-revenue-only" or the "principle of protection." Usually the same thing was done under either "principle."

These opposing oratorical forces were quite in earnest—they worked themselves up into a great heat and passion over their respective theories and "principles." Meanwhile they paid little attention to the exact rates; but the managers of legislation and the interests who were concerned in a pocketbook-way about tariff rates—these paid a great deal of attention to the exact rates.

Take, for instance, the Wilson-Gorman Tariff. The Democratic party had been successful and had pledged itself to a tariff-for-revenue-only—something, by the way, to which that party no longer pledges itself. President Cleveland was as honest as he was courageous. He believed in a tariff-for-revenue-only; and, besides, as a mere moral question he wanted to keep the pledges that he and his party had made to the people. Also his party had a clear majority in both Senate and House.

What happened? It is not so important that the average rates of the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Law were higher than the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law—for that only means the betrayal of party pledges, to which the people have become so accustomed that they are almost calloused to it. But this important thing happened—the law finally enacted was the written record of a number of perfectly shameless deals not in the interests of the people at large or the great mass of our manufacturing and other industries, but for the benefit of certain great interests which demanded and received the cover of the law for their further continuance of legalized piracy that had made them rich and powerful. Would the same kind of men do any better today than those who finally shaped the Wilson-Gorman Act? Read the record of the votes on various items of the Payne-Aldrich Bill and from that draw your own conclusions. Indeed, can any just and accurate law be framed so long as we tolerate the log-rolling system?

A Party Perfidy and a Dishonor

FOR example, everybody remembers the sugar scandal that followed the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Act. It was so bad that there was a Congressional investigation and it was found that a number of the men who enacted this tariff had been dealing in the stocks of the Sugar Trust. Also, the way the downtrodden and poverty-stricken iron ore and coal kings were saved from pauperism by their patriotic friends in Congress is not yet wholly forgotten.

In short, the whole Wilson-Gorman Tariff Law was so outrageous that President Cleveland over his own signature denounced it as "a party perfidy and a dishonor."

The same thing has been done, of course, in making all of our tariffs since the Civil War—throughout all our history, in fact, but especially since the Civil War. There have been men, and great men, who objected to these deals; for example: Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, then Senators from Massachusetts, both Republicans, both protectionists, and both among the great founders of the

Republican party, fought and finally voted against the present woolen schedule—which is now more than forty years old—because it then was, as it still is, a deal between certain wool growers and certain wool manufacturers—the growers of English wool and the combing or worsted manufacturers principally.

(It may be remarked in parenthesis that nobody attempted to read Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson—protectionists, both of them, mind you—out of the party which they helped to found because they denounced and voted against that immoral bargain.)

These two great statesmen and great Republicans thought that this woolen schedule was immoral because it was not drawn in the interests of all the people, or even in the interests of the majority of the people, or even of a small part of the people; but only for the benefit of a few hundred wool growers and a few dozen wool manufacturers.

More than forty years have passed and we have not been able to change this unjust deal put through at the expense of the American people. (It was altered in the Gorman-Wilson Bill, but so crudely and unjustly that it was worse than before in its operation and effect. But in this alteration did the American Woolen Company—the "Wool Trust"—"get left?" It did not. It also was preserved from "bankruptcy" just as the iron ore or coal and the sugar interests were saved.) President Taft has declared since the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law was passed that it was found impossible to change this "indefensible schedule," as he most justly calls it, because the combination between the wool growers of certain Western states and the wool manufacturers of certain Eastern states was so strong that their representatives would have defeated the whole law if this ancient and outrageous schedule had been changed.

Yet the facts carefully, toilsomely gathered and clearly, accurately stated to the Senate and the country by certain Republican Senators, were known to all before the bill passed. But they were not official; they did not have the weight of an impartial Government commission back of them, and so it was possible to kick up a dust of assertion and wrangle.

Even with this, nothing saved the woolen schedule from being straightened out but the combination which President Taft declares would have cut the throat of the whole bill if this "indefensible" schedule had been changed. This "indefensible" schedule must be made modern, accurate and just, honestly protective of the woolen industry and not burdensome to the people. We fought to make it so at the tariff session, but were not then strong enough to prevail against the "combination."

Of course the injustice in this schedule could not have withstood the attacks upon it if it had been considered separately; also most certainly the injustice in this schedule could not have prevailed if the facts concerning this schedule had been ascertained and stated to Congress and the people by some authoritative body of Government experts so that these facts would have had the support of official authority. And just this is what we must come to, as I shall show in a moment: the revision of any schedule that needs to be changed and at the time it needs to be changed—instead of the tearing up of all the schedules at the same time, whether they need it or not.

Later on, and while Charles Sumner's moral protest was still echoing through the land, this piratical method of making our tariffs had become such an accepted mode of procedure that John Sherman substantially declared that the thing to do was to ask anybody who wanted any tariff rate to say just what he did want, and then to give it to him. That was so simple, you perceive, that there could not be any mistake; everybody would be satisfied. Yes, indeed, everybody but the people; but the people were so hard at work that they would not mind, and if they did they never would be heard from.

The people—the workingman, clerk, merchant, miner, the "butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," the "plain people"—as Lincoln called them—never would appear before the committees of Congress and present their side of the case. They had no money with which to get to Washington, in the first place; they could not spare the time, in the second place; and did not everybody say that nobody but experts and those interested could understand the tariff, in the third place? And this last was quite true, by the way.

But, of course, there were conflicts among these interests as to the various duties. What helped one interest might hurt another interest; and so that other interest had to get some kind of a compensation to solace it. Thus grew up the practice called log-rolling. These interests would deal with one another, make trades, and all that; and then, as I have said, the final results of these deals and trades would constitute our tariff schedules. Or, one interest desiring certain rates in a schedule which would be supported by a certain number of votes, would agree with other interests desiring certain rates in a schedule which would be supported by other numbers of votes for mutual aid in getting the rates desired by each—this is the very essence of log-rolling. And these votes might be from one "political party" or another—for these interests are the most non-partisan creatures you can imagine. And by the same token, these interests always have tried to keep the people as partisan as the interests themselves are non-partisan. *(Continued on Page 45)*

THE PEER'S PROGRESS

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

III

A DECEMBER fire blazed upon the hearth, and Lord Fotheringay's socks—embroidered with a delicate design—toasted before it. The climbing flames and six tall candles illuminated the room; as it was freezing hard outside, the heavy curtains were closely drawn and disclosed a high expanse of fresh French blue and quaint device. A soft, harmonious carpet on the floor; wardrobe and dressing-table and bed chosen with a connoisseur's eye; five Dewints upon the wall; a sympathy everywhere of color and design—all showed the type of mansion he was visiting. Beside the bed the dexterous Grimes was laying out his evening clothes, and his lordship himself smoked a cigarette before the fire.

"Nice house, Grimes," he remarked, casting his eye around the room.

"Chaste but comfortable, my lord; I thought you would like it."

"What, you been here before?"

"Yes, my lord. I managed to procure his Grace of Durwent an invitation on one occasion; but I regret to say our visit was in the nature of a failure. One couldn't keep always at his elbow, and he found the standard a trifle too high for him. Fortunately he contrived to become slightly intoxicated on the last evening and that was considered to explain the fiasco partially. But we were not asked again."

"He must have been a bit of a rotter," said Bertie.

"Excuse me, my lord, but a congenital idiot would be a more intellectual way of expressing it. That, in fact, was what he was, my lord. The material was hopeless. I really had to get rid of him at last."

Lord Fotheringay laughed.

"How did you manage it?"

"Married him," said Grimes briefly.

"You're a little luckier this time, I hope, Grimes—what?"

"Your lordship makes it an honor to serve you," said Grimes, with an air almost approaching enthusiasm.

Lord Fotheringay smiled complacently.

"Well, I must confess, Grimes, that I have found you a deuced handy fellow," he conceded pleasantly.

Eighteen months had passed since Bertie spun his half-sovereign in Lady Pundit's garden, and it was a much-developed peer who warmed his back before this fire. By a widening circle of charmed acquaintances he had already come to be considered as a young man of remarkable promise; nor, when this opinion reached him, did he think it in any way necessary to contradict it. Such an impression obviously could not be produced by a mere ordinary fellow, so that there could be no immodesty in acquiescing in the general verdict. But just as in the loftiest mountain ranges there are towering pinnacles reserved for the boldest climbers, so in high society some places are higher than others. The Honorable Mrs. Jim Resorte, to whom this charming mansion belonged—Jim himself had merely paid for it and then retired to Uganda to shoot rhinoceroses—was one of the leading spirits in that famous organization known as the "Forty." This sect was considered by its members as the only portion of the population of England which "counted." By such of the other inhabitants, as had happened to hear of it, it was usually confused either with the Society for Psychical Research or the Plymouth Brethren. Fortunately the world proved sufficiently wide for the Forty to remain in ignorance of these misconceptions, and as people on the borderland of its preserves—dukes and cabinet ministers, for instance—were always only too glad to enter, it had no difficulty in remaining extremely select. Its chief characteristics were the remarkably large volume of stimulating intellectual currents that flowed in to irrigate its fortunate members, and the remarkably small rivulet that flowed out. It can readily be believed that even Lord Fotheringay felt elation at appearing in such company.

"I say, Grimes," he remarked presently, "they've got some deuced rum birds in this bag. Who's the fat little woman that rolls her eyes?"

"Miss Stella Lamour, my lord."

"Good gad! Isn't she the woman who wrote all those risqué novels?"

"Yes, my lord; but her social opportunities have hitherto been limited. Till Mrs. Jim discovered her she lived in Kentish Town."

"The libraries have censored her books, haven't they?"

"Yes, my lord; but merely in the interests of the bourgeois. The Forty are bringing out a private edition

de luxe—hand-made paper, vellum covers, profusely illustrated ——"

"Illustrated!" exclaimed Bertie; "I thought there was a law against that sort of thing."

"Quite so, my lord; but they will only be seen by the right people. The price is to be four guineas a volume."

Bertie unbuttoned his collar and inquired:

"And who's that dreadful fellow with his hair in his eyes?"

"Prince Rumpelstiltski."

"Prince of Greenland—what? They don't use soap there, I believe."

Grimes smiled approvingly.

"Very pretty, my lord. Quite a *bon mot*. As a matter of fact, I can't find him in the Almanach de Gotha."

"Bogus, d'ye mean?"

"Oh, naturally, my lord. The Forty get very bored with the genuine nobility."

"But what about me, then?"

"Well, my lord, you come under a different category. Even they have marriageable daughters."

His master looked at him critically.

"I say, Grimes, I occasionally think there's something almost cynical about you. I know you don't mean it, but it's a habit to be guarded against."

Grimes received this hint in respectful silence, and his master went on with his toilet. Presently he said:

"You seem to know everything about everybody. Lady Feodora Monteden's father was Lord Pottinger, wasn't he?"

"Yes, my lord, the third earl. The title goes to a cousin in Queensland. He will remain there, I believe. Lady Feodora inherited everything."

"Did he leave her much?"

"Thirty thousand pounds a year."

"I say, that's rather useful."

Grimes looked at him obliquely.

"Very," he said significantly.

Lord Fotheringay was engaged in the symmetrical adjustment of the design upon his socks.

"Rather a catch," he remarked casually.

"Prince Rumpelstiltski is of that opinion also, I believe."

Bertie looked up sharply.

"That greasy bounder? Hang it, she's one of the handsomest girls I've ever met. She wouldn't dream of doin' such a dashed silly thing."

"She is very intellectual, my lord; and once a lady is taken that way, you never can tell."

"But surely her intellect ought to warn her."

Grimes shook his head and smiled pessimistically.

"I once had considerable hopes of the sex myself, but I have observed, my lord, that if a lady interferes with her natural instincts she's apt to skid as she takes her corners."

Lord Fotheringay was extremely thoughtful for several consecutive minutes.

"I say, Grimes," he said at length, "I'm not used to movin' in mixed society, and, hang it, one doesn't want to be downed by a dashed Dago. What sort of line should I take?"

A spark glinted in Grimes' intelligent eye.

"Your usual, my lord—the superior being, indicated by your lordship's condescending manner."

"Well, but my manner now," said Bertie doubtfully, "er—I wonder whether any one as brainy as—well, as Lady Feodora, for instance—would think my manner quite—er—don't you know what I mean?"

"My lord," replied Grimes with conviction, "with your manner a young nobleman has the world at his feet. It is the trampling manner, so to speak. I defy a bishop, my lord, to maintain his orthodoxy in the face of your lordship's happy way of dismissing his arguments."

"Oh, but I say, I don't want to interfere with anybody's religion."

"I was talking metaphorically, my lord; and in any case I do not say you would unhinge his reverence's convictions; you would merely make it impossible for him to continue the discussion with dignity."

"H'm," observed Bertie.

Grimes resumed:

"In this gallery—Molière, my lord; you recognize the quotation, I hope—I should recommend a very decided line, the competition for the ladies' attention being severe. Agree with nobody, but do not condescend to explain why. Spread yourself, my lord, in inappropriate repartee—I mean, my lord, in repartee of which the meaning is never obvious."

"I think I know the sort of thing you mean," said Bertie. "It always does seem to impress people, somehow or other."

He stopped and gazed critically at the waistcoat laid out for him—a dazzling creation, which, though entirely white, yet contrived also to be visibly striped.

"I say, isn't this a bit lively for 'em?" he remarked. "I'd meant to wear something rather serious and thoughtful-lookin'."

"It will catch the ladies' eyes, my lord," said Grimes gravely. "That will give you a start, as it were."

Bertie encased himself in the waistcoat and studied the effect for several minutes.

"Well," he said at last, "if it keeps 'em from lookin' at that brute's hair it'll be doing a public kindness."

He put on his coat and glanced at his watch.

"Now," said he, "I've still got five minutes. I might as well run over my subjects. Sex in Art—that's one; and my position is—what the deuce is it, again?"

"That polygamy is the basis of beauty."

"Oh, yes, I remember. But—er—how do I bring it in?"

"In rather a loud voice, my lord; I shouldn't trouble about anything else."

"Yes," said his lordship. "I've often noticed I get my best effects simply by shoutin'. Rum thing, but it's a fact, I assure you. And my next subject is—er—oh, I remember—the abolition of the House of Lords."

"Of the House of Commons, my lord. The other is threadbare."

"Yes, by gad; I must take care not to fire the wrong barrel there. And then, when I've loosed those two—oh, I say, I'll have to be goin' down."

Grimes' last words were steeped in ripe experience.

"Pardon me, my lord, but might I suggest that the second glass of champagne would make a convenient starting-point for your lordship's first flight, so to speak?"

His lordship nodded his appreciation.

"That's the soundest thing you've said yet, Grimes."

A last glance in the mirror, and Bertie had gone forth to conquer. In the comfortable bedroom he had quitted for the arena of wit his tutor poked up the fire, lit a cigarette and, after emptying the pockets of his lordship's coat, entertained himself by perusing the latest effusion of an enamored viscountess and the petition of a long-suffering clothier.

. . . . . .

It is probable that Mrs. Jim and her guests were under the impression that their banquet was the sole function held in the house that evening. But even that gifted coterie were not omniscient. When Mr. Grimes had sufficiently entertained himself with his pupil's correspondence he retired to an apartment less artistically upholstered, it is true, but warmed by a rather larger fire, and there arrayed himself in a shirt as white and evening clothes as faultless as anything Lord Fotheringay had ever worn. Then with an elegant air he sauntered off to join a select party as correctly attired as himself. Indeed, the ladies—three of whom spoke English with the most fascinating Parisian accent—were, if possible, more *décolleté* than the ladies abovestairs. Of course, only the élite of their profession were included, the humbler members officiating behind the chairs. The menu was pronounced by general consent to be *recherché* and the champagne as good as they had ever tasted; while the conversation reached a level of *esprit* that elicited favorable notice, even from Mr. Grimes. In the houses he visited such a compliment was considered to set the seal upon the entertainment: what he damned was acknowledged at once to be condemnable indeed; what he praised became the fashion instantly. With the exception of Beau Brummel and General Boulanger, it is hard to think of an instance where true greatness had ever before received such universal recognition from its contemporaries.

"Your Grace is such a vitty gentleman!" murmured the Parisian next to him; a piquant little thing with a vast experience of gentlemen, witty and otherwise.

As a tribute to his superiority Mr. Grimes was still granted as courtesy title the designation of his late patron, the Duke of Durwent.

He smiled upon the lady affectionately. "Where there's sparks there's fire," he replied in a low and gallant voice. "Your ladyship sets me alight, so to speak."

Her ladyship pinched him privily, a pretty liberty which the superior being was so far from resenting that he pinched her gently in return.

"Durwent," said a stout gentleman who, a floor higher up, was styled the butler, but here was known as the Honorable Jim, "it surprises me often what a perfeck acquaintance with culture and poetry you 'as. Fash'nable intelligence I can understand; you mixes in society almost more'n any of us in a sense, but the literatoor you quotes—it's amazin'!"

Mr. Grimes received this compliment without the least indication of undue elation.

"I quote occasionally," he admitted, "but my aphorisms are usually my own. In fact, the difficulty is to find anything ready-made that is quite suitable. Even Shaw and Meredith and so on are devilish limited. One may get a hint from them, perhaps, but I seem to see a little further myself, as a rule."

A quiet-looking, thin-faced gentleman opposite nodded his assent.

"They imagines; but we stands be'ind the curtains and 'ears," he pronounced.

Mr. Grimes threw him a glance of approval, but delicately amended his English:

"That's it—they imagine; we see things."

"*Mon Dieu!* We see some vary funny tings!" exclaimed his fair neighbor, with such a charming suggestion of keyhole revelations that the whole company applauded rapturously.

When the ladies had retired and the gentlemen had consumed the greater portion of their cigars Mr. Grimes drew his chair close to the quiet-looking, thin-faced man.

"Care to have a stroll through the house?" he suggested.

The other looked surprised.

"Ain't you wantin' to join the ladies?"

"To *chercher la femme*, eh?" said Mr. Grimes wittily. "Presently, Mr. Jarman, presently. I should like to see how Fotheringay is getting on, first. There's a quiet corner in the gallery where we can watch 'em. What d'ye say?"

Mr. Jarman looked a trifle apprehensive.

"Mrs. Jim's got the devil's own temper. If she catches us at them games ——"

"Pooh!" smiled Mr. Grimes. "Did you ever know me let myself get found out?"

"No," his friend admitted; "I must say that for you, Mr. Grimes—you're deuced fly."

Mr. Grimes seemed to dislike the adjective.

"I have a little tact," he corrected.

His knowledge of the exact geography of every house he had visited, however large, ancient or rambling, was admitted to be exceptional, and presently they established themselves discreetly in a shadowy corner of the gallery which overlooked the hall. It was in this hall that the cream of Mrs. Jim's house parties assembled after dinner; the residuum being distracted by bridge in the library.

"Some tasty bits 'ere," Mr. Jarman observed in a whisper.

Mr. Grimes regarded the assembly more critically, but, on the whole, seemed satisfied.

"Very tolerably so-so," he pronounced, and then added with sudden animation: "By gum, Jarman, look at Feo!"

Lady Feodora Monteden stood before the wide fireplace, the center of a group of admirers. She was twenty-four, tall and beautifully proportioned, and to a rare degree possessed of that type of loveliness termed "striking." Her nose was curved and pronounced, but so delicately formed that the severest critic would not have wished it smaller. Her eyes were dark, her complexion brilliant, her mouth and chin small, and her hair the envy of her sex. Looking down upon her from the gallery, the two critics obtained an extensive and dazzling view of white neck and shoulders emerging from a gown as striking as the owner; and they could see with what earnest attention she turned her large eyes first upon one and then upon another of the gentlemen who surrounded her. She nodded, smiled and said a word or two now and then, but chiefly seemed to listen with an air of the extremest intellectual ardor. These glances were most often directed toward a small individual with a tangled mop of black hair, a frilled shirt-front and a foreign accent.

"Sex in Art!" he squeaked. "Bah! You haf been listening to nonzense Let me tell you. I know sex; I know Art; I can speak about zem!"

"That Prince, as he calls 'isself, seems on the jaw tonight," observed Mr. Jarman.

He was startled by a low but heartfelt expletive from his friend:

"Where the devil's Foth? D'you see him?"

"N-no, Mr. Grimes. I'm afraid I don't."

"Lord Foth—Foth—whatever he does call himself, he is vary clever, vary profound," screamed his Highness excitedly; "but let me just steek my leetle pin through his visdom and you will see it go pop—like a balloon!"

"Where's Foth?" groaned Mr. Grimes. "If he has gone to play bridge ——"

He stopped, for like a yacht into a harbor full of tramps Lord Fotheringay sailed down the hall. His tutor's despair was transformed into admiration.

"He has been to change his tie!" he whispered. "It was an almost perfect bow—it satisfied even me; but he must have felt he could do better. And look—it is a work of art! Within his limits Foth is a great man."

"Hullo, hullo!" said Bertie, advancing gayly to the group. "Still talkin' of sex and art? I say, does any one know what's the difference between 'em?"

At the sound of his voice Lady Feo turned her shoulder to the gesticulating Prince.

"I can't imagine," she smiled. "Do tell me!"

"It's sex of one and half a dozen of the other," said Bertie. "What d'you think of that?"

There was a moment's breathless silence among the assembled intellectuals, and then their laughter burst like a thunder plump. Through it rang out the clear, high-pitched voice of Lady Feo: "Delicious!"

Mr. Grimes was enchanted. "I couldn't have snuffed out that undesirable alien better myself!" he confessed.

The distracted Prince screamed in vain. He saw nothing but his charmer's back. Her eyes were riveted on his rival.

"True as well as witty!" she said.

Lord Fotheringay smiled with ingenuous pleasure. For a moment he had seemed a trifle startled at the success of

his *coup;* but he had early learned to acclimatize himself quickly to applause.

"D'you think so? I say, 'pon my word, I almost agree with you. Let's discuss it."

They turned away together and he bore his prize in triumph to a quiet corner. The group of admirers distributed themselves elsewhere, and Mr. Grimes rose.

"Not bad for a beginner, Mr. Jarman," he said; "I'll make something of Fotheringay before I've done."

. . . . . .

At a late hour Mr. Grimes again officiated in the artistic bedroom. He had shed, like Cinderella, his splendor and was habited again in decorous dark gray and black. Lord Fotheringay smoked a final cigarette.

"I say, Grimes," he yawned, "I've made a deuced good start with this crew, if I say so myself. And that's half the voyage; what?"

"Yes, my lord, it takes some time to get found out."

Bertie looked at his tutor doubtfully.

"What d'ye mean?"

"I only mean, my lord, that it's generally a race between one's reputation and the truth to see which reaches one's biography first." Bertie grew grave.

"You've had a little too much beer for supper, Grimes. Of course, I know it's a temptation and all that; but let me strongly advise you to stick to ginger pop when you're stoppin' in these houses. Then you're quite safe. I say, I'm beastly sleepy. You needn't wait. Good night."

IV—MAN DISPOSES

THE sun shone on Hyde Park and Lord Fotheringay. Above his gleaming hat the young leaves hung green and still in the soft air of this May afternoon; beneath the glint of his boots the gravel lay smooth and warm; it was a day to stroll slowly, basking in spring sunshine and prosperity. A throng of people moved before him or passed by his side. Most of them looked gay, but none more happy than the young man who kept step with this new-risen star. To be seen with Bertie Fotheringay was already becoming a greater distinction than the Victorian Order.

"D'you see her anywhere?" asked Bertie.

"Not yet," said the other, peering through the crowd; "but one can't miss Lady Feo. Finest-lookin' girl in England I call her."

Bertie rewarded him with a smile.

"Quite agree with you, Charlie. A girl of ideas, too—soul—brains—all that kind of thing."

"Lucky dog you are!" laughed Charlie.

"Me?" said Bertie, with an indifferent affectation of surprise. "Why drag me in, Charles?"

"We'll see what we shall see," answered Charlie.

"Well, I say, don't you go talkin' about it, anyhow."

"Mum's the word, dear boy."

At this moment a carriage passed. It was very much like other carriages, but it threw Lord Fotheringay abruptly out of step. He hesitated, almost stopped, and raised his hat. In the carriage Charlie saw a pretty girl, with singularly pleasant brown eyes and a color so fresh that it almost seemed as though she must be blushing slightly, bow to his friend. Beside her a middle-aged lady in an aggressive bonnet put up her eyeglasses and nodded distantly. Then the carriage rolled on and Bertie was left staring back at the tops of two sunshades.

"Lady Pundit, wasn't it?" said Charlie.

"Yes," said Bertie briefly.

"Who's the girl?"

"Cousin of mine."

Lord Fotheringay moved on very slowly and thoughtfully. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"It's beastly hot here. I'm going home. Goodby."

"But I say, won't Lady Feo ——" Charlie began.

He was left with his mouth unbecomingly open, watching Lord Fotheringay cross the road, reckless of horses and carriages, and hurry toward Piccadilly.

"What a deuced rum thing!" he mused.

Meanwhile, Bertie crossed Piccadilly and deliberately enshrouded himself in the obscurity of the green park, walking slowly within the railings till he reached the farther end. He was aware he was a trifle overdressed for that promenade, but, by tilting his hat slightly forward and removing his gloves, trusted that he might pass for an ordinary mortal. For he had been well brought up and disliked intruding upon the masses as much as he objected to their taking a similar liberty with him. It was exceedingly creditable to his breeding that he should have remembered to exhibit this delicacy now, since his mind was in a whirl of vivid and most distracting memories. Why had she come into his life again at this crisis of his career? And how the mischief was it that a single glimpse of her exercised such a magical effect? He debated these conundrums all the way back to his flat. "Grimes," he said as she entered, "if anybody calls for me I'm not at home. In fact, I don't think I'll go out to dinner tonight."

"Not feeling unwell, my lord, I hope?"

"No, I—I only want to think."

Grimes eyed him uneasily. His lordship did not often desire to think in seclusion. He had a vague premonition.

"Sir Waterbury has telephoned, my lord, to say he will look in about six," he said.

Lord Fotheringay looked up quickly.

"What's he want to see me about?"

Mr. Grimes became exceedingly discreet. "I rather fancy he wishes to see your lordship with reference to some subject he discussed with you recently."

In addition to the many mental gifts he had acquired his lordship possessed a certain natural acumen that occasionally disconcerted his intimates.

"He told you what it was about," he said.

For one instant Mr. Grimes himself looked taken aback; the next he answered quietly:

"Yes, my lord, he favored me with his confidence."

For a minute Lord Fotheringay gazed intently into space. Then he said suddenly:

"I don't think I'll do it."

Had his lordship announced his intention of appearing at his club in carpet slippers his valet's concern could scarcely have been more acute.

"Not marry Lady Feodora, my lord!"

"Not ask her."

"But—but, your lordship—it has got into the papers already!"

"I presume you put it there; all you've got to do is to contradict it."

Again his pupil's penetration seemed to disconcert the superior being.

"Me, my lord? I—I ——"

"Yes, you did."

Mr. Grimes never lost his coolness for long.

"I was about to say I did it for the best, my lord. Many a marriage has been made simply by the parties knowing that society expected it of them. It becomes a moral obligation—what used to be called a debt of honor when there were more gentlemen about. Even a

(Continued on Page 32)

"I Say, 'Pon My Word, I Almost Agree With You. Let's Discuss It"

The New Woman and Her Ways

The Real Business Woman—By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

THERE are a dozen restaurants in New York, and perhaps half as many in Chicago, where the few real business women of the country go to lunch and dine. Many of them are pioneers, but they do not dress as the new women who blaze a trail for others are usually supposed to dress. Their gowns are perfectly tailored; their shirtwaists are French embroidered; their hats have that subtlety of coloring and shape that means twenty-five dollars and upward, and around their throats are necklaces that repeat the coloring of their eyes or their hats. Allowing for a certain lessening of fluffiness, they dress much like their sisters in the home. They also make the most of their thirty or forty or fifty years.

She May Serve Him Tea and Notice the Way His Hair Waves

In these same restaurants are lunching many business men, shrewd of face and keen of eye. Sometimes they lunch with these women, and then their faces are interested, for they are talking business; but it is a hard kind of interest, not a restful kind. The men who look relaxed and contented are lunching with each other, or with some pretty young girl who is amusing them every moment and making them forget to keep their minds alert. Sometimes they lunch with a wife or sister, to whom they point out this woman in life insurance who makes ten thousand a year, and that one in real estate who goes as high as twenty thousand. The domestic woman looks at their clothes and marvels, and then looks in their faces and sinks back in her chair understanding.

For no matter how high a degree of good looks a business woman has, there is something in her face that marks her out from the woman of the home. She may be fine-looking or handsome; she is almost never pretty or beautiful. She shows splendid qualities of insight and decision and courage; almost always she has a magnificent vitality, which gives her face an interesting cast—but it isn't just charm. Except in rare cases the business woman lacks what the woman in the home has every means of keeping and developing—charm.

Fields in Which Women Make Money

THIS real creative business woman has a man's kind of mind and power, and like a man she has had to fight every inch of her way. She has had to develop a self-control greater than a man in order to get on equal terms with him, and she has had to make sacrifices not expected of him. Any woman in the home, or out of it, who has not the real protection of a real man, has to fight more or less just to live and carry her responsibilities; and in proportion as she has to fight, and in proportion as she lacks time for the softening things of life, so her face and usually her voice take the imprint of these disabilities. The creative business woman is a splendid, competent creature, but she is in a world of her own, alone in a sense that no other breadwinner, be she teacher or doctor or lawyer, is alone.

There are a good many successful business women who cannot be called exactly creative; these are widows who carry on the work of their husbands, and women—widows or not—who start businesses in which their domestic instincts and training have full play—such as running or managing flower shops, tea shops, restaurants, hotels and laundries. Nearly always such widows of business men know a good deal of the work of their husbands. Of course there are some who are mere nominal heads, the actual work being done by trusted managers. The real working widows are generally those whose husbands started in a small way. The wives had their domestic duties, housework and babies, but they had good health and an interest not only in the money their husbands were making but in how they made that money. Often the wives kept the books and sent out the monthly bills. Sometimes they advised about the replenishing of stock and the extension of business. So they had practical experience and were able, with the help of subordinates, to carry on the work alone. There are a good many women coal dealers, florists, keepers of small drygoods stores, feed stores, drug stores, and so on.

Still, such women have not displayed any high degree of initiative. They have simply fallen into a place already made for them, and being alert and competent, having subtracted sex from their lives, and, above all, having generally others dependent on them, they can throw themselves absolutely into their work. This dependence of others is an imperative spur. It is one of the great factors on which the business man counts in his dealings with his men subordinates; the clerk who gives hostages to fortune likewise gives his employer the best that is in him, for his old irresponsibility has given place to an unacknowledged fear that life holds bludgeons he had not dreamed of. The business woman with relatives dependent on her simply dare not fail.

Women in Hotels

THE other class, who undertake costume and millinery shops, tea shops and restaurants, and who succeed, may or may not start with experience. Sometimes they are fashionable women who have lost their money and rely on the patronage of friends; sometimes they have been trained in the work; again they have merely shown exceptional management in their own housekeeping. In any case they have a natural taste for business and a power to handle details, and also an eye for fresh opportunities; otherwise they would fail. The modern city hotel is so compactly organized that it can almost be called a training school. There are women in nearly every department, and such women as the floor clerk, the housekeeper—in the ultra-fashionable hotels, the "social" helper—and perhaps the manager's secretary, are in a position to learn the business. Delmonico's for three generations has been run by women; a popular New York hotel has a woman manager. This work is opening more and more to women, especially in the realm of the small and exclusive hotel. Akin to this kind of work are teachers' agencies, business schools and stenographers' supply companies.

And yet such kinds of business, once they are started and closely managed, more or less carry themselves; the woman at the head needs for success only comparatively high—not superlatively high—qualities. The same is true of women who have hit on sporadic lines, which are perhaps more ingenious than creative. A few women have taken up a kind of general utility work: they open people's houses in the fall and take inventories of the household goods; they are visiting housekeepers, or they shop for customers. A few have started home bureaus, with food for the sick and for children; also renting out appliances for the sick-room, and supplies for children to be taken on a journey. There is a woman who has a hunting camp at Moosehead Lake. Another, in St. Louis, owns and manages a sawmill. Still another, in Colorado Springs, owns and manages a bus livery. There are a few who do independent work in commercial art and in business advertising.

But the real business woman is of a higher type than these and of a different type, since from the beginning she looks at things from a man's point of view, deals with men, and climbs up in the world just as they climb. From the first she encounters handicaps, every one of which she must surmount. She usually begins as a stenographer, entering a world where man has called her because she is cheap, and yet where he does not want her because he has an ingrained prejudice against the feminine element in his world during office hours. The woman foreordained—or doomed—to succeed can soon get into a position of trust. Few men stenographers with any real power remain long in such work; the average employer prefers a woman for his personal work—not the fluffy, frangipani sort, but the kind who stays. He recognizes the woman who has put to one side the great handicap with which Nature has endowed her—the instinct to make a world for two.

She is of the big-minded type that can divide life sharply into two parts—the official and the unofficial. Officially she is sexless; the business men she is dealing with are just minds, things she meets in the day's work, details that mean bread and butter to her. They may be married or unmarried, handsome or clever, rich or poor, ready with luncheon invitations and compliments, or taciturn. She simply reckons with their manners impersonally; for, as far as her official feelings go, they affect her no more than the size of her office paper. After hours one such man may call on her, and then unofficially she may let herself be feminine; she may serve him tea and notice the way his hair waves. Perhaps her rigorous separation of the official from the unofficial may lose her chances to marry, but it wins her a grasp on her work and a growth of power. And if, as sometimes happens, she marries after thirty, she does so with her eyes open. She is not scattered by Dame Nature against some other little atom; she chooses and is chosen by somebody she really needs.

If she marries it is usually before thirty, and it is not usually the most competent who marry. The latter have to put every ounce of vitality into their work in order to succeed at all. They must go on developing adaptability; for, though they are still in subordinate positions, adaptability counts quite as much as ability. They must develop an enormous amount of self-control. For most business women, destined at last to succeed preëminently, are like most successful business men—born with a kind of temperament. It is not like the actor's and author's kind exactly, because it cannot serve for purposes of romance and advertisement. They don't psychologize it, and the servants in the kitchen at home sometimes call it bad temper. The best business men are never sluggish, never phlegmatic; they are of the nervous type, quick, keen, impatient perhaps, but with minds as clear as crystal, and able to organize anything. They might go all to pieces before the whole office force over some little thing, but they never make a mistake about a big thing.

The Business Temperament

THE real business woman has the same nervous temperament. There is a woman today making fifteen thousand dollars a year who cannot hear her telephone ring without gritting her teeth and wanting to eliminate the person at the other end, but this could not be guessed from her even tones when she answers the call. In her subordinate days the business woman cannot afford to bluster. She must put up with a thousand things which grate on her sensibilities; for, after all, no woman big enough to succeed in business can ever forego some of her feminine traits. Just because she looks at things in a man's way, she does not necessarily feel things in a man's way. If she is quick to seize on a fine point in business, she is quick to feel the omission not of a fine point of courtesy—no man in an office has time to offer her that, and she opens her own doors and picks up her own handkerchief—but of an obvious point in manners. While she is working up she often has to take dictation from a man who puts his feet on the desk, wears a hat and smokes a cigar as he talks, using the office as a physical relaxing ground for his body that his mind may work all the harder. That is the way he would treat his man machine, and that is the way he proposes to treat his woman machine. There are some business men who would not treat a man machine that way, having a kind of self-respect which would forbid it, but the majority of them are on the other side of the ocean. No woman likes this and few men are indifferent to it; for that matter, no human being, man or woman,

"From the Beginning I Eschewed Men Socially"

likes to be treated as just a useful Thing. But the woman who is bound to rise detests it more than the mediocre, for she feels that she can be the equal of this man who shows himself so crudely her master. To ignore all this, and, moreover, in such a way that it does not react on her nerves, takes an enormous amount of self-control; but the business woman who succeeds preëminently is willing to pay the price.

The case of a woman who falls just short of this is pitiable; admirably competent, she lacks just that last spark of genius that consists in finding a perfect opportunity and developing it before any one else thinks of doing it. One woman in a certain steel company worked her way up from the bottom, more and more trusted, until she was finally the practical manager. All along she had been promised the nominal headship if she proved herself fit for it. She developed some new ideas which saved the plant yearly more than her salary, and for which she was thanked by the firm. And then one day a young man was presented to her to whom she was to teach what she knew; he was to be manager.

There is a Woman Today Making Fifteen Thousand Dollars a Year Who Cannot Hear Her Telephone Ring Without Gritting Her Teeth

"What was I to do?" she said afterward. "I had been in a position of authority for some time, and here was a youth put over me. It would have been of no use to point out to the great ones what I had done for them. I had either to submit to take orders from a man who not only knew nothing about the business, except what I taught him, but who was my inferior mentally, or else I had to leave. If I left I could not find a position as good as my own, and I should have to begin lower down, with perhaps not only one but several people from whom to take orders. It's very hard, after you think you have gone past that point, to begin over. In the business world, unless you are one of the big women, you're not sure of anything."

One wonders what becomes of the business women of forty or fifty who fall short of big success. The teachers who are about their equals in intellect are in high schools receiving anywhere from sixteen hundred to twenty-one hundred dollars, according to the size of the city they live in. These same teachers may work for twenty-five years and receive a pension, or they may go on indefinitely, hardly ever being asked to resign. They have long vacations and they do not need to spend so much for clothes and luncheon as the business woman must. The latter may be in a position of great trust, may be getting even two thousand dollars as a confidential secretary, and may feel secure forever. Then her employer dies, or the firm changes hands, or new and younger men come in, and as her relation to her employer is more or less a personal one she is forced out. There is no pension fund for her to fall back on, and she must seek a new position at an age when she is at the height of her power, but when business men want some one younger, more easily broken into their particular ways. There are few women over forty-five in the business world except the big, creative ones. A few of them get into civil-service positions, where there is opportunity for technical clerks in law, statistics, and so on; but, of the thirteen or fourteen thousand of such women, no one gets more than two thousand dollars, and more than half of them less than seven hundred and twenty. Perhaps the others come to that last resort of the business woman and the first resort of the incompetent—keeping boarders.

Why Business Women are Lonely

THESE women are curiously isolated, just as, for a different reason, the great body of temporary business women are isolated—the clerks and stenographers waiting for their fairy princes. The great woman movement would seem to be for the clubwomen—including usually the professional woman—and for the wage-earning woman. The wage-earners meet each other in unions and clubs. The clubwomen know what all the other clubs are doing; they are in touch with every single-woman movement on the continent. The woman doctor meets her sister practitioners in conferences and in clinics. The lawyers are necessarily not so well organized as the doctors, because there are fewer of them; but they all know each other, either personally or by reputation; they know what each stands for; they have a community of interest. Even more is all this true of the teachers.

The great business women stand off in splendid isolation. Many of them recognize the fact that there are more kinds of mental and emotional power than hold sway in the business world, and that the other powers are the power of the domestic woman. But there are business women who secretly despise the woman who marries, who think that she is a brainless cringer for her husband's bounty; that she puts up with his pettiness and unreasonableness because she has to be supported; in short, that she has not been big enough to make a life of her own. For the doctors and lawyers, perhaps, they have more respect.

The business woman knows others of her own sort, can estimate their value to a hair's breadth; but, as a rule, she has few intimates. She is rarely a clubwoman, unless for purposes of luncheon; and though she may be charitable in her own way she is rarely to be found combining with other women to originate great and new human movements. This is frequently because she is too much of an individualist. She has been a strong, catapult sort of person, or she never would have reached her eminence. She is not used to working side by side with other women; they are usually a round below her. She will not take orders from other women, and on the whole she would rather not consult with them. She has a belief that they are certain to waste time.

One reason for the isolation may apply not so much to the great business woman, who is high enough to be above pettiness, as to the business woman who has not yet arrived—she is sensitive about her social position and therefore snobbish. This is not so much the case in the West as it is in that most undemocratic city, New York. Many of the women who are working there refuse to come out in the open for fear of losing caste. Others are careful to explain that they have seen better days, or that they are working from choice and not from necessity. They feel that there is something very unhonorific about business, and, though they are in it themselves, they do not care to mix with other business women. In New York many an executive secretary would not be seen walking along the street with a second-class stenographer; she would not recognize her outside the office. "Work downtown" must lift itself on a pinnacle before it can get outside the kingdom of snobbishness—at least, in New York.

Feminine Success in Banking and Insurance

THERE are certain businesses in which extraordinary women are engaged here and there, but in which it cannot be said that there is a field for the creative business woman. The president and general manager of the Southern Independent Telephone Company, in El Paso, Texas, was, until recently, a woman who did her work admirably. Miss Kaessman, of Rochester, New York, is a successful oil refiner; she went to Kansas, sent by a company of women, and succeeded perfectly. Mrs. Nellie Upham, of Montana, manages fifty mines. The real openings for women of creative power are four in kind: buying for department stores, a field in which they have been occupied for some years; and working in insurance, banking and real estate.

In department stores almost seventy per cent of the responsible positions held by women are held by the buyers. These women are usually originally saleswomen who are tried out year by year, and gradually work themselves up. They are chosen because they are cheaper than men, even though they may secure as much as ten thousand a year, and because they know what their sex wants and have a temperamental resourcefulness in inventing little expedients and improvements which would escape a man. Besides the ordinary qualities of mental energy, capacity for hard work, executive power and concentration, they must show unusual initiative, progressiveness, and a marked "trading instinct" over men buyers that is, a knowledge of how and when to get at the lowest prices, and in the best quality, the articles it has been decided that the public is going to want. Since a buyer must select her own goods, assemble them in the windows with the help of trimmers, and decide on the kind of salespeople to sell them, and since she is charged by the firm for floor space, heat, light, elevator service, salaries and the cost of the goods bought, her receipts must cover the expenditures with a good margin besides; and all this means that the buyer must be a woman of unusual business resources. Such women are increasing in number in the large shops in New York, Chicago and other great cities.

She Has to Take Dictation From a Man Who Puts His Feet on the Desk and Smokes a Cigar as He Talks

For some fifteen years insurance has offered women a chance in a small way as solicitors and in a large way as managers. This came about through the horde of women who, entering business and the professions, furnished a market like men. There are several thousand women connected with fraternal insurance alone whole organized regiments and battalions of them, with a school to train them. Many of the old insurance companies have established a special office called the Woman's Branch, in which women are everywhere substituted for men. Some of the women managers and brokers earn, in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and the Far West, as much as ten thousand or fifteen thousand dollars a year. No man, it is said, surpasses Mrs. Florence Shaal, of Boston; Miss Niccols, of Chicago; and Mrs. Hollister, of Michigan.

"Outside of Business Hours I Use Young Girls and Home Women Just as I Would Flowers."

A look into the banking directories would reveal the names of, perhaps, a surprising number of women clerks, cashiers, assistant cashiers, managers of women's departments and bank presidents. Women are of value in counting and listing bills, because of their fine tactile sense. Here, too, are useful a woman's love of details, tact and intuition. A manager of a women's department must be ready to advise a customer on all sorts of things, from telling her how to invest her money to explaining some technical term which the cashier doesn't seem able to make clear. Yet these positions are opening very reluctantly. Perhaps the most notable example is Mrs. F. V. Church, of Joplin, Missouri. One Mr. Cunningham, who had a bank, was converted to suffrage, took his wife into business, and then Mrs. Church as his cashier. From this she has come to be president of a bank with deposits of six hundred thousand dollars.

Women as Real Estate Dealers

THE work that offers the greatest chance to the creative business woman is undoubtedly real estate. Women are succeeding in it all over the country, from Miss Ament, of New York, who has already made a fortune, to the Misses Kimber and Howard, of Kansas City, who own and sell thousands of acres of land in the newer states. More and more women are engaging in the work of buying, selling, exchanging, leasing, managing, appraising, mortgaging, auctioning, financing and building, because of the increasing number of suburban land companies and the growing interest people have in owning their homes. Whether acting as brokers or as agents, these women have been equally successful. They have shown a commercial and legal type of mind, and the realty instinct, to which is usually added a large number of emphatic virtues, such as energy, application, method, punctuality, accuracy, dispatch, intuition, initiative, breadth of view and attention to detail. It takes a broadgauged woman to get office experience and field experience both, to be able to work out new uses for property, to determine and fix values and analyze the conditions that detract from them, to estimate the prospective buyer's point of view, to present convincingly arguments of fact, to overcome objections and to recognize the proper moment for proposing to draw up a contract.

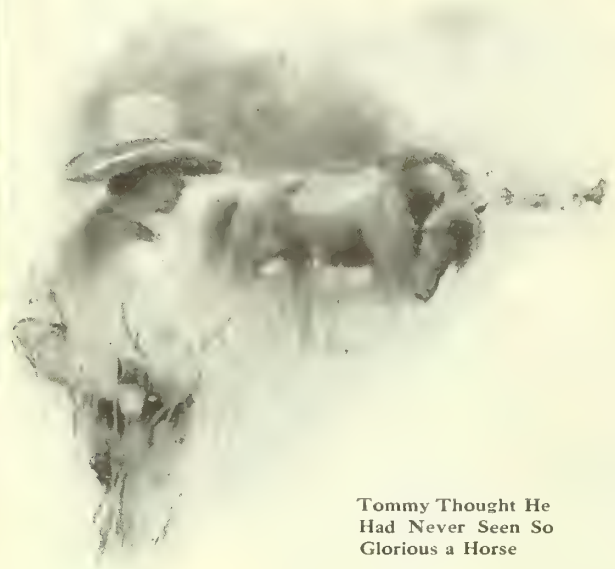
An interesting phase of real estate, though not the highest, is rent-collecting, which is done either on salary or on

(Continued on Page 57)

THE MANKILLER

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



Tommy Thought He Had Never Seen So Glorious a Horse

ALL this happened in the Bad Year, which was not so many weeks ago. The outfit issued daily from their camps—riding bog, skinning cattle and driving in the helpless to the home pastures to be fed on oil-cake and alfalfa. The cows were walking skeletons, wild of eye, ready to wheel in impotent anger on their rescuers; or sinking weakly to the ground at the least urging, never to rise again. Every creek was dry. Springs that were held eternal became slimy mudholes and a menace. A well-grown man could easily step across the San Pedro, oozing sluggishly past mauled carcasses.

Wherever one rode he found bones of hapless creatures, or starved cows stretched flat on their sides, waiting for death to end their sufferings. And the flies settled in sickening, heaving clusters. Each mire held its hopeless victim. Wobbly-legged calves wandered over the range, crying for mothers that could never come. And the sun blazed down out of a pale sky.

Even the saving mesquit in the draws and on the ridges was failing as sustenance; of grass there was none. The country lay brown and bleak and gasping from Tombstone to the border. Not a desert cow, accustomed to slake her water hunger by chewing cactus, could have long survived such blighting months. How we prayed for rain!

Manuel Salazar gave heed to the comet where he lay on his tarp, and crossed himself to avert the death-curse, which was come upon the land. This weird luminary portended dire events and Manuel began, like a prudent man, to take thought to his religion. There might be nothing in religion, as Chico contended; but a man never knows, and it was the part of wisdom to be on the safe side.

Then, one evening, when the mountains were taking on their blue sheen and the big beauty of these vast stretches smote one with a feeling akin to pain, Archie Smith rode up to headquarters and tossed a human hand on to the porch.

"Found it in the far corner of the Sacaton Bottom."

Jim Floyd recognized it at once by the triangular scar on the palm. The hand had been gnawed off cleanly at the wrist. Floyd wrapped the gruesome thing in a sack, wishful to give it decent interment when opportunity should offer.

"It's ol' man Greer's," he said. "You remember ol' man Greer? He used to dig postholes for the Lazy L. Where's the rest of him, Smith?"

"I aim to go and see. Ki-yotes eat him up, don't you reckon, Jim?"

"It sure looks that way. Pore ol' Greer—he could dig postholes right quick," the boss answered.

What Archie found of the digger of postholes established nothing of the manner of death. Both arms were gone and wolves had dragged the body the greater part of a mile; hence, there was no real argument against the theory that old man Greer, who indulged a taste for *tequila*, had sustained a fall from his horse and had perished miserably within sight of the ranch. Yet Archie found this hard to believe. Wolves do not crush in the skull of a man, and it was the cowboy's conviction that any one could fall off Hardtimes, the digger's mount, twice or thrice a day with no other injury than the blow to his pride.

Two days later Manuel Salazar brought in Greer's horse, shockingly gaunt and worried, and swelled as to the head. But what interested the outfit, when the saddle and bridle had been removed from Hardtimes, were long, parallel wheals along neck and flank. Archie pronounced them to be the marks of a horse's teeth.

"That don't show anything. He wandered off and got into a fight with another horse," Floyd asserted. "Yes, sir; it's like that he done just that."

After which he dismissed the unfortunate Greer from his mind. The outfit shook its head and expressed sorrow for the lonely digger, but opined that his fate surely went to show how injurious steady application to *tequila* could be, more especially in cruel weather. The Mexicans and the nesters in outlying parts were not satisfied with the explanation put forward. They discussed the mystery during protracted pauses in work and in the dark of the night. When two men met on a trail and halted to pass the time of day, old man Greer was the subject of talk. There were rumors of a snug fortune the digger had amassed and buried—sixty-six thousand dollars in gold, it was. Joe Toole, who made a nice, comfortable living by systematic theft of calves from the cattle company, did not hesitate to hint that Greer had died a victim to its professional gun-fighter for reasons best known to the rich corporation; but, then, Joe was prejudiced. Soon the death grew to a murder, and no man not of white blood would ride the Sacaton Bottom after nightfall.

Tommy Floyd talked of these and other matters to his father as the boss was feeding Apache.

"Pshaw!" Floyd said contemptuously. "Don't you put no stock in them stories, Tommy, boy. Some people in this here country can smell a skunk when they sight a dead tree."

"But what do you guess killed him, Dad?"

"I don't know, son. I sure wish I did," was the troubled reply.

He punched Apache in the ribs to make him move over. The huge jack laid back his ears and his tail whisked threateningly, but he gave place with an awkward flop, and Floyd laughed. Others might fear Apache, but he knew there was not the least particle of viciousness lurking in that hammerlike head. Of all the ranch possessions—blooded horses, thoroughbred Herefords or cowponies—he liked the jack best. It pandered to his vanity that others should avoid the monster, or approach him in diffidence, with suspicion and anxiety; and, in truth, Apache's appearance was sufficiently appalling. Great as was his blue-gray bulk, it was dwarfed by the ponderous head; his knees were large and bulbous, and when he opened his mouth to bray, laying bare the powerful teeth, Apache was a spectacle to scare the intrepid. Horses would run at sight of him; an entire pasture would squeal with fear and flee on his approach. Yet there was not a gentler animal to handle in the million acres of the company's range.

Toward the fag-end of a day Tommy was eating *panocha* on the steps of the porch, a favorite diversion with him. While removing some particles thereof from his cheek, in the region of his ear, he espied his father riding homeward from the Sacaton Bottom. Something in the way the boss swayed in the saddle brought Tommy's head up alertly. Floyd was clinging to the horn and the reins trailed on the ground. The boy threw his crust away and ran to meet him. A dozen yards from the house Apache stopped, as though he knew that the end of the journey had come for his master.

"That black devil, Tommy!" his father gasped, and lurched outward and to the ground.

Two of the boys came running and bore Floyd to his bed. That he had contrived to ride home filled them with wonder at his endurance and fortitude—nearly the whole of his right side was torn away, one arm drooped limply, and there were ragged cuts on the head. Tommy hovered near, crying to him to open his eyes.

The boss never regained consciousness, and died at midnight.

A Mexican doctor was summoned from a border village—his American competitor was off in the Dragoons, assisting at an increase of the population. After a minute examination the man of medicine announced that five ribs were broken. It was his opinion that Señor Floyd had met with an accident, from the effects of which he had passed away. Nobody was inclined to dispute this finding.

"Something done tromped him," Dan Harkey asserted. "It's like one of them bulls got into the Bottom and went for him when he got down to drink."

"No," said Archie positively; "a bull couldn't have tore him up that way. It looks to me like teeth done that."

Then Tommy awoke from the benumbed state in which he had moved since the tragedy and repeated his father's dying words. They were very simple of interpretation. A black man had drifted into the country from eastern Texas and lived, an outcast, on a place not fifteen miles from headquarters. It was well known that Floyd had had trouble with him, being possessed of an aggressive contempt for negroes, and twice had made threats to run the newcomer off.

"A nigrah could easy have beat him up that-away," Dan declared. "A nigrah could do most anything. Yes, sir; he beat him to death—that's what he done. It's like he used that old hoe of his'n."

Word of the killing flew over the land in the marvelous fashion news is carried in the cowcountry. Within twelve

So the Sad Procession Crept Along

hours men knew of it in the most remote cañons of the Huachucas, and a party of nine set forth from headquarters. But somebody had carried warning, for the lonely hut was untenanted and the door swung loose on its rawhide hinges.

They buried Floyd on top of a hill where the wind had a free sweep, and piled a few stones atop. Tommy fashioned a cross out of two rough boards; and the boss sleeps there today. The sheriff was deeply stirred and had notices posted throughout the territory.

$250 Reward

For the arrest, dead or alive, of the man who brutally murdered James Floyd, boss of the Tumbling K, sixteen miles from here, some time yesterday evening. This man is supposed to be a negro; about forty years of age; black; about six feet in height and weighing close to two hundred pounds. Has a razor scar above the left ear.

He has in his possession a .35 caliber autoloading rifle, No. 5096, and a .32-30 pistol. He may be riding a sorrel horse with a roached mane, branded 93 on left hip.

This crime is one of the most dastardly in the criminal annals of the Territory, and I earnestly urge every officer and other person receiving this circular to do everything in his power to effect the capture of this human fiend.

The above reward is only a preliminary reward, which may be increased later to one thousand dollars, when the governor, with whom the matter will be taken up, is heard from.

Wire me if any suspect is arrested, or if any information is obtained whatever concerning this negro, at my expense.

Two months passed and nothing was heard or seen of the black man. The rains held off. North and east the ranges were deluged. A blight appeared to have fallen upon the Tumbling K. The land grew a shade grayer, the dust spurts whirled in gleeful, savage dance, and the cattle gave up the effort of living and lay down to die. All that the boys could do was to distribute salt and feed and work frantically to maintain the water supply. The emaciated brutes would eat of the oil-cake and hay, and sweat profusely on the nose, then stiffen out and expire with a sigh. Those that clung to life carried swollen under jaws from the strain of tearing at the short grass.

"Pore devil!" Archie grunted, tailing up a cow he had already helped to her feet three times. "It fair makes a man sick at the stummick to see 'em. Here, you doggone ol' she-devil! Why don't you try for to help yourself? Up you come! That's it; try to hook me."

It was no use. He shot her where she lay and skinned her. Then, with the wet hide dragging at the end of a rope and her calf thrown over the fork of the saddle, he set out for headquarters. The orphan was a lusty youngster, and Archie made him many promises, accompanied by many strange oaths.

"Li'l' dogy," he said, "I'll find a mammy for you tonight if I have to tie up the old milch cow. Do you think you can suck a milch cow, dogy? Sure you can. Man alive, feel of him kick! He's a stout rascal. You'll be a fine steer some day, dogy."

On a black-dark night flames leaped above the rim of the mountain, and the Tumbling K were roused from bed to go forth with wet sacks and rage in their hearts for the scum of humanity who would fire a range. Twenty-six hours in the saddle and six more fighting the leaping, treacherous enemy; then two hours of sweating sleep on saddle-blankets beside their hobbled horses, and back a score of miles on desperate trails for fresh mounts—three separate times they beat out the blaze with sacks and back-firing. Once more, rising heavy-lidded and dripping from the stupor of utter exhaustion, they saw it licking hungrily through the Gap. No unlucky cigarette-stub thrown amid parched grass, no abandoned campfire, had done this. It was the deliberate work of an enemy.

Orders came to move the cattle down into the valley, lest they perish to the last horn, to the last torn hoof.

"It'll take you three days to move 'em ten miles," the manager said; "but never mind. Ease 'em. Ease 'em careful. The man who yells at a cow, or pushes her along, gets his time right there. The only real way to handle cattle is to let 'em do what they want and work 'em as you can. Think that over, boys."

Manuel Salazar remembered this warning as he moved his tired horse at a snail's pace behind a bunch of sick ones in the Sacaton Bottom. Manuel made twenty dollars a month with consummate ease, working only seven days in the week and only thirteen hours a day; and he would not throw his job away lightly. Therefore he permitted the gaunt cows to straggle as pleased them, humming to himself while they nibbled at tufts here and there. If one turned its head to look at him it fell from sheer weakness, therefore he held aloof. So the sad procession crept along.

The Lonely Hut Was Untenanted and the Door Swung Loose on its Rawhide Hinges

It was in Manuel's mind to save a mile by moving the bunch through the horse pasture. He put them through the gate with no trouble and was dreamily planning how he might steal back a hair rope Chico had stolen from him on the flimsy pretext that Manuel had unlawfully relieved him of a headstall with brass conchas while Chico dozed on day herd, when the quirt slipped out of his fingers. The vaquero got down to pick it from the ground.

"Hi! Hi!" he yelled in panic, and ducked just in time.

A black shape towered above him, striking with fore feet, reaching for the nimble Manuel with its teeth. Its mouth yawned agape; Salazar swore he could have rammed a lard bucket into it. The vaquero swerved from under the deadly hoofs and hit out blindly with the quirt. The stallion screamed his rage for the first time and lunged at him, head swinging low, the lips flicking back from the ferocious teeth. Manuel seized a stone, put to his hand by the blessed saints, and hurled it with precision, striking the horse on the nose. Midnight blared from pain and shook his royal mane in fury, but the shock stayed him and Salazar gained his horse.

"Now," he yelled, pulling his gun and maneuvering his mount that he might be ready to flee, "come on, you! You want to fight? That's music to me."

But Midnight did not want to fight. He had employed craft in stealing stealthily upon the man, and now he moved off sulkily, the whites of his eyes rolled back, a thin stream of blood trickling from his muzzle. Salazar longed to shoot holes through his shiny black hide, but contented himself with abuse instead. Was not the stallion worth five thousand dollars? Who was he—Manuel, a poor vaquero to be considered in the same thought with so noble a beast?

"Tommy," he said as he unsaddled at headquarters, "I've found who killed your pore father. Yes, and old man Greer too. Don't look pale, Tommy."

Tommy stalked into the manager's office next forenoon, a very solemn and a very determined if a short and somewhat dirty figure. He was white under his freckles, and he talked through his teeth, jerkily, his eyes fixed unwaveringly on the manager's face.

"Midnight!" the manager exclaimed. "Nonsense! Why, he wouldn't harm a fly. That horse would never kill a man. He's worth five thousand dollars. Since we got him from Kentucky, two years ago, a woman could handle him, Tommy, boy. Salazar must have been teasing him. You'll have to look somewhere else, Tommy."

"You mean you ain't agoing to do nothing, Mr. Chalmers?" Tommy asked in a dry voice.

"Of course not. Midnight? Impossible. Why, that horse is worth five thousand dollars. He couldn't have done it."

Tommy went back home very slowly. That night he sat beside Manuel's candle and cleaned and oiled a sawed-off .25-30 rifle, inherited from the man who slept on the hill. Salazar smoked lazily and watched him through drooping lids. The boy finished his task and leaned forward on the stool, staring at the tiny flame, the weapon across his knees.

Of what avail to shoot Midnight? Of course it would be easy. Tommy had acquired some degree of skill by blowing the heads off chickens whenever any were desired for the dinner-table, and he felt assured that at two hundred yards he could pick off the stallion with one pressure of his finger. It would be mere child's work to distinguish Midnight from the mares, even on the murkiest night. But, after all—had the stallion done the killing? He had only Manuel's experience and suspicions to go on. Moreover, if he took punishment into his own hands they might throw him into a jail. Midnight was worth five thousand dollars: assuredly Mr. Chalmers would cast Tommy out into the world to shift for himself. He put the rifle back under his bunk.

Very discreetly Tommy entered the horse pasture at sunup—for he had been unable to sleep for scheming—and made his way down the mile-long fence toward the corner where the mares usually grazed at that hour. He had a six-shooter in his pocket for an emergency, but he hoped that he would not use it. Midnight sighted him and stood rigid a full minute, twenty paces in advance of the mares, gazing at the boy. He was a regal animal; Tommy thought he had never seen so glorious a horse. Then the stallion advanced with mincing steps, his head bobbing, the ears laid back. He sidled nearer, without haste, whinnying softly. The boy waited, motionless, until he was a dozen feet distant, then threw himself flat and rolled under the barbed-wire fence. With a rending scream Midnight reared and plunged for him, his fore feet battering the ground where Tommy had fallen. He tore at the earth in discomfiture and wrath, and raved up and down on the other side of the fence, his nostrils flaring, his eyes a glare of demoniacal hate. Tommy surveyed him in deathly quiet.

The dark came warm, with puffs of hot wind, so that the Tumbling K men reviled the discomfort joyously, since it presaged rain. So long as the cold nights endured there could be no relief. Tommy slipped from the bunkhouse for a breath of air, though it was past bedtime and they had told him to turn in.

"Apache!" he called in a low tone, gliding into the stall.

The jack cocked his monstrous ears and listened, knowing well the voice. Tommy put a halter over his head and opened the stall door. It was gnawed and scarred by Apache's teeth and hoofs, and the boy wrenched it partially from the hinges and laid it aslant on the ground.

"You done bust your way out, Apache," he whispered. "You hear me, you ol' devil?"

He led him out into the corral and thence into the lane, talking softly as they went. Apache raised his nose and

(Concluded on Page 66)

THE FIRST BIRDMAN

By J. W. MITCHELL

It has taken me, indeed, but a few years to pass through the period when the observer hears that his alleged observation was a mistake; the period when he is told that if it were true it would be useless, and the period when he is told that it is undoubtedly true, but that it has always been known.—S. P. Langley: Story of Experiments in Mechanical Flight.

IN THE present revival of interest in aeronautics, and in the general enthusiasm that attends the solution of the problem of mechanical flight, there is danger that the public, at least, will overlook the credit due to the one man who did more than any other to bring about the modern development. He was the late Samuel Pierpont Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who was unquestionably the first man to fly a heavier-than-air machine driven by its own power. This was on May 6, 1896.

It is true that Professor Langley never flew a man-carrying machine. There is likewise a report, which has been questioned in some quarters, of a man-carrying machine having been flown by Clement Ader, in France, in 1892. But there is no question that Professor Langley flew a thirty-pound steam-driven model on the date mentioned. At the first trial it flew half a mile and he made numerous flights after that up to almost a mile. It was the first time that a heavier-than-air machine had ever flown for even a small fraction of that distance, and Professor Langley regarded the problem as scientifically solved. He said, in a paper written at the time, that he had finished the work that seemed to be especially his, and that for the commercial development of the machine the world in all probability would have to look to others.

PHOTO BY C. H. CLAUDY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Wright Machine Taken at Sunset During the Endurance Trial at Fort Myer

Professor Langley's Great Work

HE WAS not allowed to remain in peaceful and scientific retirement. The United States was then drifting, as the officials of the Government well knew, into the inevitable war with Spain. Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and he recognized the immense value of an aeroplane as an instrument of war. He stirred up the War Department and the Navy Department, as he was in the habit of stirring up things even then, and the joint Board of Ordnance and Fortifications applied to Professor Langley to know if he could build a flying machine. He replied that probably he could, and Congress appropriated fifty thousand dollars with which to do the work, the sum to be expended under the direction of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications. Then commenced the work that ended in what was publicly heralded as failure and that resulted in the death of Professor Langley, due as much to the fun made of him in the public press as to anything else. It was unfortunate that the most of the criticisms were founded on complete ignorance of the facts. But newspapermen are human and not given to taking anything very seriously. They had a long personal score to settle with Professor Langley, who had offended them because he did not know how to avoid doing so.

Some explanation of the misunderstanding is due to both sides. When it was learned that the United States was actually building a flying machine, of course the papers wanted the story. Professor Langley was not only a peculiar-minded man personally, but he was the possessor of a cast-iron New England conscience. He felt that he was working for the Government, and that, as he was guarding a military secret, the only way to guard it was to bar out the papers completely. The officers of the War and Navy Departments, many of whom knew all about the machine, said they knew nothing about the work; that it was entirely up to Professor Langley. This was an easy way of not answering questions and avoiding giving personal offence.

Never was there a military secret so well guarded. Professor Langley got to believe firmly that newspapermen were personal emissaries of the devil. He knew nothing about newspapers; in fact, that was not what he was paid for knowing. It got to be a standing joke in newspaper offices and bureaus in Washington to send a cub reporter down to the Smithsonian Institution to interview Professor Langley on his flying machine. Of course the reporter never got within hailing distance of the professor, and there was always another added to the needlessly long list of Professor Langley's newspaper enemies.

At this time if there had been a single man, who knew the newspaper business and who was also a personal friend of Langley, to do a little "jollying," there was not a newspaper in the country that would not have willingly refrained from printing anything about the maturing machine and from uttering any unfriendly criticism after the apparent failure to fly. But the buffer state was wanting. As the time approached for the trial of the big machine over the Potomac the newspapers, which had been denied access to the inner sanctum of the Smithsonian, were eager to send special boats to Widewater, Virginia, where the trials were to be held, in order to "get the story." There was one paper that kept a tugboat in commission for three weeks at an expense of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a day and got as the result two photographs and one story of a failure. There was barely a newspaper man in the fifty or more waiting for the flight who would not rather have written a story of failure than one of success. This may not have been a Christian attitude to take, but it was a very natural one.

When the trials were over the reporters wrote their stories and promptly forgot all about it. Newspapers that have to handle sensations from all over the world every day cannot afford to spend much thought on a single incident. If an editorial writer felt like it later he wrote a flippant editorial about the failure of the Langley flying machine and then forgot all about that too. But Professor Langley did not forget. It is said by his friends that he considered this light newspaper criticism deep-seated personal animosity.

The popular estimation of flying machines was shown at the time by the refusal of Congress to appropriate any more money for experiments. Whatever individual members may say to the contrary, Congress is very gun-shy when it comes to newspaper criticism. Congress was afraid of ridicule, and refused to make any further appropriation.

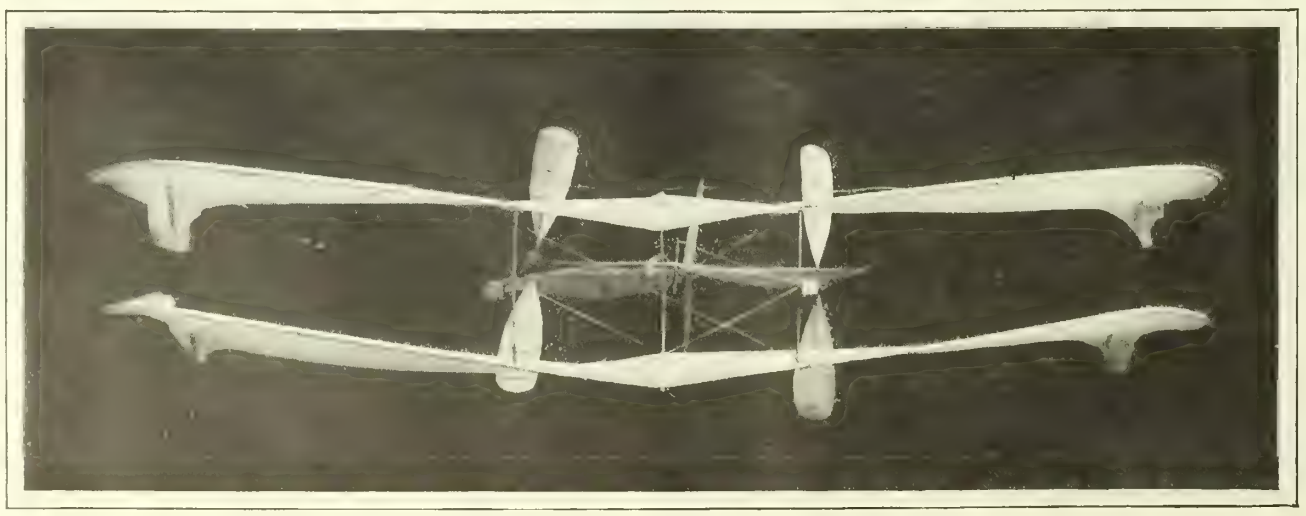
Unlimited money was offered Professor Langley from private sources to continue his work; in fact, he was urged to continue it. But his feelings were deeply hurt at the way his previous researches had been received, and he said that if the American people would not support the work that had been done primarily for them he would not continue it under private auspices. Of course any one is welcome to give his own verdict as to this course. It delayed the development of aviation in the world about six years. Possibly also it opened the way to the present tangled legal situation about flying machines. Professor Langley had done his work for the Government. He applied for no patents, but he took the precaution of presenting photographs of his work to the examiners in the Patent Office and he had them sign and date the negatives of various essential photographs. All this he intended to throw open to the world.

A Secret That Has Perished

IT SEEMS tolerably certain that he had some system of balancing and guiding his machines that was different from anything now in use. There were no flexing wings as in the Wright and other modern machines, but there was a two-way tail—that is, a big tail with horizontal and vertical surfaces.

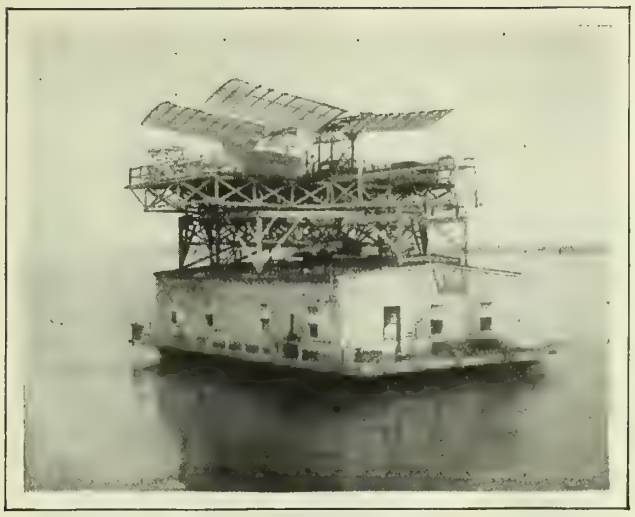
The secret of the balance was in this tail and so far it never has been disclosed. In one of the very few papers that he wrote about the machine Professor Langley tantalizingly came this near to explaining it: "There is not room nor occasion here to describe the automatic rudder and how it performs its functions. Suffice it to say it does perform them."

There is no question that it did perform them. There were flights of the model machines made from a quarter of a mile to a mile, and the machine would mount, circle in the air and alight where it was wanted without any guiding hand on board.



One of Professor Langley's Model Biplanes With Spring Wing Tips for Preserving the Lateral Balance

Professor Langley has been dead since February 27, 1906, and the notes of his pioneer experiments have since been in the hands of Charles Manley, of New York, who is to prepare them for publication. Mr. Manley was an expert engineer and was Professor Langley's closest confidant. Mr. Manley says that for lack of time the notes have never been given to the world. Those who are interested in aviation and who



Man-Carrying Machine on Top of the Houseboat at Widewater, Virginia, Just Prior to the Trial of October 7, 1903

feel an interest in securing recognition for Professor Langley's work say that this delay is doing an injustice to the dead man, and that if the publication of his investigations is delayed much longer they will be interesting merely as ancient history.

Professor Langley at different times told something of his own story as to how he was drawn into his aerial investigations. He says that as a boy he can remember lying on his back in a New England pasture and watching the effortless flight of a hawk which sailed for half an hour without moving its wings, and whose progress along the "great overhead highway" was devoid of the obstacles that had to be surmounted by the boy in traveling to his place beneath the birds.

Success After Two Hundred Failures

FOR many years the subject of mechanical flight was held in abeyance. There were other things that claimed the interest of the scientist. He explored the realms of astrophysics—almost invented the science, in fact—and extended the then known spectrum a third of its accepted length far into the realm of the ultraviolet rays. He was called to the manifold activities of the head of the Smithsonian Institution, but he found time there to work at the problem of mechanical flight and gradually solved it.

At that time it was as much as a man's scientific reputation was worth to let it be known that he seriously regarded the flying machine as a problem. The Patent Office had classed it with perpetual motion and demanded the presentation of a working model before they would consider a claim for a patent.

Man had wanted to fly ever since time was first recorded. Ancient myths dealt with the subject. There have been almost two hundred recorded machines tried since the time of Leonardo da Vinci, in 1500. Many of them were the work of serious men like Sir George Cayley, Stringfellow and Phillips, but none of them even approached success. The only machine driven by its own power that had ever sustained itself in the air for even a few seconds was the ingenious toy aeroplane of Penaud, driven by twisted rubber bands.

Yet Langley risked his scientific reputation by venturing into this maze of failure and charlatanry. He said himself that the spirit of investigation was reawakened in him by listening to Charles Lancaster at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1886. Lancaster had spent five years in Florida studying soaring birds and had constructed some well-considered gliding models. He attempted to demonstrate them before the association, and because they would not work as he had said they would his statements on the whole were received with scant consideration.

Professor Langley, however, heard the address and decided to do some investigating himself. The world at that time knew absolutely nothing about aerodynamics. Newton's law for the increase of air resistance with the increase of the speed had stood for three hundred years, principally because nobody had ever thought to question it. Professor Langley said that just about the time he started active work a French mathematician had proved conclusively enough by the use of existing formulas that a barn-swallow, to reach the speed it is known to attain, must have more than the strength of a man. Professor Langley said he could see nothing to do but reject theories that led to such absurd conclusions, and do some original investigating.

He was at the time employed in the Allegheny Observatory. He went to a number of wealthy men to secure funds for his experiments, among them Andrew Carnegie. But Andrew said, in effect, "Hoot, mon; there's nothing in it." The reply of most of the others was to the same effect. It is rather interesting in this connection to reflect that Mr. Carnegie within a few months has offered a prize of twenty-five thousand dollars for the first pupil in his technical school at Pittsburgh who will build a flying machine that will fly.

There was one man among the Pittsburgh millionaires who, whatever he thought of the investigation, gave Professor Langley five thousand dollars with which to experiment. This was William Thaw, the father of Harry Thaw. One of Professor Langley's most important books, The Internal Work of the Wind, is dedicated to Thaw in acknowledgment of this aid.

One of the first pieces of apparatus that Professor Langley constructed at Allegheny was what he called the "whirling table." As a matter of fact, a great revolving derrick would be a more exact description. The arm of this derrick described a circle two hundred feet in circumference and was driven by a nicely governed steam engine up to a speed of seventy miles an hour. The objects to be tested were hung at the end of this arm and the measurement of their "lift" and "drift" was carefully recorded as they were towed through the air.

One of the simplest and most astonishing experiments was in the early stages of the work. A brass plate weighing just a pound was hung at the end of the rotating arm. Of course it pulled down just a pound against a spring balance. But, when the arm of the derrick was started and the speed increased, the weight of the plate decreased as it flew through the air. At a speed of seventy miles an hour it exerted a pull of less than one ounce. Thus, paradoxical as it seemed, it took less power to travel at high speed through the air than it did to travel slowly. It was in this way that Langley's law came to take the place of Newton's law.

It must be understood, however, that this does not apply practically to the construction of flying machines. The head resistance of the engine, the struts, the guy wires and the operator must all to be taken into account, and though it is theoretically possible to drive two hundred pounds through the air with one horse-power, this applies merely to plane surfaces and not to complicated flying mechanism.

Tandem Biplane. This Was the Third Model Finished. It is Theoretically Too Heavy and Not Powerful Enough and Was Never Tried Outside the Shop

After six years of experiment Professor Langley commenced building his first power-driven model. He says that he knew absolutely nothing about steam engineering, but, after experiments with carbonic acid gas, compressed air, electricity and various other motive powers, he decided that as there was more known about steam than any other motive power it would be best to start with this. So, though already an old man, he started to study steam engineering with a view to building an engine.

There was literature in abundance on the subject, but he was aiming to build such an engine as had never been built before. All the problems were practically new and he set about solving them with the help only of a few trusted workmen in the Smithsonian. It was largely the fear of ridicule that made him keep his first work so concealed.

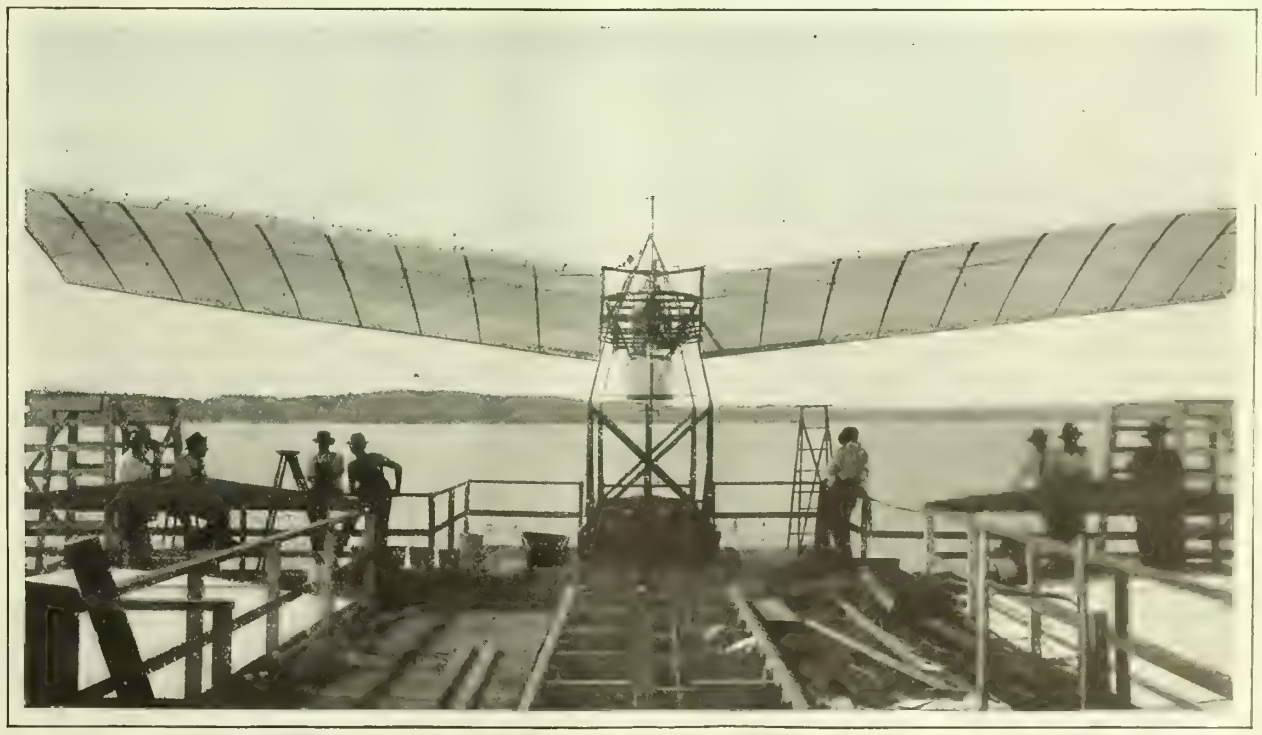
When Langley Steadied the Stars

PROFESSOR LANGLEY had a very peculiar bent. He was a scientist—none better in the higher ranks; but if there was need of doing anything in the mechanical field he could usually find a way of doing it, as witness his system of an air-blast to keep the stars visually steady in a telescope.

When the steam engine was finally installed in his aeroplane it was a queer combination; such that any trained engineer would have said would not work. However, it did work. The chances are that it was the only sort of an installation that would have worked.

During the period of experiment after Professor Langley came to Washington he constructed thirty different models driven by springs and twisted rubber bands. Some of these were monoplanes, some biplanes, and some had spring wing-tips very closely approaching the flexing wings which are the essential features of the present Wright machine; in fact, Professor Langley made some models with wings that could be flexed so as to present different angles of incidence to the air, but this flexing was done before the model started its flight and, there being no passenger on board, could not of course be varied after the adjustment was once made.

Upon the whirling table, both in Allegheny and in Washington, Professor Langley experimented with all sorts and shapes of aeroplanes, and his conclusion was that mechanical flight was theoretically possible even with the engines then in use; but he said that the real difficulty lay in what might be termed "secondary problems," the chief of which was to make a machine which would automatically continue a rigorously horizontal flight and which would not be upset by the



Close View of the Man-Carrying Machine on the Roof of the Houseboat at Widewater, Virginia, October, 1903

(Continued on Page 69)

PUTTS

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

For What Seemed an Age it Hung Upon the Lip of the Cup

WHEN a man's name is Sterling, when he is a professor at Yale and when he leaves footsteps worth following, you may be almost certain that his Christian name is Dwight, and that his son's Christian name is also Dwight. You may take it for granted that all the men of the family have fine round heads and close-set ears, and that when they pick up a stone it isn't to throw it at somebody, but to listen while it tells them some piquant story of the paleolithic or the pliocene.

It would astonish the average reader to know what fun professors have with their own and other people's brains.

The professorial brain is the most gameful, resourceful, skillful and honorable companion imaginable. But, in the summer, before he was to have graduated at the head of his class, young Dwight Sterling's brain took a fever; his body, never robust, dwindled to a collection of pipestems, and the doctors evaded the responsibility of their real conclusions by saying to the agonized parents, "While there is life there is hope."

But when young Sterling actually turned back from the gates of death, of which he did not seem to like the look, and opened a pair of reasonable eyes upon those who nursed him, then the doctor-in-chief, Doctor Daggett, took Father Sterling aside and read the famous lecturer a lecture that made him sit up and take notes.

"Now that the boy has concluded to live," said Doctor Daggett, "I may as well place the responsibility for his breakdown where it belongs." He pointed his thick, sensitive, diagnostic finger full at the professor's breast and said, "*Ecce homo!*"

"You've driven him," he went on, "all his life. He could read and write when he was five. When he ought to have been playing he was reading; when he ought to have been asleep he was writing. You crammed his head with facts. You laid yourself out to make him brighter than your neighbors' children. You took solid joy and comfort in the fact that he spoke to you only in Greek at breakfast, in Latin at lunch, and Sanscrit at dinner. He was plotting the curves of equations when the average child can't subtract correctly. When other children were cracking nuts to eat what was inside he was cracking stones to see what was inside. When other children were playing one-old-cat he was at home working on the laws which govern the flight of projectiles. And . . . well, he's alive. He's nineteen and he's alive, and I advise you to do something about it."

"He has had just such an upbringing as I had myself," objected Professor Sterling.

"Yes," said Doctor Daggett tersely, "and you can't hold out a five-pound dumb-bell at arm's length any more than he can."

"Why should we wish to? The strongest man in the world can hold five pounds at arm's length for only a very few minutes; but I could devise a simple apparatus which would hold it at arm's length for a decade."

"Don't quibble," grunted the doctor; "and for Heaven's sake, now, henceforward and forever, let up on that boy of yours! Let him have some of the things he has missed. . . . I know you are a poor man."

Professor Sterling smiled and shook his head.

"In strict confidence," he said, "I'm not."

"Not?"

Daggett looked at the plain shelves with their rows of plain books; at the plain deal table on which Professor Sterling did his written thinking; at the unstained yellow-pine floor; at the threadbare rug; at the framed photograph of St. Peter's and at that of the columns of Karnak.

"I am very well off, indeed," said Professor Sterling. "Whenever, for the last forty years, there has been a panic in Wall Street I have put what I could into stocks that were going begging; and then I have sold when stocks were high and money beginning to be very expensive. It's very simple. It isn't even speculating. It's what I have heard called a 'sure thing' and a 'leadpipe cinch.'" He smiled craftily. "Live at a distance from [illegible] of excitement; have patience; buy outright; and, above all, don't let success increase your own scale of living. . . . So, if you have something to suggest for my boy's welfare, don't let any thought of expense deter you."

"If all goes well, then," said Doctor Daggett, "he will be strong enough to be his own master by Christmas or New Year's. Give him plenty of money and let him go somewhere in the South and have a good time. Forbid him books and any work except home letters. When summer comes give him more money and let him go abroad—not to the galleries, but to the playgrounds. When autumn comes give him more money, plenty of it, and let him go round the world. In short, give him a chance to break up his bad habit of using his fine brains morning, noon and night, and give his body a chance to grow up."

"He will miss his graduation," objected Professor Sterling.

"Why not? . . . If he graduates with his class it will simply mean that he will change his cap and gown for a shroud and a nosegay."

"You are quite sure?"

"Absolutely. You can't keep an engine going without steam. Dwight's gray engine is O. K., but his boilers are burnt out."

"Well," said Professor Sterling, "I'd rather have a live dunce for a son than a dead prodigy; but it's all very disappointing."

"Dwight will never be a dunce, and you know it. I only wish there were a chance of it."

"But he despises physical amusements."

"He has been trained to think that he does. Result, bags of cracked ice on his thinker. Give him a chance; and, above all, give him money—plenty of money."

"What would you call plenty of money?"

Daggett smiled.

"Whatever sum you have in mind—multiplied by five."

Professor Sterling would have whistled if his brain had not been cultivated at the expense of all the accomplishments that well-developed muscles make possible.

II

IT WAS a month before Dwight Sterling could really think of anything except not thinking. "Play; don't think," had been his father's last words. The effort to keep from thinking almost drove him into another brain fever, so strong is habit. And he couldn't play at first because he didn't know how. He could handle a knife and fork in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, and that was about the full extent of his physical accomplishments. His right hand was as awkward as an ordinary man's left.

A scattering of old Yale men have cottages at Aiken, and these were kind to Dwight for his famous father's sake—had him to lunch and to dinner, put him up at the clubs and introduced him to everybody; but secretly they were ashamed that any Yale undergraduate should be such an utter "dub" at everything. He didn't walk well. He couldn't ride at all. His one attempt at lawn tennis did not inspire confidence. He managed to make his buggy-horse run away—a horse famous these fifteen years for his inanely slow gait and utter fearlessness of bicycles, blown newspapers and trolley cars; and for all his real brightness and wonderfully informed mind he had no more knowledge of the world than a stupid child of eight. But fortunately for all concerned he had a sense of humor. It was latent and undeveloped, but there it was, for any one to see. Just when you were about to give him up as hopelessly learned and nothing else it would pop out from somewhere and save the situation. And, also fortunately, his head was so round, beautiful and well set that you could almost forget the incompetence of his hopelessly long, awkward, flat-chested body. His head and his features, only that the mouth was very much larger and more forcible, reminded you of the Praxiteles Hermes. And his neck was round and thick with carrying blood to his brain. And then it developed that he who could hardly have crushed a fly was not physically afraid of anything. When the old Yale men found this out they ceased liking him as a duty and liked him for himself.

It was a golf year. Rain or shine, men of all ages and of all degrees of natural ability were to be seen pursuing the butterfly perfection about the links, or hefting clubs in the professional's shop, or talking bunkers and scores on the clubhouse steps. It was a year when men who really preferred lawn tennis played nothing but golf; when women who never had played any game, and never could, bought charming little sets of clubs and took lessons from the professional, who humbled them and gave them their proper standing in the world of sport, and did his best to teach them not to make dipping, forceless, U-shaped swings at the ball.

Nine-tenths of Aiken played golf that winter, and one-tenth looked on. Prominent at the first tee, to see the players drive off, was Sterling. The first tee, the distant green toward which it afforded a start—for the fortunate—and the huge eighteenth green in front of the clubhouse, were all of the links with which he had any acquaintance. The game fascinated him, however; not as an exposition of strength and address, but as a revelation of human nature.

A novelist might do much worse than follow golf. Not the eternal triangle itself is susceptible of more variations than the club, the ball and the hole. The whole gamut of the passions may be found in golf: jealousy, rivalry, murderous rage; the passion to tease; the passion to sneer; wonderful glows of generous sympathy when you are playing well and the other man isn't and can't. If a man has a fault of character, sooner or later his golf will reveal it. By his golf you may judge shrewdly of the methods by which he arrived at affluence.

Sterling, then, liked to sit on an unlevel bench, in the shelter of a small pine tree that hadn't grown for years and years, and study character; or he liked to stand with others near the rim of the eighteenth green—it isn't a green, really; it's a beach—and watch the twosomes and foursomes finish their rounds. Now and then interested persons tried to persuade him to try his luck with a driver and a ball; to bet him, for instance, that at the first trial he couldn't hit a ball from the first tee to the bottom of the hill on which it was built. Now, although this hill is almost a precipice and a healthy child of four could kick a ball to the bottom of it, Sterling knew better than to risk his money on any such proposition. He had seen too many players of too many years' standing fail to execute that very simple feat. He had seen them thunder into the ground behind the ball; whistle through the air over it. He had seen them "tick" it, so that it rolled no more than six inches, and he had seen them fail in ninety-seven—he

had made a list—different ways to propel the ball to the bottom of that hill.

The fact is that Sterling was really a very fortunate person. He was destined to begin golf not at the beginning, as amateurs all do, because they can pay for the necessary room, but at the end, where the cramped caddies begin—the cramped caddies who become Vardons and Braids.

It befell that the finals of a certain tournament were decided at the eighteenth green. Mr. Jenkins, the loser, lost by missing a two-foot putt. During the whole round Mr. Jenkins had been remarked for his calmness in difficulties, his methodic style and for the unlighted stub of a cigar that never left his lips; but when he had missed the putt, which lost him the match, it seemed that, after all, a devil abode in him. His voice, ordinarily courteous and deep, became shrill and rude. He delivered a tremendous kick at the ball which had failed to drop into the hole, and only succeeded in topping it to the edge of the green. Then he flung his putter furiously after the ball. And he cried aloud:

"If anybody wants a chicken-hearted putter, there it is!"

Then he swung on his enraged heel, took three steps toward the clubhouse; and then he came to—ashamed, miserable and apologetic. He poured a stream of apologies into his late adversaries' ears, and a stream of congratulations. But when Sterling, who had picked it up, offered him his putter back he refused it. "No," he said, as of a woman who had led him a dog's life; "I'm done with her."

Sterling showed the putter to Miss Jordan. It was an ancient putting cleek, warped, cracked as to the shaft, and reënforced in two places with electric tape.

"'Tis a poor thing," said Sterling, "but mine own."

"See if you can use it," she commanded, and pointed to the ball which Jenkins had kicked to the edge of the green.

The green was now deserted by all but Miss Jordan and Sterling. Miss Jordan took the flag from the hole and Sterling addressed the ball, as he had seen others do, swung back and hit it low and true. The gods of golf often conspire to bring to pass the most extraordinary accidents. Sterling's first stroke was a perfect one. And the ball had not traveled halfway to the hole before Miss Jordan, herself no mean golfer, perceived as much.

"It's in! It's in!" she shouted, and began to dance up and down on her toes. The ball, running slower and slower until it seemed to have lost all momentum, reached the rim of the cup and paused. An eighth of a revolution more would drop it into the hole. Sterling never remembered to have so hung upon an issue, or rather an entrance, in his life. Never before had he so concentrated all his powers of wishing upon an event. But the ball had not really stopped rolling. For what seemed an age it hung upon the lip of the cup—a teasing, flirtatious, mischievous bit of fate, and then it disappeared.

Sterling had holed out at the first attempt from the edge of the green. Then it was that Miss Jordan began to laugh and to point at him. And then Sterling laughed; for he found that he was standing on the toes of his right foot and had drawn his left knee, as often happens in a crucial moment, almost up to his left ear, and that with the battered old putter he was beating the air in the direction of the hole, in the inane effort to fan the ball on its way.

Sterling brought his limbs to decorum and grinned a broad and happy grin. He was a golfer now. Now he understood what had been hidden. He would no longer laugh in secret at those who played. He would fraternize with them. He was of them now: the littlest, most ignorant brother of the great brotherhood.

His hands tightened upon the putter. It was no longer an It of wood, metal and electric tape, and shoemaker's thread: it was a she; a she of gentle and faithful attributes, to which might be added a touch of genius—a she to be careful of: to oil, to polish and to cherish.

Then the boy looked toward Miss Jordan and his tightly budded heart swelled and blossomed. He felt a sudden wonderful warm friendship for her. Why? Because she was beautiful? No. Because she was friendly? Yes and no. But because she was there; because she had seen; because she could bear witness; and most of all because one look at her eyes told him that in them at least he was no longer an utter and hopeless "dub."

But he would not try another putt. He hired a locker from the professional and ensconced his first and only club therein as a saint in a shrine. He made no more putts until he had gone to sleep for the night. Then he made thousands of them, and all alike: all from the edge of the green to the center of the cup, with one moment of exquisite uncertainty on the rim. And always just beyond the hole was Miss Jordan, dancing up and down in generous approval. Just before getting-up time he had a frightful nightmare: Miss Jordan came to him alone at midnight, and asked him, "for the love of God!" to give her the putter. "I am bunkered!—bunkered!" she cried, and the tears streamed down her face. Then they were tugging at opposite ends of the putter for possession—and just as the agony of the strain became intolerable Sterling let go, and Miss Jordan, with a shout of triumph, fell backward from the first tee to the bottom of the hill . . . And the crowing of roosters waked the anguished sleeper, and the sun in his face.

III

THE first thing that Sterling learned about golf was that there is no shortcut to mastery. He was advised to buy a driver and to take lessons. "Once you've learned the drive," said his advisers, "the rest will come." Then he read a book on golf and learned that in England and Scotland the drive is common property—a stroke not considered worthy of mention or discussion among first-class players. But the book also admitted that the drive is the most difficult and intricate stroke known to athletics. Here was a contradiction. Sterling had the professorial mind. He appeared to be admiring the view; in reality he was analyzing the game of golf. He appeared to be studying Miss Jordan's profile; in reality he was wondering why she, who could drive and brassy so far and straight, habitually turned in such poor scores. He watched her drive from the first tee—a fine, stinging ball that departed with a hiss. He saw her brassy that ball from a hanging lie, clean and straight over an outwork that guards the first green. In two shots she had covered four-fifths of the distance from the tee to the hole. But to cover the remaining fifth and to drop the ball finally into the hole required five more strokes. From where he sat it was difficult to see just what was wrong; but the five shots were: to the left, to the right, short, dead and in.

"Who is that playing the first hole?"

"Good morning, Mr. Blackstarr. . . . Ninety-nine golf players out of a hundred are playing that hole. Two beauties followed by five idiocies—seven for the hole; but specifically the contestants are Jimmie Bowler and Miss Jordan."

Mr. Blackstarr drove off. He pulled his drive to the woods and topped his second halfway to the bunker.

"Two idiocies," commented Sterling.

But then Mr. Blackstarr was seen to make a straight, skyscraping shot, with an iron club, that landed the ball somewhere on the green in the immediate neighborhood of the hole, and from this exemplary stroke he was seen to take but one putt.

"The hundredth player," commented Sterling. "Mr. Blackstarr is old, fat, weak and intolerable, but he does the first hole in four. He does it in four."

Sterling sought the professional.

"Can you teach me to play golf this morning?" he asked hopefully.

"Wouldn't take ten minutes," returned the professional, with privileged sarcasm. "Where's your driver?"

"Don't need one," said Sterling. "I have a putter."

The professional accompanied Sterling to the seventeenth green, where there was nothing to disturb them but the wind in the neighboring pine-tops. Sterling dropped a ball within a foot of the hole.

"Now," he said, "show me. Show me how to stand for that shot and how to play it perfectly. Show me exactly what the head of the club must do during that infinitesimal moment of time when it is in contact with the ball. I got that out of a book."

The professional showed Sterling how to draw the club back and how to finish the little swing which is needed to propel a ball thirteen inches on a fast green.

Sterling shook his head. "What must it do," he said, "when it is in contact with the ball?"

"It must hit the middle of the ball with the middle of its face. It must move straight toward the hole, and there mustn't be any daylight between the sole of it and the green. As you come back ——"

"Hang as-I-come-back!" said Sterling. "You told me what I wanted to know. Tell me more, Prince of Wisdom. Is not what the putter does, when in contact with the ball, what the mashie should do?—the iron?—the cleek?—the brassy?—the driver?"

The professional thought deeply, but at length conceded that this was so for the "simple shots."

"I shall begin with those," said Sterling, "and here endeth the first lesson. I cannot play golf yet, but I know how. Do you realize that you have taught me more in five minutes than you ever taught any one else before in a year?"

The professional laughed.

"The others," he said, "want to haul off and hit the ball to the races. They pay their money. They want something showy for it. They don't ask to know why. They want to feel when."

"Drop the ball a foot from the hole and work backward," said Sterling, "even unto the tee. Let the putt be a little putt and the drive a great putt." He waved his thin hand. "Two years from now," he boasted, "people will be spying on me from the rough to see how I do it."

Then he became absorbed in making perfect putts a foot long, and when he left Aiken, in mid-April, putts of three and four feet had no terrors for him. But then it must be confessed that he was a natural-born putter. To one man the hole looks no bigger than a fifty-cent piece and is full to the brim of mischievous, repellent forces. To another man the hole looks like the opening in a bushel-basket and contains friendly and benevolent imps that reach for the ball with invisible hands and pull it in. Sterling was never afraid of the hole. All July he putted for it from the edges of the beautiful rolling greens on the Kebo Valley links at Bar Harbor. His misses were by inches and fractions thereof. Always he was "dead" and often down.

On the first day of August he bought a mashie, sought a secluded green and dropped a ball, as before, a foot from the hole. He played his mashie as he had learned to play his putter, gradually increasing his distance, but always playing with the confident hope and intention of laying the ball not near the hole but in it. When the trees put on

How Hard Ought He to Hit the Ball?

their gorgeous autumn dresses, and the air began to nip at dawn and sundown, he was practicing the forty-yard range. Perfection here was out of the question, but it was wonderful to observe how often his ball stopped within easy putting distance of the hole.

He lived, thought and read golf. He adopted Vardon's grip, without discussion. Its advantages were obvious. He put on weight, found that his shirts and coats were beginning to feel tight under the arms and across the chest. Charming little muscles began to sport upon his forearms and hands in unexpected places.

He could putt for an hour without getting a backache. To Miss Jordan he wrote at this time (she was at Newport, and it gave him uneasy feelings whenever he thought of it, which was often):

. . . You won't know me when you see me. I have lost all semblance of self-respect. I play golf morning, noon and night, rain and shine. . . . About Bedford for a week in October: if you don't know that nothing will keep me away I liken you to a foolish one. And thank you thirty-two million times for asking me.

To his father he wrote: "I am continuing my open-air studies of ballistics."

On his last day at Bar Harbor he played the course for the first time, using only his two little clubs. His score was forty-six for the nine holes.

And that night he slept with great contentment, for he knew that his system was right and that all others were wrong.

IV

STERLING had his setbacks. No sooner had he mastered the mashie up to eighty yards than his putting became ragged and futile. He became adept with a mid-iron and could neither mashie nor putt, but his short game was never long out of his reach. It kept coming back to him steadier and deadlier. His theory was to make all the shots putts; but when he had learned to putt with his driver he found that he had not the stoicism or self-restraint to let it go at that. By a combination of anger and accident he one day hit a really long ball, as long a ball as he had ever seen anybody hit—a terrific ball that screamed as it flew. And after that there was no rest for him until he had repeated the sensation. For a whole month he flung system and theory to the winds. Pet phrases—"Better sure than far"; "Better short and straight than long and troubled"—he discarded. And he spent hours hitting balls with all his might—to the left, to the right, hooks, slices, bursting high ones, wind cheaters, and every other stroke of which the misunderstood driver is accidentally capable. Then, for a whole week, the joy of perfect driving was his. The joy of hitting with a little more than a full swing, with wrists, arms, shoulders, legs and body working in perfect amity and harmony; with every ounce of strength that his long frame had at command brought to bear at exactly the right instant. For one week he had these pleasures; and then one day he took out all his clubs and tried to play a round, but the lovely driving was gone. From the first tee he reached a bunker on the second fair green. From the second his ball rose into the air like a shot from a mortar and flew a scant hundred yards. The next drive was out of bounds. He sliced and he pulled and he flubbed, and he lost balls right and left; he dug into the ground and strained his back; and he lost his temper, only to find that when he did get somewhere near the greens he could neither approach nor putt.

He did not touch a club for three days. Then he went out to a secluded green with his battered old putter, and dropped a ball a foot from the hole and began all over again. During the last week of the short Bar Harbor season, looking once more upon all shots as little putts or great, he played the nine holes twice in thirty-eight, and once, with fortune smiling and continually blowing the ball toward the hole, in a brilliant thirty-five.

Meanwhile Sterling's father, after a year of overwork and divers attacks of acute indigestion and bronchitis, had resigned from the Yale Faculty, and was a run-down, testy man of leisure. Sterling persuaded his parents to winter in the South—at Aiken.

"You know it's my last year off," he said. "I'm strong as a very thin bull now, and I'm ashamed not to go to work. I'll never have long holidays again, so let's spend them together. I know an immense little cottage that's for rent dirt-cheap; and, Mother, you'll just love it; and it'll make a new man of Father."

It was Sterling's secret intention to inveigle his father into playing golf. "It will prolong his life," he confided to his mother, "and make his old age green."

But Professor Sterling could not be enticed. Once he watched the players drive off, and disgust at the folly of it all became deeply written on his somewhat severe face. There were many small tournaments that winter, and Sterling brought home more than a few score of trophies. But the father refused to take any interest, except to say: "Your brain has softened more than I ever thought it would. Five minutes of Sandow night and morning is enough exercise for sane people, with a tramp now and then in fine weather."

"Father is getting old," thought Sterling, and he looked somewhat sadly at the sky, and very foolishly admitted that he was too. Indeed, the winter had contained a very bitter disappointment for him. There had been times when he felt that he might have declared himself to Miss Jordan with some chance of success. It is probable that she had expected it of him and counted on it. They had been fast friends and frequent correspondents. When they were together time had always passed swiftly for them both, and often in silence. But Sterling had never spoken. His prospects were too remote for him to have done so with honor, was his chief reason; and then, until it was too late, he had not been absolutely sure of his own feelings. Of their immediate ardor, yes; of their ultimate lasting qualities, no. But now he was sure; wakefully, heart-achingly sure, with a loss of appetite and a drooping at the corners of his strong mouth.

That winter she had another young man, Jimmie Bowler, "eating out of her hand," as the saying is. And people said that if they weren't engaged they ought to be. There were smiling stories told of moonlight drives and dark corners, and flower bills at Miss Wessel's, and a "hand in hand" visit to Miss Jordan's old colored mammy, who was stricken on one and the same Sunday with a wicked attack of rheumatism and a negroid sermon upon the approach of Halley's comet and the end of the world.

Twice Sterling met Bowler in the finals of tournaments, both playing from scratch; and both times he beat his successful rival at the fifteenth green—and saw him turn to Miss Jordan for the look that comforts in defeat, and saw him get it, and was miserable in victory instead of elated, and could not sleep those nights.

Indeed, worsting a rival in any but the one great way is never quite what it has been cracked up to be.

V

THOUGH the Palmetto Golf Club links are, perhaps, the best in the South, but one tournament of any celebrity is played over them—the Southern Cross. In the finals of this tournament Sterling met Bowler for the third time. That Sterling would win was a foregone conclusion, and there was consequently so little betting as to be negligible. The match was at thirty-six holes and the young men agreed to drive off at 10 A. M. All Aiken was on hand to see them start, and half of Aiken was in light walking trim to follow them around the course.

The links, very green, now that spring was well established, were framed in the deep blue-green of the long-needle pine, snowbanks of dogwood and unbelievable bowers of flaming yellow jasmine. The few clouds that were in the sky looked soft enough to wrap newborn babies in, and there was only enough air stirring to carry the smells of jasmine and wild crab-apple from the vines and trees that produced them to the human nose. Distant objects looked very near and sharply outlined. It was deliciously warm.

He Spent Hours Hitting Balls With All His Might

Mrs. Sterling had announced at breakfast that she would follow the match, and she badgered Professor Sterling until he sarcastically agreed to accompany her.

"It will be a very long and tedious walk," he said. "I doubt if you are up to it."

But the average professor's wife is a walker. In the first place she has to be, and in the second she is more apt than not to wear comfortable shoes of a sensible shape. Mrs. Sterling appeared at the first tee in a white shirt-waist, a short walking-skirt, thick woolen stockings, common-sense shoes, and a felt hat that had seen service in Maine and Scotland and knew how to stay where it was put. Thus habited she looked cool, sensible and calm; but the little lady's heart was going like a trip-hammer. That her son should win had suddenly become a passion with her; that he might not, a hideous dread. She had been up till midnight the night before with Vardon on Golf and had mastered the rules and the general principles. Professor Sterling affected to know these, *ex officio*, as a matter of course; and while waiting for the contestants to start he explained the game to his wife—wrong.

But the most interested partisan at the first tee was Miss Jordan. She had chosen the moment to announce her engagement to Bowler, and her hands were being wrung by her friends, and she was pink and lovely with the excitement of congratulation.

"And, oh," she said, "if Jimmie only wins this will be the absolutely perfectest day in my life!"

Sterling approaching, driver in hand, from the club-house, overheard this speech, and his poor heart was like a lump of half-cooled lead; but his well-schooled face smiled ingenuously, and he shook hands with her and told her what a fine fellow Jimmie was, and that he knew they would always be happy together. Then, for he had won the toss, he stepped out onto the tee, and amid a dead silence drove off. The shot, if not a very long one, was straight as a putt, and finished rolling in a level patch of very green Bermuda grass, where Sterling knew that he would find a good lie for his second. Bowler drove a screamer straight down the middle, and everybody said "Whew!" except Professor Sterling, who slipped on a rolling stone and said "Hoity!"

Looked at as a contest, the eighteen holes played in the morning did not amount to much. Sterling was very nearly at his best; the ball obeyed his wishes and his putting was a thing of beauty. Bowler, on the other hand, played mixed golf. By turns he was wild or brilliant. He holed putts that he ought not to have holed, and he missed others that nobody should have missed. At the end of the round he was five down. "Hopelessly beaten," said the wiseacres.

The first chance Mrs. Sterling had she kissed her boy and hugged him, and said that she was proud of him, and that he had played beautifully; but the professor affected to have been profoundly bored. His son's play had seemed neither beautiful nor skillful to him. Anybody could do it with a few days' practice—so he said and so he believed. Nevertheless, 2:30 saw him among those who were to follow the match to its conclusion.

Bowler was steadier in the afternoon. He, too, had been kissed and hugged during the intermission, and he was known to have brave nerves. But the most he could do was to hold Sterling even. He could not pick up any of the holes he had lost in the morning. And so the game progressed until the match stood Sterling five up and six to go.

At the long, uphill thirteenth—the "Cabin Hole"—Bowler was in the rough with a pulled second, and Sterling's second—he must have abandoned his usual conservatism to have come so far in two—was hole-high and just off the green to the left. From where his ball lay he could play it dead nine times out of ten, and it looked as if the match were his.

Now, all golf players believe in the Bible, because both it and their favorite game are so full of miracles. To Bowler, preparing to play from a bad lie among wild plum bushes, the match seemed over. To Sterling, facing a shot that was child's play to him, the match seemed over. To the gallery it seemed over—and a deadly dull match at that. To Miss Jordan it seemed over—bitterly over. Her eyes were on Bowler, thinking among the plum bushes; and her eyes—frank, unabashed eyes—were full of tears. Among those who saw the gleam of those tears was Sterling. They made him feel like a whipped cur, and he remembered what he had overheard her say in the morning. "And, oh," she had said, "if Jimmie only wins this will be the absolutely perfectest day in my life!"

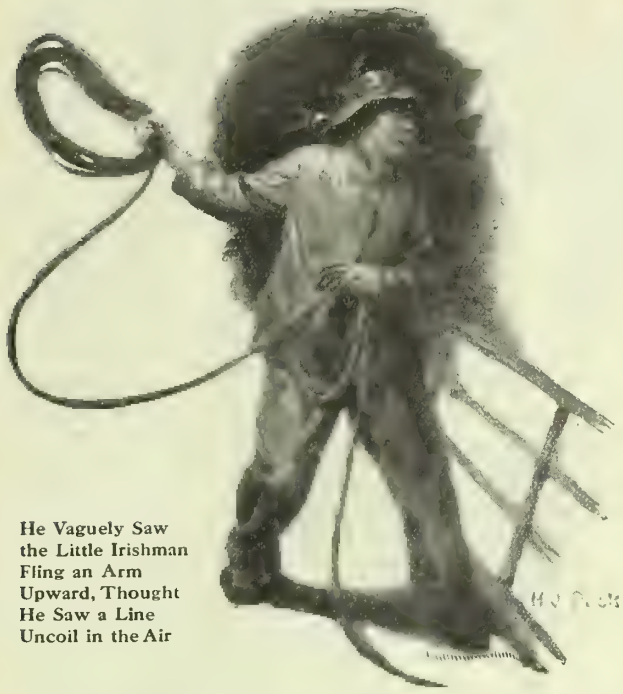
"And I'm spoiling her day," thought Sterling; "I'm spoiling it."

(Continued on Page 41)

ORDER No. 113

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. PECK



He Vaguely Saw the Little Irishman Fling an Arm Upward, Thought He Saw a Line Uncoil in the Air

COMMANDER HALE'S thoughts traveled straight from the lofty office down the Columbia River and out on the Pacific to a brick-red vessel with stumpy masts. His quiet, tired eyes half closed as the picture of this farthest outpost of his command rose before him, tossing on the bright, lonely sea, tugging at the slender steel cable that marked the authority of the United States Lighthouse Establishment. Columbia River Light-Vessel No. 188, as her official title ran, was new, built to replace faithful old No. 153, which for so many years had clung to her desolate post, suffering the terrific punishment of month-long hurricanes, the scars of collision, going adrift in roaring gales, but always coming back to the job till that last occasion that erased her from the list and put No. 188 in her place.

Now the Commander—lately transferred from a cruiser to this lofty and busy office—was confronted with the task of picking out a new master for the new vessel. His choice stood before him, young, eager and confident. And in his freshly chosen subordinate's attitude Hale thought that he saw still another thing that was new—not a man or a ship this time, but an idea.

With old No. 153 there had passed an era as well. Hale resented it; what had the great, vigilant, unwearying, patient Lighthouse Establishment to do with a strange idea? And such an idea, too. It was preposterous. No. 188 vanished from his mind's eye and he frowned on the new captain. "What was that you just said?" he inquired of the young man.

John Ethan Lethbridge, with his new appointment in his pocket, smiled confidently. "I merely remarked, sir, that I would be the first and only American in command of a lightship on this coast."

The Commander's frown deepened. "All the officers of this service are American citizens," he said stiffly. "And I believe most of the seamen are too."

Lethbridge nodded, paying no attention to the Commander's frown. "Oh, I don't mean they aren't citizens, and all that," he said easily. "But look at 'em—Oleson, Larsen, Svensen, Rasmussen, Jurgenson, Nielsen—and you'll have to acknowledge that your light-vessels are captained by Scandinavians. I understand there are a few Irish and Scotch in the engine-rooms. You see what I mean, sir. I'll be the only real American among them."

The Commander made no reply and Lethbridge went on: "I've always felt that it was a shame to have good American vessels in the hands of foreigners, and I'm glad you've broken the old custom, sir, and haven't handed over Government jobs to men who have no claim at all except that they've signed papers and lived so long in this country. Just remember, sir, that there's an American out on No. 188."

There was a brief silence. Hale raised his eyes from the desk and said in a curt, official voice: "I'll remember that, Captain Lethbridge. I am not aware that any officer of this service has ever shown himself delinquent in his duty, however, and you owe your own appointment merely to your standing in the examination and your general character. Of course I'm glad you are a native-born American, but I have no criticism to make of any of the men in the Establishment. I suppose you have studied the book of instructions? I wish to call your particular attention to Order No. 113. It is one rule that we never break in this service, Captain. You observe that it forbids you to leave your station under any circumstances whatever without special orders from this office. That means that the only excuse you have for coming into port is if your moorings carry away entirely. It is distinctly to be understood that there are no circumstances that will justify your heaving up anchor or slipping your cable. The Government expects every light-vessel to be in its place at all times and in all weathers."

Lethbridge seemed about to say something, but merely nodded. Hale handed him a fresh copy of his orders, dismissed him and rang for the chief clerk.

When that kindly and experienced man came to a halt before his desk Hale looked up at him and demanded, "Who is the mate of No. 188?"

"Nicholas Sunni," was the reply.

"What nationality?"

"Finn," was the laconic answer.

"And the chief engineer?" pursued Hale.

"O'Rourke, sir."

"Irish, of course?"

"Born on the old sod," said the grave clerk.

Hale made a gesture of dismay. "Lethbridge seems to think the service has gone over to the foreigners completely," he said "The man actually congratulated me on getting an American master for No. 188."

The clerk bowed slightly, coughed and suggested, "All the officers in the Establishment are Americans, sir. It is the law."

Hale flushed. "Quite right. I meant 'American-born.' As you say, all our men are citizens, and there can be no complaint on that score. But I wish I had given Lethbridge a ship with fewer nationalities among its officers. I suppose there is no other officer on board who might meet Lethbridge's expectations? Who is the assistant engineer?"

"Macpherson," said the clerk, smiling gently. "Alexander Macpherson. He's the chap that brought the Kilday in seven years ago after the boilers had given out and killed a dozen men. Been in our service ever since that happened."

"He must be a good man, even if he isn't what Lethbridge calls an American," Hale commented, and he turned to his mail.

That evening the Commander of the One Hundred and Twenty-Third Lighthouse District read the following paragraph in his afternoon paper:

Captain John Ethan Lethbridge, formerly of the steamer Cape May, has received the appointment of master of Columbia River Light-Vessel No. 188, the new lightship that has just been assigned to the station off the bar. Captain Lethbridge's appointment seems to mark a new departure in the lighthouse service, as it has been a matter of frequent complaint that the Government has accepted foreign-born masters and mates constantly in preference to Americans born and bred. Along the waterfront the hope was expressed today that Commander Hale, just assigned to this district, will continue to recognize the efficiency of American-born officers and relieve the Lighthouse Establishment from the odium of being manned entirely by foreigners who have taken out citizenship papers. Captain Lethbridge, while yet a young man, exemplifies a high type of the American seaman who made our flag famous years ago. He left this evening to take command of No. 188, relieving Mate Nicholas Sunni, who has been in charge since the resignation of Captain Sven Svensen last month.

The Commander reread this, laid the paper down and shook his head. He suddenly realized that the new idea had sprung into a mature and dangerous existence. The law made no distinction between the native and foreign-born American in the lighthouse service. It had gone ahead, for years, guarding the coasts of two great oceans, watching over the welfare of the world's commerce, and the question had never arisen whether American-born Jones or Swedish-born Oleson had been the better, more faithful servant. And yet ——

Hale saw the other side of the question. The ambitious and patriotic American was anxious to see his Government's vessels in the hands of fellow-countrymen. He might judge the naturalized citizen unjustly, but the prejudice was deep-seated, and, the Commander had to acknowledge within himself, it might easily become a slogan. Then, when this new idea became a war-cry, how was he, the Commander, to be just and fair? For instance, there was Svensen He had served long and well. It was Svensen who had hung to his moorings that time when the huge Glenfalcon had driven staunch No. 153 deep into the water, crushing her gallant little hull into the boiling brine. Hale recalled reading the dusty reports about that episode, the Glenfalcon's story of a ship held unmanageable betwixt wind and tide, and some tugboat skipper's brief note that "No. 153 appeared in sinking condition at sunset with rising wind and sea, but master refused assistance. Saw lights lit as usual between squalls." He saw again that thumbed report of Svensen's, wherein the old captain had set down, in a cramped hand: "Were run into by Ship Glenfalcon at 4 P. M. . . . Kept crew at pumps and lit lights four minutes late owing to carrying away of forward lamphouse and lamp. Night squally. Kept lights bright till vessel sank at 6:15 A. M., when took to boats, arriving in Astoria same night; all hands safe."

White Faces Stared Up.
Stiff Arms Swung Imploringly Toward the Lofty Lanterns

"Good old Svensen!" thought the Commander; "with his scrupulous fidelity to his orders, his sedulous lighting of the great lamps on his wallowing and sinking craft, his grim 'Kept lights bright till vessel sank.'" But Svensen was a Swede, and according to the evening paper the Lighthouse Establishment bore a degree of odium because it had delivered the keeping of its vessels to men of alien birth. Hale dropped the paper and muttered: "I don't like the notion Lethbridge has; it isn't fair. And yet—— I hope it works out all right."

Fifty miles away, in a railway car swinging along the Columbia's steep cliffs, Captain Lethbridge was cutting the same paragraph out of his paper with a sharp knife. He snapped the blade to with a quick, satisfied gesture and reread the item. Then he carefully tucked it into his wallet together with his new master's papers, some blank forms for reports and a receipted bill for wet-weather clothes. A slight flush warmed his eager face as he stared out of the window at the wide, shadowy river. He saw its debouchment into the sea, the quick run of the surf along the jetties, the smoke of the tugs, the jumping bar buoys, and, flung against the horizon, the image of his new command, No. 188. "It'll be rather slow," he meditated. "But a good man can wake up even a lightship. And they need a good, active man on one of 'em just to show how it ought to be done. Maybe the Commander will see how much better it is to have a hustling American in charge of a vessel, and then he'll quit having these old Swedes and Norwegians and foreigners on 'em, and we boys will have a chance to do things up to date and in real American style."

He turned to answer a low-voiced greeting from a bulky man whom he recognized as Jurgenson, master of the Lighthouse Tender Eucalyptus. Jurgenson sat heavily down beside him and remarked, "So you're going out to take No. 188, Captain?"

"Yes," said Lethbridge curtly.

"I think she's a good vessel," Jurgenson went on solemnly, filling his pipe and cramming the tobacco down with a stubby finger. "That's a hard station. I thought Svensen would keep her. I hear he's resigned."

"So he has," Lethbridge assented. Jurgenson stared out of the window into the darkness. "I was mate with Svensen before I went to No. 167, up on Swiftsure Bank," he remarked. "Good man. Getting old, I guess. Thought he'd die in the service."

"He lost No. 153," Lethbridge offered, as a half explanation.

Jurgenson nodded. "Yes. Kept her afloat all night and the lamps burning. Todd of the Wasp wanted to tow him in that night. Svensen climbed up on the rail and megaphoned across, 'I ain't got no orders to leave yet, Cap'n!' Todd, never being in the service, thought the old man was crazy to stick to his moorings, and almost grabbed old 153 by force to take her in and beach her. But Svensen, he just said he hadn't got no orders to leave his station and kept his lamps bright, and so old 153 sank and Svensen and his crew had to pull twelve hours in a small boat across a smoky bar."

"Svensen would have saved a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property if he'd allowed Todd to bring him in," Lethbridge said impatiently. "The Government

doesn't expect a man to be a fool about such things. A master of a lightship ought to use some judgment."

The other captain puffed slowly on his pipe. "Well, orders are to hang on to your moorings till you're ordered in," he said calmly. "Svensen obeyed orders."

"That may be all right for you fellows," Lethbridge said with total disregard of Jurgenson's feelings. "You men who weren't born here can't be expected to take any responsibility. But I'll bet an American skipper would have brought old 153 in, saved his Government a hundred thousand dollars, and showed his sense."

Jurgenson digested this slowly. Then he said, with grim quietness: "I saw that piece in the paper. I'm an American, Captain, if I was born in Norway, and I've been an American as long as you have, even if you were born one. And I think that orders are orders. Svensen figured out that he was put there to keep those lights bright, and he kept 'em burning till his vessel sank—which was more than a hundred thousand dollars." Jurgenson got up and tramped heavily away down the aisle. Lethbridge was embarrassed, for he realized that he had offended one of the oldest men in the service, and this had been unwise on the part of one of the youngest. "But he'll have to wake up and listen to straight talk before long," he comforted himself. "No commander expects his captains to make idiots of themselves for the sake of an order like that."

Eighteen hours later Lethbridge swung himself down into the tender's small boat that was to convey him across a quarter of a mile of tumbling water to No. 188. Jurgenson waved a friendly hand to him from the Eucalyptus' deck and called out: "I've told the steward to give you a quarter of fresh beef, Captain. You'll need it before we get your quarterly supplies out to you. This nice weather isn't going to last long."

Lethbridge called back thanks and turned his eyes to his new command. She seemed very small as she lay heaving to her anchor. Stumpy masts, dwarfish lamphouses and a flush deck gave her almost a miniature aspect. After all, she didn't amount to much; he was sorry he had left the merchant service for the Establishment. This wasn't a young man's work, sticking to a mushroom anchor. It was a job for old fellows like these foreigners.

He crawled up the ladder to the lightship's deck and shook hands with the mate, who seemed glad to see him. Then he waved his hand to the officer in the small boat, glanced around and followed Sunni down the steep steps to the cabin.

In its cramped space, with stateroom doors giving into it on both sides, Lethbridge felt better. He noticed that the mate was in full uniform. His own dress gave a good reflection back from the mirror above the sideboard, making a general air of official importance. No. 188, small as she was, belonged to the Government, and he, Lethbridge, was master of her. He asked for the log-book.

Sunni nodded. "You will find it on the shelf behind you, Captain," he said with a distinctly foreign accent.

Lethbridge turned and picked out the big volume and sat down in a swinging chair with it open before him on the table.

"Everything all right?" he demanded.

Sunni sat down across the little table and answered, "All quite right. Did you bring off any fresh meat?"

"Yes," said Lethbridge indifferently. "And, by the way, I've got some mail for you."

The mate brightened up, his gray mustache lifting to display full, mobile lips. He took the packet Lethbridge handed him and went through it, picking out a couple of letters which he dropped into his pocket. Then he said, "I'll take the mail for'ad to the boys. I'll be back in a moment." The door slid open and closed behind him.

"That fellow has no business being mate," Lethbridge said to himself. "He's old and I'll bet he's rheumatic as well." He determined to ask for a new officer next time he wrote to the commander. "I'll tell him we need an energetic American," he thought.

Sunni returned to say, "The ship's all cleaned up, Captain. I've just let the men go below to read their mail."

Lethbridge glanced at the clock. "Short morning's work," he remarked dryly.

Sunni looked down at the two letters he had withdrawn from his pocket and said nothing for a moment. Then he suggested, "We always give them an afternoon below these days."

"What days?"

"Days we clean the ship," Sunni answered. "They appreciate it."

"I imagine they appreciate anything that doesn't look like work," Lethbridge snapped, and plunged into the log-book. The mate glanced at him inquiringly, got up and went into his own room, where he carefully opened his letters with a knife and sat down on the edge of the bunk to read them. He sighed gently as he turned the closely written pages, but the slow expiration of his breath seemed more an involuntary yielding to the motion of the ship than an expression of sadness. He didn't hear the captain's call till it had been repeated. Then he laid the letters down, weighted by the knife, and took the two steps needful to bring him into the cabin again. Lethbridge was holding the log-book open with one hand while he figured with a pencil in the other. "How much coal does she burn a day?" he demanded.

The mate shook his head. "The chief knows," he responded. "I can't tell exactly."

"Where is the chief engineer?"

Sunni left the cabin and returned with a small, heavily mustached man who bowed and looked at Lethbridge out of bright eyes. "Did ye want me, misther?" he inquired.

"You are Mr. O'Rourke?" demanded Lethbridge.

"Oi om," said the chief engineer. "Me mother christened me Mickey, but Oi'm Misther O'Rourke now, thank God and the Governmint of the Unithed Sthates."

"How much coal do you burn a day?" Lethbridge said stiffly.

The chief engineer slid into a chair and shook his head dolefully. "Now you're askin' me a quistion it breaks me heart to answer, misther," he said. "On ould 153 we cud kape the stheam up, condinse mour dhrinkin' watther and have a bit bye for the cook's taypot and only burn a ton or maybe two hundred pound beyond. But 188—and Oi'm not sayin' a wurd aginst her, misther—ates up an unhowly amount of coal. Ye see, misther ——"

"Me Mother Christened Me Mickey, but Oi'm Misther O'Rourke Now, Thank God and the Governmint of the Unithed Sthates"

Lethbridge felt that he was being made a fool of, and said curtly, "How much does this vessel burn a day?"

O'Rourke tossed grimy hands in comic discomfiture. "It's all down in the little book," he asserted earnestly. "Misther Macpherson sets it all down each day, sor, and a betther engineer than Macpherson don't breathe air—he's a grand mon, sor, and he sets all thim little things down in the book ivery day, as you'll see for yoursilf, misther."

Lethbridge stared, saw a faint smile on the mate's face, and rose from his place. "Things have been going pretty slackly on this ship," he remarked, "when the chief engineer doesn't even know how much coal his furnaces use."

O'Rourke seemed thunderstruck. "Och, misther!" he said contritely; "Oi'll tell ye as soon as I get me glasses on. Ye see, she burns some coal one day and more another, and Misther Macpherson keeps it all down in the little book. But Oi'll look and see, misther."

The chief dived through the door and Lethbridge heard him bawling somewhere: "Tommy, Tommy! Tell Misther Macpherson the captain wants him, and tell him to bring the little book so he can tell the captain how much coal we burn ivery day right off, with no throuble to anny of us, seein' it's all down in the little book ——" As the voice died away in the depths of the engine-room Lethbridge saw the smile on Sunni's face broaden into a grin.

"Mickey is a wonder," the mate remarked.

"I'd like to know how such an idiot ever got to be engineer of this vessel," Lethbridge broke out in wrath. "This craft seems to be a kind of imbecile asylum."

Sunni's grin faded. "Mr. O'Rourke has been in the Establishment twelve years," he said formally.

"No wonder the Government is trying to get some Americans into its vessels," was Lethbridge's reply. Sunni flushed, but kept his peace. The chief engineer reëntered, triumphantly escorting a tall, blue-eyed Scotchman who held a log-book in one calloused hand.

"This is Misther Macpherson," said O'Rourke. "And he can tell ye iverything ye want to know about the engines and the coals and the machines, sor. Misther Macpherson, tell the new captain what he wants to know, and do it out of yer little book, so that nobody will be up and say we don't know annything about our own engines, God bliss thim fer the surface-condinsin', double-actin', fore-and-aft compound beauties they are!"

Lethbridge's face was hot. "I think we won't bother the assistant engineer," he said with dignity. "When the chief engineer of this vessel can find time to tell its commander what he wants to know I'll listen to him. Mr. Sunni, let's have a look at the men. I hope we have at least one good boat's crew among them."

As the captain passed haughtily out into the berth-deck the chief engineer gazed thoughtfully after him. "Now we've gone and offinded a bran-new uniform, Macpherson, with our little book and our coal figgers. The divil's childher have their father's luck, Misther Macpherson, and me bould Mickey has said ayther a mite too much or a heap too little." O'Rourke sighed, and wiped one eye with the cuff of his cotton shirt. "But the bilges are clane, annyway," he said with returning cheerfulness. "And thot's all your work, Misther Macpherson. I give ye credit fer bein' a clanely mon and a handy one, and the ingins of ould 188 bliss ye with their shinin' faces. I wundher what we've done to offind the new skipper? He looks a good sort, and a good seaman too."

Macpherson grumbled in his beard, tucked the engine-room log-book under his arm and slipped away. But as he plunged down the alleyway he came full on Lethbridge, who was examining the coil of fire hose. Lethbridge stopped him and said acidly, "How often do you inspect this apparatus?"

"It's not in our department," said the assistant sourly.

"It will be hereafter," was the curt response. "See to it that the couplings are ready and on, if you haven't tossed them over the side!"—a speech that made the assistant speechless with rage, for he took pride in his work.

Just one week later Lethbridge sat alone in the little cabin over his first official report. He contemplated it grimly. In it he asked for a new mate, two new engineers, and recommended that at least two of the sailors be discharged for physical disability. "That sounds pretty bad," he muttered to himself, gnawing the penholder. "But it's my duty to do it. The idea of having such men on board a Government vessel!" An hour later he was still at the same point, furious with himself for his hesitation to complete the task. "If the commander can't see that I'm right," he argued to himself, "then I've no business out here. Bad weather is coming on again, and if this craft ever broke adrift these fellows would be as helpless as cats in a whirlwind—chief engineer an old Irishman who doesn't know enough to keep his men at a distance, second engineer a cocky Scotchman who only draws his pay, and my mate an old fellow with a wife and children ashore and no thought for his work out here."

At this moment Sunni slid the door open and said quietly, "The Wallula is alongside, sir."

Half an hour later Lethbridge was reading a paper, freshly brought off by the tug, while Sunni was explaining to O'Rourke that he had just had a letter from Mrs. Sunni saying she would leave for Tillamook, forty miles down the coast, on the steamer Gull, sailing Sunday morning. "This is Saturday," the mate groaned. "And the Gull isn't fit for a lake."

"The Gull is a betther ship than a dozen you and me have sailed in," said O'Rourke consolingly. "And yer good lady will hov a nate trip down and she's goin' to see her own born sister, ye say? Misther, d'ye begrudge her the visit? Begorrah, there's no harm'll come to her, for she's a foine woman, Mrs. Sunni, and I raymimber well the dinner she gave me the time me arm was broke in the bunker of ould 153 and I cudn't ate with me fork like a Christian, but had to fish for the chicken leg with a spoon out of the platter. It's not for you and me to be

timptin' God to spoil a good woman's mirth by our fears of disaster."

"The weather is changing," sighed Sunni, clasping one hand within the other.

"It's niver stheady at sea," said O'Rourke. "If it's pleasant in the hivins, it's a terrible storm in the cabin; if the sea goes down and for once in a while our legs stay straight undher us the way the good Lord made thim, and we can kape our hands in our pockets and off the furniture, something has gone wrong with me bould skipper, or the cook has a tanthrum, or the submarine bell has to be hauled out and looked into its innards. I niver yet saw the ship where the weather was consistently foine, misther."

Sunni refused to be comforted. "There've been a lot of accidents on Tillamook bar," he groaned. "And here's Helma going down there in the heart of winter."

O'Rourke's face grew grave. "Niver ye fear, Misther Sunni," he said. "Even the divil wud do yer woife no harm, savin' her grace fer mintionin' her good silf and the ould bhoy in the same breath. And Rasmussen of the Gull is a good seaman; we were togither in the ould City of Brussels and swam out to the same spar whin she sank, and hung there, the watther pourin' into our ears; and Rasmussen says to me, 'Mickey, are ye cold?' and I says to him, 'Misther Rasmussen, me belly's warm, but it's a long way from there to me toes.' And Rasmussen, seein' I was a little fellay, gave me a mite more of me bould spar and says, 'Ye woild Oirishman, what d'ye expect whin ye're supposed to be drownded? I niver knew yet an Oirishman that was satisfied.' And so he kept the heart in me till we were picked up. Rasmussen is a foine fellay, and Mrs. Sunni he'll look after special."

At this instant Lethbridge came up and looked at the barometer.

"We're going to have another gale," he remarked.

"Thot's the way it does on this coast," O'Rourke said, casting bright glances about the deck and hitching at a broken suspender. "It's foine as silk for a wake and thin it pours the wind out of the sky be the month. I raymimber in ould 153 that Oleson—he was mate thim days and came out of a steam schooner like yersilf, Misther Lethbridge—was congratulatin' himsilf that his troubles were over, praise God, whin it blew for three wakes on ind, and Oleson lost all six caps he had brought off from shore with him and was mournin' day and night that he must go bareheaded to Purgat'ry, savin' yer prisince, Misther Lethbridge; but that's what he said and there's no harm in it, for we must all sweat in Purgat'ry and why not make the best of it, misther?"

Lethbridge showed his open contempt for such remarks by walking away a few paces and then coming back to say, "Mr. Sunni, I wish you would tell the men on watch to keep a good lookout when the weather breaks. There are a lot of old tubs coming in and out, and we must be ready to stand by if they need assistance."

"There!" said O'Rourke as Lethbridge vanished. "We'll all be on the lookout for the Gull, Misther Sunni, and if aught happens to it yer woife is safe."

But the mate found small comfort in this, recalling to the chief engineer's mind that Mrs. Sunni and he had been married fifteen years and had three children. "And I've not seen them for five months," he concluded.

"No wundher yer woife is goin' on a visit," said O'Rourke cheerfully. "And ye'll see Rasmussen hike the Gull past us tomorrow morning like a yacht."

"I hope she won't go to sea," said Sunni. "But that opposition line makes it bad for Rasmussen. The owners will make him go out no matter what the weather, just so as not to lose a trip and let the other boat get some freight." He walked away, bitterly thinking that experience and seamanship counted little when profits were at stake.

"When She Quits it Means That Nothing Else Can Risk it This Close In"

The next morning Lethbridge, coming on deck for the first time, saw the far mountains of the coast draped in cloud, but ignored the portent. He saw only the glimmering, quiet sea, the pilot-schooner a mile to the south, an oil-tanker curtsying decorously to the blue rollers far astern, the sun rising mistily, a bark standing in toward the bar under all plain sail. Sunni joined him, rubber-booted and glum. "Storm coming," he remarked.

"Don't think so," said Lethbridge. "The wind will haul into the southeast, but that means ordinary weather this time of year."

Sunni stared at the big lamps, now being lowered into their houses. "I wonder whether the Gull will leave out for Tillamook this morning?" he said.

Lethbridge answered with the simple remark, "That old tub? That Swede skipper of hers will put her under some day."

Sunni flushed. "Rasmussen is a friend of mine," he said bluntly. "He's a first-class man."

Lethbridge smiled tolerantly. "You foreigners all hang together, don't you? You'd run a paper box filled with passengers around the Horn if there was any money in it for you. You couldn't get an American to touch the Gull. It's plain murder to send that craft out in wintertime." And Lethbridge walked away, taking no personal pleasure in snubbing his mate, but feeling that it was his duty, as a patriotic American, to put the foreigners in their place.

Sunni, for the first time in a long life at sea, took his troubles with his superior to another man, finding O'Rourke at work in the engine-room berating a fat fireman. The chief engineer, after one glance at the mate, withdrew him into a dark bunker, where he lit a greasy torch. "'Tis me confissional," he explained. "Whin things go wrong and the tall blue divil has his nails on me bould Mickey, I come down here and have it out. The coals won't tell. What's on yer chest, misther? It isn't all worry, I see; 'tis part of it plain anger."

"I'm going to ask the commander for a transfer," said Sunni, balancing himself to the uneasy tumble of the ship. "The skipper calls you and me foreigners. I've been in the Establishment ten years, Mickey, and you've been here longer, and I've a little home ashore and I'm an American as much as that young fellow on deck. I'm a Finn, but I'm an American too."

The chief engineer rubbed his hands on a bit of waste and stared at the flickering torch. "I was born widout shoes, misther," he said presently, "and no shoes did I have till I was passin' coal in the old City of Liverpool and Nesbitt, who was assistant in her, hove a pair of brogans at me head. And Nesbitt was an American. Me mother, God bliss her! niver lived to see me with a white shirt on me back, and now whin I'm old I'm an American citizen, with me papers and me oath of allegiance and me good pay ivery month. I've served in half the lightships on the Coast, and I've nursed ingins and kept condinsers goin' and saved coal and done me duty as I saw it, and thanked God for Uncle Sam and me honest service with me foine uniform and me good grub and the rispict of me shipmates. And he calls me an ignorant Oirishman befure me own min. Oi'm Oirish, but me bould Mickey is an American too, and chief engineer in the Unithed Sthates Lighthouse Establishment, with good service behind me and an honest day's work ahead of me. Oh, misther! the bhoy is crazy! But he's the masther of this vessel and orders are orders. Oi'm askin' fer a transfer mesilf. If the commander will give me back me ould job on ould 167, with liss pay and more work—Oi'm the sanior engineer too—Oi'll be contint. But so long as you and me are on this ship, misther, we must obey orders. 'Tisn't America that's threatin' us this way; it's a mere bhoy, all puffed up wid the pride of being born here."

"I won't be called a foreigner," said Sunni sullenly.

"A word's a word, and soon past," said O'Rourke, picking up a piece of coal; "but a man's a man. Oi've seen a dozen commanders in this district, and ivery one of thim had something to say to me, and I spoke out to thim and they spoke out to me, always saving their prisince, and whin all was said Mickey was on his job and the commander was on his. The bhoy aft there is tryin' to hold all our jobs, not knowin' that each man must stand on his own foot. But we're here to do our duty, and the Governmint ain't carin' whether we loike the color of his hair, the roof where he was born or the twisht of his mousers. He'll learn too."

Sunni shook his head and said abruptly: "The glass is falling and there's a strong set to the current. We're in for another gale."

"Pity the poor fellays on the steam schooners," said O'Rourke. "We're snug."

"I hope the Gull won't try to make Tillamook with this tide," grunted Sunni dismally.

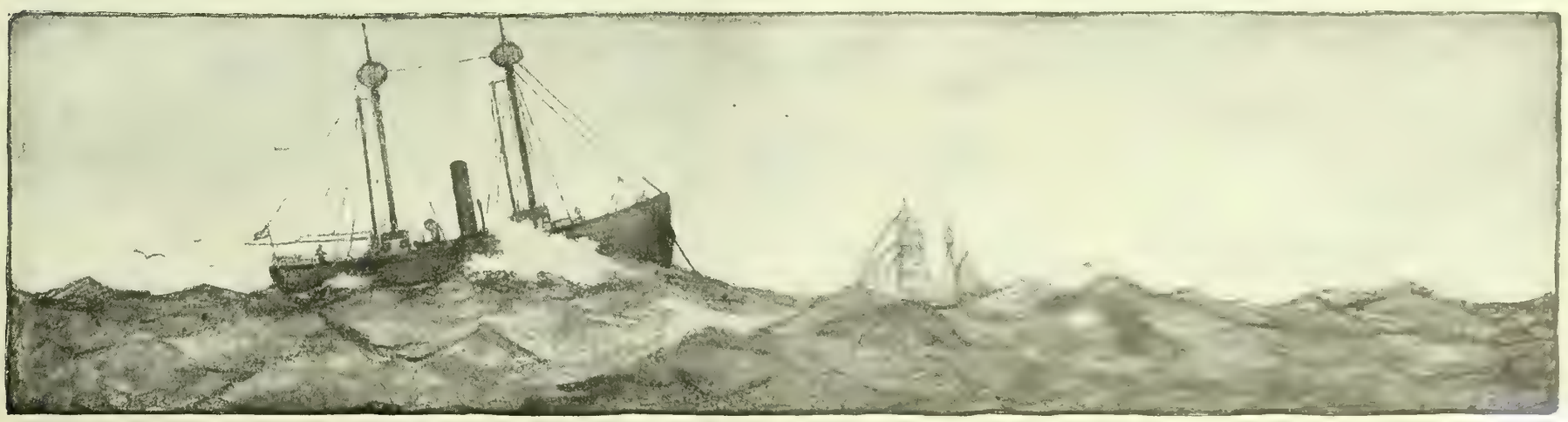
"Trust Misther Rasmussen," adjured the chief, blowing out the torch and leading the way out of the bunker. "Ye'll see the Gull pass out of the river at eight o'clock and know that all's well."

But Nicholas Sunni did not see the Gull cross the bar, though he peered through the sodden mist with all his eyes; for as the sun rose the wind got up and by ten o'clock a howling tempest was piling up the seas and No. 188 was plunging bows under, tearing at her cable, lashing herself into a perfect frenzy of excitement as the sky settled down on her and the great tides of the North Pacific turned and clutched at her with streaming fingers.

At noon Lethbridge, clad in oilskins and boots, was hanging to the rail of the booby hatch abaft the after lamphouse. He was watching the wild gyrations of his new command and wincing as she snapped the big riding springs hard against the chocks with a jar that made the steel masts whimper. Sunni was about his slow, daily business with a secretive air, as though he knew something of vast importance that he dared not tell. Now and again O'Rourke would come up, shirt-sleeved, bareheaded, to stare brightly out landward, where there was no land to be seen, only a grayish blur of spume and driven brine.

At one o'clock a hard-pressed oil-tanker lurched up to leeward, smelt the roily water of the outer bar and was swept off, black smoke pouring out of her low funnels

(Continued on Page 49)



The Gentleman Farmer and the Cost of High Living

By JOHN CORBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

A VERY few years ago there was a popular song, "Back, back, back! Back to the farm for you!" It was not an invitation but an insult. Yet at the same time, even on Broadway, a different spirit was stirring. To wit: When George Ade's brilliantly conceived comedy The Bad Samaritan failed overnight, a gimlet-eyed reporter asked the hitherto successful playwright how it made him feel. Mr. Ade produced a letter from the overseer of his Indiana farm. "I have just received word," he said, "that my oat crop is twenty-five per cent above the average." And as his thoughts turned back to his farm the humorist smiled inscrutably. At least to the gimlet-eyed reporter his smile was inscrutable. To the more leisurely observer of the modern drift it revealed the soul of a dawning era. That cry of "Back to the farm" has taken a new meaning.

The Young Fool Knew No Better Than to "Waller" in the Best Drinking Water in the County

Fifth Avenue is becoming positively bucolic. Within the University Club there is a Farmers' Club, to which no man can be elected who does not own at least one hundred acres. It is, so to speak, the cream of the academic cream. After the sheepskin the sheep. After the milk of the Humanities, at the bosom of Alma Mater, the sublimer milk of the cow. At the hour of the cocktail—or, as a Parisian poet described it,

L'heure sainte
De l'absinthe—

men who nourished a youth sublime on Sazarac or "Martini with a dash" may be seen at the windows that overlook the Avenue drinking a dense white fluid decanted from wide-necked bottles. It is sterilized buttermilk. The invasion of the cow, together with a general tendency toward saner living, has in fact so ravaged the receipts at the bar as to cause in many clubs a serious financial crisis.

And there are separate clubs for farm specialists. One Gothamite of ancient lineage lately resigned from the Knickerbocker. "I haven't time for so many clubs," he explained, "now that I'm on the house committee of the Jersey Cow Club."

Society Keen for Sows and Plows

AT A DINNER party toward the end of the season a matron remarked that she was leaving town in the morning. She was a social war-horse of perhaps sixty, who had helped make history at her state capital and at Washington. She was intimate with all the aristocracies and many of the courts of Europe. She was famous for never leaving a function or a social season until the last bud had wilted. Her remark caused an outcry of surprise, and questions. "I'm going to Shadyside," she explained, "to do my plowing."

At a dinner party of young married folk there came a general pause in the conversation. One young woman went on talking, and in tones so sweetly confidential that only her table partner could hear. She was of a psychic countenance, with a face so spiritually intense that not even the glow from the red candle-shades could add radiance to it. What was agitating her soul?

Her companion's first words gave the answer. He said in a sonorous bass: "Now *my* sow is a perfect mother."

The French have a saying that at the age of forty the heart of a normal man turns back to the land, from which we all have sprung. If, as the historians are always assuring us, things go with nations as with individuals, then this country of ours should be entering its early middle years. In a former generation it was often remarked that the great captains of industry, the great statesmen, sprang from the farm. For many years that has ceased to be a general rule. City chaps have become financiers, college men presidents. And now the cry is back to the land. Wall Street and Washington harken to it—clubman and popular humorist, young matron and old.

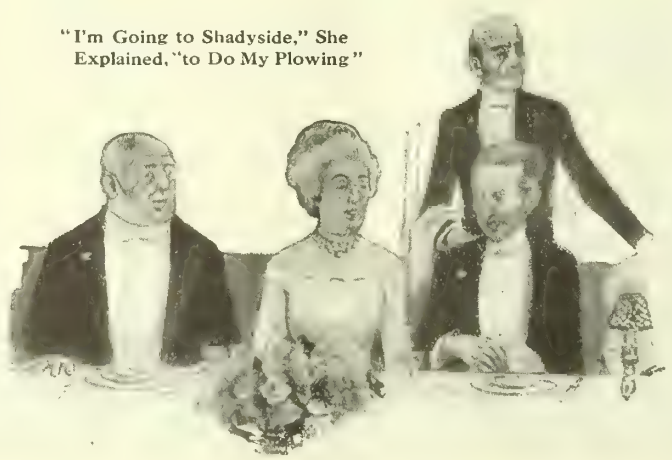
The high cost of living, of which we are all so painfully aware, has resulted largely from the shifting of the more energetic element in our agricultural population to the centers of manufacture and trade. If things go on as they have gone the time will come when, instead of exporting foodstuffs, we shall, like England, be unable to feed our own people. Then we shall be at the mercy of any superior hostile fleet. What we need is a return of brain and capital to the soil. Thus the gentleman farmer promises not only to decrease the cost of living but to avert a national calamity. Historians have found fifty-seven reasons, each of which alone explains the fall of the Roman Empire. One of them is that the capital and intelligence invested in agriculture declined until one bushel of seed wheat produced only four bushels of grain. Speed the city chap! Speed the plow!

It sounds plausible. It sounds very plausible. Who does not know that ten acres are enough? Who has not read that the farm yields also adventures in contentment?

But if ten acres are enough, what happens to the man who buys a thousand? And what is an adventure in contentment? Some farmers say it is a hairbreadth escape from it.

A tall bachelor nearing forty harkened to the call of the land. The numerous family from which he bought assured him that in the seventy years during which their grandfather had lived there the well had never failed, but had yielded abundantly the best water in the county. The tall bachelor put in a tank and a pump. After his third morning tub the well ran dry. He was, to be sure, somewhat more than a six-footer. It took a whole lot of water to tub him. An admiring friend, by the simplest of computations, showed that the former possessors could not have averaged more than three inches tall. The bachelor, who always put the kindly construction on everything, said they had lied to him. The grandfather reported at the grocery store that the young fool knew no better than to "waller" in the best drinking water in the county. Almost any migrant citizen can have such adventures in contentment.

A man built on a fine hillsite, where there was plenty of air and all the view extant. For his water he bored. And then he bored and bored. By-and-by he himself was bored. He fell back upon the city-bred intelligence, upon which we all rely to reduce the high cost of living. He reckoned that he had bored to within a foot of the level of a gushing spring on a neighbor's land in the valley. But the drill had become very long and unwieldy, and the granite had become hard as adamant, whatever that may be. So, against the tears and entreaties of his unintellectual wife, he lowered about a ton of dynamite. But he had ignored a peculiarity of high explosives, which is to blow in a single direction, in any direction. He had omitted to stipulate that this dynamite should blow downward. It blew up. For a time he bathed in bottled water. Then he bought the springland in the valley. His unintellectual but veracious wife relates that that blasted rock is still coming down. With this story to tell on her spouse she certainly has had an adventure in contentment.



"I'm Going to Shadyside," She Explained, "to Do My Plowing"

A Wall Street man bought a farm, and generously resolved to pay himself dividends as well as decrease the general cost of living. Thriftily he moved into the old farmhouse, though after the simple democratic manner of its kind its front porch overhung the road. He was tempted to swing the road out to a distance from the porch; but he refrained, because across the road was a swamp, and swamps, he calculated, make expensive road building. On his side of the road was a copious spring, from which he pumped to both house and barn. It was a lovely, ice-cold spring, and above it he built a beautiful stone pumphouse, after an architect's design. All over the pumphouse he grew crimson ramblers. But this loveliness, too, stood in brazen publicity by the roadside. By-and-by the city condemned eleven of his acres for a reservoir lake; and though the lake doubled the market value of his land the city paid him almost as much in damages as his house and eighty acres had cost him.

With this reward of honest tilth he resolved to swing the road out through the marsh. On the near side, in front of his porch, he planned to make a pool, surrounded by a swamp garden. To make the new roadbed he hired Italians and had them throw rocks in the swamp. Then he had them throw more rocks. Then he hired more Italians. In his conversation he frequently mentioned the place to which the rocks apparently descended. When the new road was finished most of the money the city had paid him was on its way to sunny Italy. For his eleven acres he had about as many rods of road. It only remained to dig the pool for the swamp garden.

Now, as this intelligent farmer well knew, there are two kinds of swamp—malignant swamps and beneficent swamps. Beneficent swamps are permeated by water from cool springs and propagate no mosquitoes. Only rare flowers grow in them—iris and gentian, paint-brush, pitcher plant and marsh marigold. Who wouldn't have a beneficent swamp garden?

Various adventures in contentment befell this Wall Street farmer. When the cool, deep, beneficent swamp pool was dug it altered the surrounding water veins. That brazen hussy of a spring left her happy home, with architected walls and crimson ramblers, and ran away into the pool down by the new roadside. Where the swamp garden was soggy it grew nothing much, because the water was so cold. Where it was less soggy it grew few rare swamp flowers, but abundant daisies. And then up from the beneficent swamp, beneath the porch, mosquitoes came.

Field Chemistry Gone Wrong

NOTHING is more alluring to the Gentleman Farmer than the chemistry of soils. After reading certain circulars of the fertilizer companies it is as easy to raise wheat in the rocky pasture as it is, after reading about the hair lotion of the Pleiades Sisters, to grow a mop on a billiard ball. Pour out the dope and watch her grow! Listen to the rewards of toil and intelligence clinking in your pockets! Sometimes she does grow, for a single hilarious season. And then the field is again a pasture. The soluble fertilizer has leached out with the rains of fall and spring.

And there is the contrary case. A Gentleman Farmer with a taste for chemistry analyzed his soil and liberally supplied the requisite elements. His idea was to make a permanent meadow—a meadow that will grow stacks of timothy year after year without rotation of crops, without labor of plowing, harrowing, seeding. His permanent meadow grew the finest crop of sorrel ever seen. In righteous indignation he wrote to the company that had sold him timothy seed, and that failing, he wrote to the state college of agriculture demanding that the seed company be muckraked. Patiently the professors inquired into his method of preparing the land. Then the Gentleman Farmer chemist learned some chemistry. Under the acid tests of the laboratory many elements of fertility develop which do not develop under the mere action of rain and sun. His soil was full of fertilizer, but to the tender roots of grass it was unavailable.

He might better have fertilized his brain with breakfast food. But sorrel is a beautiful color, and as the farmer looks out across his permanent meadow from the cool shade of his veranda his eye is filled with the true farmer's content.

The great problem of agricultural chemistry is to find a fertilizer which, while resisting complete solution in rain, gradually frees itself for the use of the crops as they require it. This problem is now

being attacked, and with a promise of success, by the great fertilizer companies.

These fables teach that to be a Gentleman Farmer requires knowledge far above the level of what the papers sometimes call agricultural intelligence, even beyond the ken of the useful manuals that instruct us how to tell the wild flowers from the birds. And many things come handy besides familiarity with the limited beneficence of swamps and unlimited ways of high explosives, the vagaries of water veins and the shame of the fertilizer.

If ten acres are enough for one man, how many men does it take to work a farm? It takes more than can be easily got, or got to work. It is the virtue of the native that stands in the way of the so-called gentleman interloper. In the West, where fertile farms can be had for one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre, every man is ambitious to farm his own land. He may hire out as a boy; but if he is capable he commands high wages and very soon has enough to buy land of his own with the aid of a mortgage. The high cost of living, which we all bemoan, does the rest for him. Presently he buys an automobile as the first step toward reducing his mortgage.

The City Farmer is Generally Obliged by His Business in Town to Commute

In the staider East the native virtues are of a different order. Discontent and gnawing ambition are unknown. For generations the element in the population that was subject to these vices has gone to the cities or to the fertile and fevered West. We have heard much of the sweet repose, of the old-world charm of the abandoned farm; but these qualities may be found in an even greater degree in the abandoned farmer. The glitter of gold does not tempt him, nor any pride in worldly possessions. Following the sage example of Walt Whitman, he loafs and invites his soul. He is as fully aware of the perils of intellect and the pitfalls of worldly understanding as the anti-Darwinian theologists of old.

A city farmer, bent on enriching his land, gave orders to sow clover, and when the crop matured to plow it under. He explained that a certain microbe on the clover fixed nitrogen from the air, and that this, when plowed under, became rich food for subsequent crops. His hired man, well advanced in years and in sanctity, allowed with sweet firmness that he would do no such thing. God gives us the yarbs and their seeds; and what rain and sun have produced for us it is sinful waste and arrogant presumption to thrust back into the earth again.

Troubles With Foremen

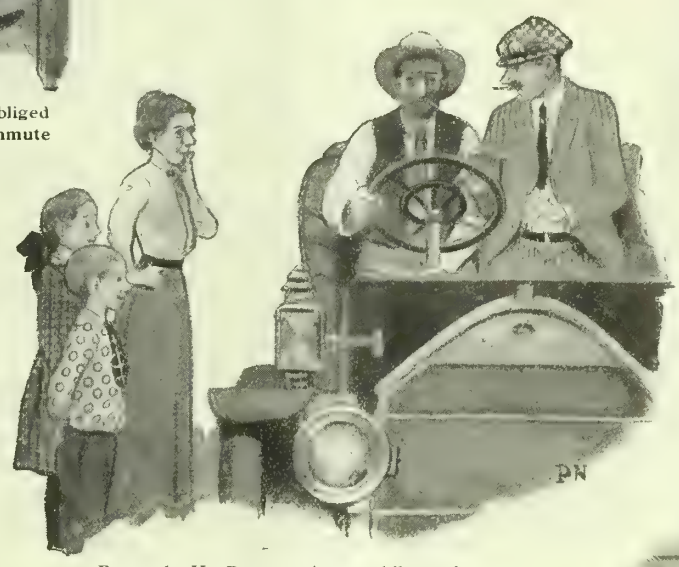
MEN fitted by energy and skill to be foremen are less Miltonically disposed to justify the ways of God to men; but they have their peculiarities. A dairy farmer found that his barn was infested with a certain filth-bred microbe which caused the loss of calves and the infection of milk. He explained this, and ordered that the barn be kept clean and every corner sterilized. The foreman listened with the air of one who winks an eye and taps his forehead. The dairyman had a business in town which, being necessary to the support of his rural venture, forced him for days at a time prosaically to tread the asphalt. Returning unexpectedly, he found the ancient microbe-breeding filth in every corner. The foreman, as he subsequently found out, entertained his fellow-senators at the village store with a satirical account of the lives of those microbes, and inveighed against men who, in the effort to explain their bad luck, allow their own brains to go "bughouse."

The activities of the energetic foreman take other forms. If ever he invites his soul, that useful commodity sends in polite but firm regrets. A city farmer, the pride of whose heart was his garden sass, observed that the yield of his crack celery bed was next to nothing. In an emergency his wife had even lowered the family pride to the extent of buying celery of the local grocer. Keeping quiet watch, this farmer saw his foreman absconding with well-filled arms along a beaten path to the village. It was his own celery which his wife had bought.

In a desperate effort to get capable and honest foremen city farmers have applied to the agricultural colleges. But as yet the supply of graduates is very largely taken up by the increasing demand for teachers of agriculture and employees of the National Department at Washington. Many graduates return to the paternal farm. Those who are available as superintendents are generally left-overs; yet they command very high wages. They have much to learn in the actual practice of farming, and more in the art of handling men. A dairy farmer who employed such a foreman found, after two years, that though his herd and his feed bills had increased by half, the yield of milk had actually fallen behindhand.

The increased price of foodstuffs is of limited service to the city farmer. In the past ten years it has been twenty-one and one-tenth per cent. Meantime farm wages have advanced from twenty-five per cent to seventy-five per cent. These figures are gleaned from Henry Cabot Lodge's Senate report on the advanced cost of living. They are all right, no doubt, as far as they go. But they stop a long way short of the root of the matter. The chief reason why farm wages have increased and farm labor fallen off in quality is that the tariff-fostered industries of the city have lured so many able and energetic young men from the farm.

Labor at any price is often impossible to secure; and this is generally the case with labor that is required only at particular seasons. The prices that great Western farmers pay for harvesters are well known. The smaller farmers of the East have even greater difficulty. A city longshoreman on Long Island saw season after season pass with no returns from rich beds of clams and oysters.



Presently He Buys an Automobile as the First Step Toward Reducing His Mortgage

The bivalves were there. An eager market lay near by. But he and his hired man were the only available laborers. He bethought himself of the hordes of unemployed in City Hall Park, in Union Square and in Madison Square. He even induced gangs of them to join a liberally-paid labor excursion to the shore. The story was always the same. After the brief outing came a permanent inning. The unemployed are generally the degenerate product of the slums—born cockneys. To them the call of the city is even stronger than to the ambitious farm boy. The unemployed preferred to sleep out hungry among their kind on the city benches. This sea farmer has one more guess. In the breathing spaces of the slums he has observed wretches who are apparently prevented from getting work by ugly physical blemishes—scars, scrofula, the lack of an ear or a nose. Next year he intends trying these. If they fail, he says, up goes the sponge.

Yet nine out of ten city farmers will tell you that they make their farms pay. How do they manage it? By much the same means, it is to be feared, which enable native farmers to draw from their wells an endless supply of the best water in the county—an illimitable power of asseveration. Truth lies in a well; but in a city farmer it is a quite hopeless member of the Ananias Club.

Let us consider a few details of the financial problem. The city farmer is generally obliged by his business in town to commute, and so is limited to land within an hour, or at most an hour and a quarter, of the metropolis. For his house he prefers an upland site with air and a view. For his crops he requires fertile lowlands. Either kind of land situated within the hour radius now commands from five hundred to a thousand dollars an acre, and is in many places held at fifteen hundred. Initial cost, one hundred thousand dollars. Barn and other farm buildings with modern lighting, ventilation and sanitation can scarcely be built for five thousand dollars, and when built of stone may cost from twenty-five to forty thousand. The cost of the bucolic farmhouse ranges from ten thousand to fifty thousand. Let us say that a hundred-acre farm with its appurtenances costs one hundred and twenty-five thousand. The interest on this at five per cent is sixty-two hundred and fifty dollars. To pay the interest alone the farm must yield a profit of sixty-two dollars and fifty cents an acre. This is over five times the average profit per acre according to the census tables. And then there are such items to be met as cost of labor, wages of superintendent, homes for laborers and superintendent, fertilizer, farm machinery, insurance, deterioration. The city man's farm is often two, three, even five hundred acres; but always a large part of it yields only the view, so that this estimate based on one hundred productive acres is really conservative.

He Saw His Foreman Absconding With Well-Filled Arms Along a Beaten Path to the Village

The Finances of Fancy Farming

THE secret in the finances of such farms lies in book-keeping. The house is, of course, a summer residence, not a farmhouse, and so its cost does not appear on the books. The most important value of the land is as a real-estate investment, or as a landscape garden to delight the owner's eye. Its value as a farm is a mere by-product—except when the owner attends the local farmers' club or talks crops with his fellow-commuters in the club car on the way to town. The farmer's chief customer is his own family, whether in town or in the country. The way he must gouge himself to make ends meet staggers imagination. Really, there ought to be a commission to investigate such extortion. It is, perhaps, permissible that farm appurtenances be entered at what they would have cost if utility alone had been considered; that only such land as is under cultivation or contributing to farm products should be charged up, and at the local price for farm lands; that such fruits of the soil as are used by the owner should be entered at something more than it would cost to get them elsewhere. Under such a system it may be possible for the city farmer to come out even at the end of an average year, even to have a slight profit. But he can do so only under one condition. He must give to his farm an extraordinary personal devotion. He must master the science of farming, which is still largely tentative and subject to almost yearly revision. He must master the art of farming, which still deals largely in mere rules of thumb. He must be able to control men, make them do honest and efficient work. And he must have the merchant's capacity for buying and selling to advantage. In short, modern farming is a profession requiring the utmost training and versatility—the genius that consists in taking infinite pains. When a city man farms to a profit he does so at the expense of enthusiasm and ability which in a business venture would net him a small fortune—often perhaps a large one.

If all a man wants is leisure and the most luscious fruits of the soil his place is certainly in the city. The gentleman farmer's truck garden may fail for a dozen different reasons; his broilers may get the pip; his porkers cholera; his milch cows and beef cattle tuberculosis. In the city the best of everything comes to his door or to the door of his club. If he loves strawberries his season begins in Florida and ends in Maine; if peaches his season is almost as long, and he can choose the fruit of Maryland, Michigan or California. It is the same with meat and vegetables. And the best of everything costs less as a rule than on the city man's farm, or even in the rural market. The day is a long way off when for himself or for anybody else the city farmer will reduce the high cost of living.

It is possible that he may reduce that other phenomenon, which Mr. James J. Hill lately described as our greatest national danger, the cost of high living. A commodore of

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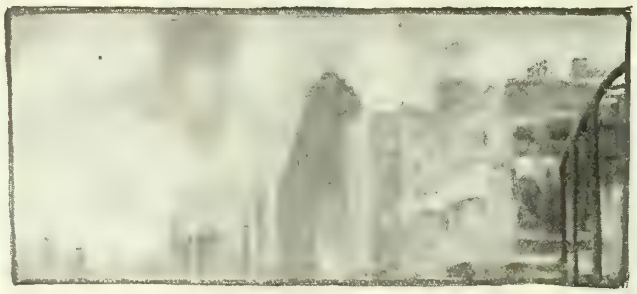
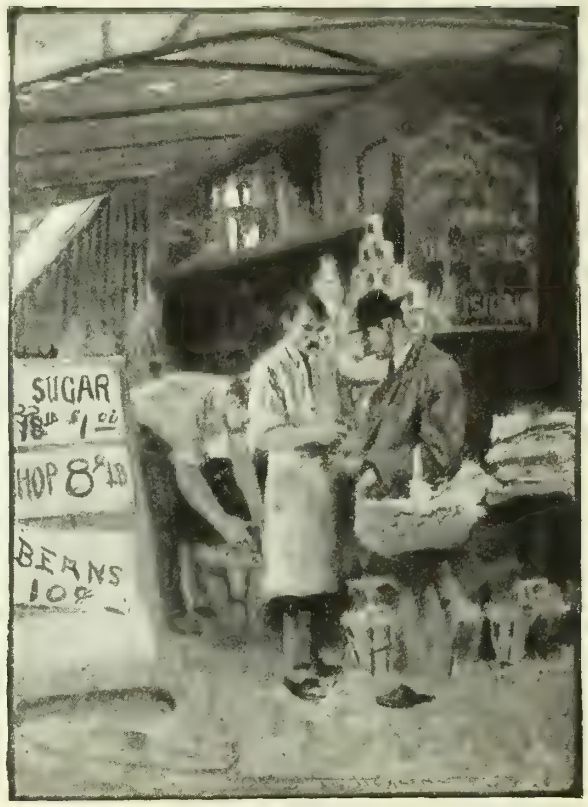
Your Relentless Competitors

FIGHTING FOR HIGH QUALITY INSTEAD OF LOW PRICES

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



By James H. Collins



IN A CERTAIN small city there are two grocery stores which are frequently cited in trade circles as examples of the right way and the wrong way in retail business. Both were established about ten years ago by young men who had pretty much the same experience as grocery clerks, and who were on an even footing in capital, credit and opportunities. Their town seemed to be well served already by grocers when they started, so the question of competition immediately came up for consideration. They settled it by fighting each other and older merchants, but along entirely different lines.

The first young man reasoned that, as this was a railroad and factory center with a large proportion of wage-earners who were presumably keen in keeping down the cost of living, he could succeed best on a platform of bargain prices. So he cut butter and eggs to the bare net, offered specials in coffee and prunes for Saturday only, and tried to see how many pounds of sugar he could give for a dollar on the familiar plan of only one lot to a customer. Every bargain price quoted by a rival was promptly met with a lower one. Every drummer who came along with a cheap "job" in goods a bit off color got an order, as did all the salesmen with specialties put together in a shoddy way to retail below everything else of their kind, with a souvenir plate thrown in.

Two Kinds of Competition

THE other young grocer, however, reasoned that railroad men and wage-earners generally like good living, and was interested in the snug proportion of trade to be won among salary-earners. So his competitive platform was built upon quality instead of bargains. If there were four or five different grades in a given variety of goods he stocked most heavily on the second best, bought a little of the very highest grade for customers who wanted something still better, about as much of the third grade for those who would not pay for the second grade, and made it a rule to carry none of the cheaper grades at all. Prize packages and "jobs" were barred, too, and the only specialties he could be interested in were things of exceptional quality, which had never been offered people in that town because merchants assumed they were suited only to fine trade in big cities. If people wanted the biggest bag of sugar obtainable for a dollar he let them buy it of competitors, while every item in his stock was priced to allow a reasonable but definite margin of profit.

Today these two stores show a remarkable contrast, even in outward appearances. The bargain grocer's windows are plastered with sensational signs, [illegible] on wrapping-paper with a marking-brush. All the space the police will allow on the sidewalk is piled with miscellaneous truck at sacrifice prices. Inside, the store is unkempt, goods being of the cheapest grades and much of the stock dead stuff, bought because it was cheap and only partly unloaded—"all the little fliers that didn't go up," as a drummer succinctly put it. His store space has not grown, and during ten years he has found it hard to make a living and meet his bills. Talk with him, and he will make it clear that department stores and mail-order houses are ruining small merchants.

The quality grocer's store, on the contrary, has grown into premises on either side, and is a big, clean, prosperous establishment. All the quiet, discriminating family trade centers there. The woman planning a fine dinner sends him her order by telephone, and there is a definite prestige in having one of his wagons drive up to the door. No signs deface the windows and no bargain baskets clutter the sidewalk. Perhaps one-fourth of this grocer's business turns on delicacies that ten years ago were considered too aristocratic for that town, some of which he imports himself; and his profits on this trade alone would put the bargain grocer on Easy Street. He has long ago advanced to a level where competitors do not follow, lives in a handsome residence, is a bank director and stockholder in local enterprises, and has a solid business to hand over to his sons.

To nine business men in every ten the word "competition" stands for price rivalry and nothing more—that is the sort of competition they anticipate, worry about and fight. An amusing illustration of how business thought runs in this rut was furnished some years ago in a staid Eastern college center where department stores had not developed. The downtown retail trade was still in the hands of conservative old drygoods merchants who seldom advertised on aggressive lines or put strong emphasis on prices. They maintained that department stores and their spread-eagle methods were distasteful to that community—the shopping public was too refined and intelligent to be bamboozled by vulgar price-cutting.

Eventually a well-known department-store promoter bought a site there on the main shopping street and began putting up a building. His enterprises elsewhere were of a pronounced bargain order. The drygoods men assumed that his policy would be the same in this college town. For nearly a year, while the building was going up, they made preparations to meet the coming competition. Young buyers were brought from typical bargain stores in other cities, lines of quality in merchandise put down several pegs, "jobs" taken over, ethics revised. Finally, on the Sunday before the new department store was to open, every one of the conservative drygoods stores blazed out in the newspapers with full-page advertisements in black type, crowded with comparative prices—every item had been marked down and was a sacrifice. When the promoter's first advertisement appeared Monday morning, however, it contained not a single price, but was a dignified announcement that his establishment in that city would be conducted on high-class lines, befitting the character of the community, and since then it has been run in that way, and the conservative merchants have had to drop their unwonted bargain methods and meet competition on quality and character of stock.

"Pshaw! That's Just the Reason Why You Ought to Make Sales. I'll Show You How to Handle Our Line"

How Quality Increases Trade

PRICE competition affords little leeway. In trying to undersell competitors the merchant has only the resource of buying for less than other merchants. But as ten or fifteen cents off a case of breakfast food is sufficient to create a sensation in the grocery trade, and the reduction in the price of a single box to the housewife amounts to but a fraction of a cent, there is obviously little margin for underselling. This ratio holds pretty much on all staple merchandise nowadays, and the tendency in trade generally is to put all merchants, large and small, upon an equal footing in purchases. If "jobs" are bought they are off color somewhere. In manufacturing, the difference between large and small purchases of materials usually amounts to less than is imagined.

Quality competition, on the contrary, gives ample room for getting trade and holding it. Quality competition is creative, enlarges the demand, and often places a merchant or manufacturer on a level above

price rivalry. The big packing houses in Western centers put up enormous quantities of tinned meats. Yet several of the most valuable brands in this trade are those of goods packed in the East. They hold their market on quality. Western houses all pack something of the same nature, usually at a lower price, but no headway has ever been made against them.

One of these delicacies is a sandwich-filler, packed in New England. An old-fashioned recipe has been followed for years, and the process is most deliberate, the goods being stored in tins a full year to permit ingredients to blend. With this solicitude for the quality, price very largely takes care of itself within a comfortable margin. Consumers who know that brand like it, and no difference of a cent or two in price can ever make a stronger appeal to the palate.

Another delicacy of the same kind is a sliced meat, packed by a concern that slaughters animals raised on farms in its own locality. Breeds and feeding are under its supervision, and every package sent out contains the best goods that can be put up. The Western packers have many excellent brands in this same product, but for years this Eastern delicacy has held the market for quality, and thousands of housewives, after experimenting with various brands, come back to it.

A little quiet investigation in many other industries that are supposed to be completely in control of big corporations will show manufacturers of moderate means holding profitable markets of their own in this same way on quality. It is when the small manufacturer tries to hold his footing against large competitors by selling at lower prices that he gets on to slippery ground.

In one important manufacturing industry there is a trust that makes perhaps sixty-five per cent of the goods, and a number of small manufacturers who take care of the rest, making cheaper grades at lower prices. One of these small concerns eventually grew into a sort of competitor of the trust. Its salesmen got quite a volume of business every year by undercutting prices. Hardly any attention was given to making better goods. Goods in this line are seasonable, sales being made to the public during a few weeks each winter. At the time each year when the wholesalers were ready to stock up, the trust made a practice of announcing its prices, and the smaller house would sell slightly below trust quotations. This worked so well that by-and-by the smaller house hit upon the device of sending its salesmen out weeks ahead of the wholesale season, taking orders with the understanding that prices would be set at a certain percentage below the trust's quotations when they were announced. This soon began to annoy the big company, and one season it administered to the aggressive little competitor a punishment as easy as it was severe. The price-cutting concern had sold quantities of goods on the undercutting plan. When the trust announced its prices on the usual day, however, the little competitor got a shock. For the figures were so low as to be about the cost of making goods. The little concern had to stand by its agreements, of course, and it pluckily met those prices. The trust kept its schedule in effect just one day, taking some orders and refusing others. When its purpose had been accomplished it raised the quotations to the regular level.

The difference between price and quality competition was learned at considerable cost some years ago by a corporation making a certain food article. The pioneer in its industry, it had always held to quality in its product in building up a business now capitalized at ten or twelve million dollars. Scattered over the country are numerous healthy small competitors, all of whom depend upon cheaper products for patronage. One season the officials of the big company set out to squelch this price competition. Arrangements were made for canvassing the grocery trade with what is known as a deal—that is, grocers were offered one case of goods free with every six purchased at the regular wholesale price. This deal was continued for a year. Every retail grocer who could afford it bought liberally, for the goods keep indefinitely, and are as staple as iron pigs, so there could be no stale or unsold stock left over. Wholesale houses sought to make capital with grocers by selling them half a dozen cases so they could get the free case, and then letting them bill back goods to be carried until needed. Great quantities of the product were disposed of in twelve months, and it was supposed that when the trade had been loaded up in this manner there would be small margin for competitors to market cheaper goods, because the grocers would be turning

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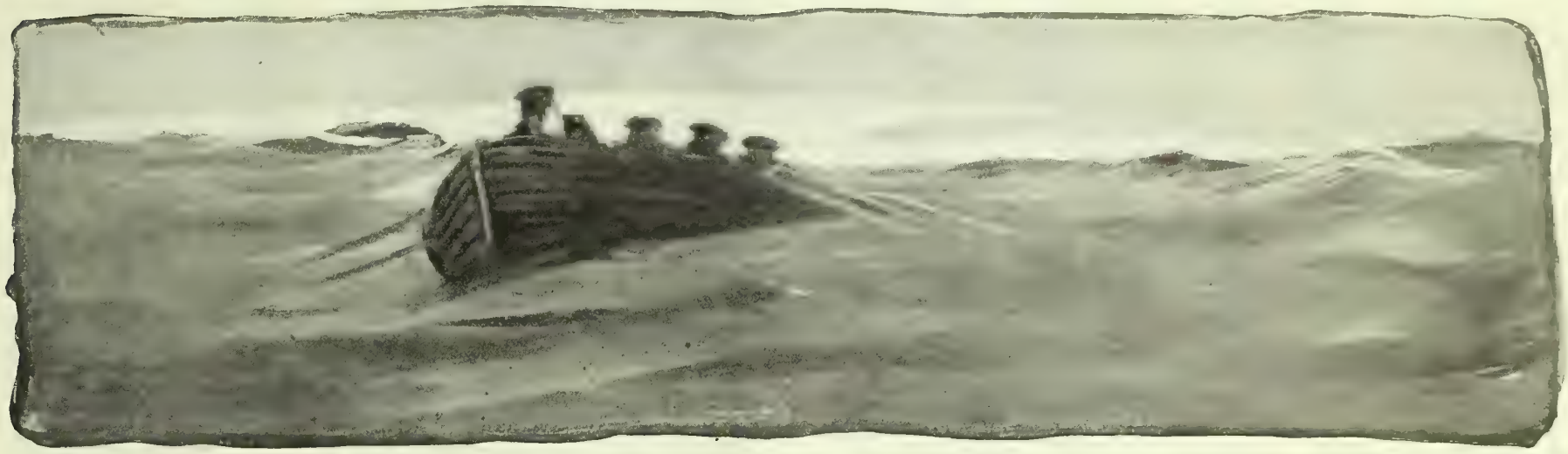
THE PILOT-FISH

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



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HERMIONE glanced down at the birds lying upon the sand.

"Since I have so wickedly and unfemininely slain them," said she, "I might as well take them along."

"Yes," Applebo assented. "Besides, they are evidence against you."

Hermione tossed her head. "That makes no difference. I shall not deny having shot them. If I am a flirt and a poacher and a cruel and ruthless slayer, I am at least honest!"

"When caught," amended Applebo. He gathered up the plovers, tossed them into the sack and slung it on his shoulder; then he took Hermione's gun from her slightly resisting hands.

"I can carry it," she said.

"Let me," answered the poet. "It offends my sense of fitness to see you with a weapon in your hands. You do not need it; your eyes are quite enough."

"You have a singular gift for involved compliments," said Hermione.

"These are only truths, and the truth is always involved when told to a woman. That is the reason why so few of us tell it."

"Do you tell it?"

"In part. I find that more deceptive than lying." He turned as though to walk back toward the beach. Hermione, newly vexed that he should be the one to bring the interview to a close, took a pace that carried her past and ahead of him. The poet made no effort to catch up. He strolled on with the nonchalance of one taking a solitary ramble. Occasionally he paused to admire the early morning colors over the sea and marsh.

Several paces ahead of him Hermione paused and looked back over her shoulder. The poet was regarding her contemplatively.

His eyes met hers and he smiled. "You are spoiled, aren't you?" said he.

"In what way?" Hermione demanded hotly.

"In every way, it seems to me." Applebo regarded her thoughtfully. "Let's hurry. I want to write a poem about—about—lovely, conscious things that ——"

"Come on, then," Hermione interrupted. "You make me tired. Let's hurry back and you can write your silly poem and go into ecstasies over your esthetic sensibilities—just as my father does over his cooking, and Heaven knows a worse cook never spoiled a broth!"

"What!" cried Applebo. "But that's not fair! Have you ever seen any of my verses?"

"No," replied Hermione, viciously exulting in the lie.

"Then you are not fair, naturally. But then, if you were, you would not be truly feminine. Never try to be. It is the secret of mundane failure—to be fair. As you have probably felt instinctively, being too young to have found it out in any other way. I will write a poem about you. I will call it The Petulant Poppy."

"Help!" gasped Hermione.

"Don't you like the title?"

"But why 'Poppy'?"

"You look like a poppy, with your black head and red kerchief. There are other reasons—certain things connected with poppies which it is unnecessary to explain. They are full of dope. How is it that you are permitted to knock around at this hour without a duenna?"

"I am not," Hermione replied. "This is strictly against the rules, and there is a bad time in store for me when I have to face Uncle Chris."

"Who is 'Uncle Chris'?"

"He is our sailing-master. Uncle Chris Heldstrom—what's the matter?"

For the poet had stopped short in his tracks and was staring at her with an expression which Hermione found almost startling. The long eyelashes, which were several shades darker than his tawny hair, swept up, opening to their fullest width, and the yellow eyes blazed at the girl with a sudden, vivid intensity. Hermione, startled and fascinated, stared back in wonder, and under her inquiring gaze the blood faded from the face of the poet to leave it a distressing pallor.

But only for an instant or two did this last. Back came the rich, ruddy saffron; the eyelashes swept down and the poet caught a deep breath and blinked at her, then smiled. The transformation was like that which one sees in a cat watching a canary, then suddenly surprised by some member of the household.

"What made you look like that?" demanded the girl.

Applebo blinked several times, then shrugged.

"Did I look surprised? It struck me as a bit odd that you should call your sailing-master 'Uncle Chris,' and be in dread of his displeasure. I have seen him. He is merely a Norwegian sailor, is he not?"

"He is that and more," retorted Hermione. "He is one of the most splendid men that ever lived! The sort of stuff that is sung of in the old sagas."

"What do you know about sagas?"

"A great deal. Uncle Chris has taught me a lot about Scandinavian legend and folk-lore. He is one of those big-hearted, big-souled men with the high courage of an early sea-king and the heart of a child—or better, perhaps, a mother. He has been a mother to my sisters and myself." She glanced curiously at Applebo. As if to evade her scrutiny he turned away, but not before she had caught a sudden gleam from his amber eyes, which had darkened again and were almost veiled in their habitual manner. Hermione also observed that there was a dark, smoky flush that extended up the strongly muscled neck to disappear under the clustering mane about his ears, and that the big chest was rising and falling more forcefully than their easy pace would seem to warrant.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked curiously.

He turned to her slowly.

"Do you think," he asked, "that your 'Uncle Chris' was ever more than a common sailor to begin with?"

"Christian Heldstrom was never a 'common' anything!" replied Hermione with some heat. "But, so far

as that goes, he was born of a good, though poor, Norwegian family and went to sea because he liked it and had to do something. I know very little about his early history. He does not like to talk about it. Why does it interest you? Are you, like some other people whom I have known, so snobbish as to be shocked that three young ladies should have been nursed and tended and taught deportment by their father's Norwegian sailing-master? Let me tell you his manners are far better than Papa's, and Papa is an F. F. V.!"

She looked at him truculently. Nothing could arouse Hermione to such quick and torrid resentment as any slight on her beloved "Uncle Chris." Wherefore she turned her dark violet eyes challengingly upon the poet.

"You look like a Scandinavian yourself," said she.

"My mother," replied Applebo, "was a cousin of the King of Sweden."

Hermione stopped short to stare at him. Her eyes opened very wide, also her carmine lips were slightly farther apart than strict deportment would approve.

"Really?" she cried. "And your father ——"

"She married beneath her. It was an infatuation, followed by an elopement and a wedding. Of course he sacrificed her rank. They came to America. It is a long story. Applebo is the name of an uncle who made me his heir; he was a Norwegian also. I don't know why I am telling you all this; perhaps it is because I don't want you to think that I am a snob. I would rather you did not tell anybody, if you don't mind."

"Of course not!" replied Hermione emphatically. "But I should like to hear more."

"Just now your own affairs are more important. You had better get back aboard as soon as possible or your sailing-master may put you in the brig. What would he say if he saw you walking on the beach with me? It's a rather delicate situation, considering my unsolicited attentions of the past three months."

Hermione's piquant face took on a very rich tone of red. Without answering she began to walk rapidly toward the beach; so rapidly, in fact, that the first few steps carried her on in advance of her companion, who seemed tranquilly determined to set the pace himself. Hermione glanced back over her shoulder.

"Since you are in such haste to get rid of me," she said, "why don't you hurry?"

"I was admiring your walk. It must be a family accomplishment—inherited from your mother, no doubt. Your father walks like a duck."

"Thank you, on the part of all of us. Does my walk remind you of Hermione?"

"Not in the least. Hermione walks like a gossamer born of the breeze."

"And I stump along like a watch-officer."

"No. Your feet are coquetting with the earth. Hermione had no feet. She was borne by invisible wings. I rather fancy that every part of you coquettes with everything it touches. You were making love to the snipe you had just slaughtered when the gamekeeper collared you. I was watching from the sedge."

"And you never interfered," she cried.

"Pardon me, I did interfere when I thought that there was a chance of your loading him full of lead. You see, I swam ashore to contemplate the early sunlight on the marsh in order to receive certain impressions that might lead to a poem. Then you came along and spoiled it all."

"Thanks."

"Please do not interrupt. If you don't like what I am telling you just say so and we will talk of something else. I will tell you how beautiful you are. That is no doubt a hackneyed subject, but perhaps I can put it in a new way."

"Please don't be silly. Go on. I came along and spoiled it all ——"

"Utterly. I was chock-a-block with esthetic appreciation. I was delighting in the smell of salt sedge and piney perfumes, reveling in the music of joyous bird-calls, loving the companionship of snipe and curlew and plover—free-winged sea-nomads like myself; exulting in my human solitude, getting warm after my swim, chewing tobacco."

"What!"

"The fifth sense. I had had no breakfast, and I am very fond of chewing tobacco when alone. Please don't interrupt. Everything was perfect and then you came."

"Take it Easy," Said He, "and Don't Try to Talk. If You Feel Tired Put One Hand on My Shoulder and Keep Paddling"

"And spoiled it all!" Hermione's small nose, already tampering sadly with the classic in its modernly rebellious tip, became even more artistically anarchistic.

"Oh, very well!" Applebo's voice expressed polite fatigue. "If you will interrupt. I love the shade of your bathing-suit. It makes you look like a Nereid who has found a copy of L'Art et la Mode, chucked off La Provence, and got discontented with algae. Shall I describe your ravishing face? Black stormclouds your hair and, beneath, the snow of your forehead falling into the ultramarine sea of your eyes; a sea so deep and fathomless that ——"

"Shut up!"

"Pardon."

"Close your face!" snapped Hermione.

"Very well. Only, it's not my fault. You would shove your oar in."

"Do you think that is a nice way to speak to a lady?"

"I am not talking to a lady. There are lots of ladies. I am talking to a modern reincarnation of Artemis, who, as you probably do not know, was the ancient Greek personification of physical sweetness and purity; whom the brutal Romans had the cheek to degenerate into Diana, a bloodthirsty goddess of killing things—snipe or plover or game-keepers or pilot-fishes, or ——"

"Oh, please!" Hermione looked as if about to break down. "Must I remind you that—that I've had a rather trying morning of it?"

"Cécile!" cried the Pilot-fish, "I'm sorry."

Hermione found no particular stimulant in his sorrow, but the "Cécile" acted very tonically. Up went her head.

"Then drop personalities and go on with what you were saying about the way I spoiled it all—your esthetic revels and the tobacco and the rest."

"Well, then," continued Applebo, "I was so content with everything as it was that when you came and began to kill my little snipe and spoil their music with a fusillade, and swamp the odors of resin and marsh with fumes of sulphur and saltpeter, and obscure the landscape with smoke and generally put things on the blink ——"

"That was easy for you."

The poet waved his hand. "I swallowed my little cud ——"

"What! Excuse me; pray go on."

"I was wild with indignation; for I recognized you."

"You did?"

"I said: 'Here is that pampered beauty, Cécile Bell; not content with breaking up all the men who know her—or ought to—she must come over here and kill these little birds and smell up the marsh.'"

"Oh, come!"

"Well, that acrid powder, you know. Therefore, when I saw the keeper stalking you I was tickled to death."

"And you'd have let him run me in?"

"I felt like helping. But when he got nasty I sympathized with you. He was right. You were wrong all the way through."

"*Merci!* And you?"

"I was wrong too. I should have let him take you to the superintendent. It would have done you good in so many different ways."

"Why didn't you?"

Applebo gave her a quick look.

"I couldn't," he said, and grew red.

Hermione's heart gave a sudden, tremendous throb. In that quick little "psychological moment" which lasted only as long as it took her eyes to meet his, wonderful changes were wrought. Or, perhaps, they were not changes, but only the crystallizing of instincts and emotions some few thousands of years older than Hermione. At any rate, what scientists would call "empirical symptoms" were most pronounced. Every little dormant cell of the many millions that go to make a Hermione—or any of the rest of us—suddenly awoke and began to shout for something that was owed it, and for which it felt, for the first time, a strong and immediate need. This is a clumsy way of trying to express what sentimentalists call "love at first sight," which, when all is said, is really no more than the love of a pussy-willow for the first promise of warmth to come, with no consideration of intervening frosts. For, good or bad, that was what happened to Hermione, and all of the many queer, complex emotions found their resultant in a quick, primitive impulse of which the keynote was to make the man beside her say, with truth, that nothing really mattered but herself.

This, Mr. Applebo politely declined to do. Having instincts of his own, and a decency peculiar to the cat family, he merely blinked at Hermione and waited for her to start that most ruthless of all duels which cynics have tried to misinterpret as "love."

"Then you only interfered," said Hermione, "because you thought that I might have shot the keeper. It wasn't that you wished to render a service to a woman. It was merely a general humanitarian desire to prevent bloodshed—a tragedy."

"Nope."

"What?"

"It wasn't that. You would not have shot him. Never. He would have dragged you weeping and half clothed ——"

"Never!"

"Yes. That was what I wanted him to do. But when the time came I changed my mind. At least, it changed my behavior. My mind is still the same. You were quite in the wrong. The gamekeeper was right, and meant to obey orders if it cost him his life. But you would not have shot him. I had no real fear of that, and theoretically I wanted him to march you off and teach you a lesson. But, when you threw that despairing look around, something brought me to your aid with a rush. I could have broken his neck without a twinge of compunction. He rather expressed my feeling when he said '*Thar's the he-one!*'" Applebo laughed. "I felt like that—as though I were some wild creature and my mate was in trouble. I beg your pardon, Cécile."

Again the rush of emotion, followed by the cold shower. Hermione's pulses seemed filled with wine and her youthful body brimful of that warm, intoxicating glow, incomprehensible as it was delicious—when there came that "Cécile," and she felt like the hot iron plunged by the smith into his tub of water. No doubt the tempering process was good for her, but she did not like it, and hissed a little, just as does the glowing metal.

"Then it wasn't chivalry," she snapped, "but a sort of primitive male instinct?"

"Absolutely. A woman with a gun and a lot of slaughtered little plovers is no inspiring object for chivalry, which is, after all, principally a masculine pose. But she may awaken other sentiments. That is what you have done. I no longer regret Hermione and my rejected verses; and that reminds me that you have not yet told me that I

might transfer my attentions to you. I think that you are the most lovely creature that I ever saw, and you might awaken lots of tenderness if you would. I am sure that I could write exquisite things to you. I would feel them, too, which I never did toward Hermione."

Poor Hermione! The poet was snatching her from one emotion to another in a manner most upsetting. Pique kept her from telling him then and there that she was not Cécile; that she was Hermione—the object of three months' poetic effusion on his part, unrecognized in her true personality and unjustly vilified as a heartless coquette. Instinct told her, however, that the more he abused Cécile and deplored Hermione's heartless conduct the worse he would feel when he learned the truth, and Hermione meant that his punishment should be thorough. A full-natured woman inherits from her primitive forebears a good deal of antagonism for the heart-compelling male, and so far Hermione had not struck back. She meant to do so effectively when the time came. Applebo was awakening her to many new sensations, but she was very far from being conquered.

"Verse does not appeal to me except in an impersonal, purely mental sort of way. If that contents you go ahead and write it by the running foot. Like Hermione, I am not very keen about long-distant devotions. If you transfer your attentions to me there will be certain responsibilities attached. The first is that you call and meet my family in a purely conventional way."

Mr. Applebo looked scared. "Oh, in that case, perhaps—do you suppose that your sister Pauline ——"

"Paula," corrected Hermione icily.

"Paula—quite so. I wonder if Paula would mind if—"

Hermione stopped short and stared. The color flooded her face. She was suddenly the prey of a violent desire to do the man beside her physical damage. She felt that she would like to snatch the gun from his hands and bang him over the head with the stock. Applebo looked at her and blinked.

"Don't be angry," said he. "I should never have the nerve to go aboard the Shark. I'm an awful coward about most things. Besides, I hate the idea of being listed in your collection. I wonder what you would label me."

"'Fool's gold,'" snapped Hermione.

"That would be unjust to yourself if I were yours," answered the poet sleepily. "All love is pure gold, but often there is a lot of base metal alloyed. I love you, Cécile," he blinked.

Hermione laughed.

"Then go and smelt out the alloy," said she. "That consists principally of a deep and sincere affection for Mr. Applebo."

She turned to look at him, her head critically aslant. The poet looked back. Hermione's heart began to misbehave again and a delicious color burned warmly through her clear olive skin. Her deep violet eyes looked almost purple in the crimson sunlight pervading the early morning air. Her chin was slightly raised and her red lips invitingly apart as she waited for his reply. Without in the least suspecting it, Hermione looked like a girl who defies the kiss that she fully intends to get.

Had the poet acted like a man—or a scoundrel, as one prefers to look at it—and kissed Hermione then and there with that enthusiasm which her prettiness and the situation as a whole appeared to warrant, there is absolutely no telling what might have happened. Instead of which Mr. Applebo's face grew sleepier and his eyes blinkier than ever, while the look that he threw at Hermione was full of appreciation of a purely impersonal character.

"Huntington Wood smelted out his alloy," he observed. "Instead of bewailing his ill fortune and howling for sympathy he went off and started a Home for Sick Babies. Now he is back again—pure metal. Do you suppose that it will do him any good?"

Hermione felt that she would like to employ some of her father's forceful seagoing expressions. Here was Cécile cropping up again to spoil everything at the most interesting moment! Yet not for the world would she point out to him his silly mistake. She intended that this disillusionment should come as a *coup de théâtre*, which would leave the poet in a state of collapse. So she swung smartly on her heel and shrugged.

"Huntington Wood no longer offers his gold, and nobody can blame him," said she, and resumed her walk.

They skirted the pine scrub, passed along the edge of the marsh, then crossed the strip of sand and rock to the beach. The tide was at the last of the ebb, and as she glanced toward the spot where she had left her boat Hermione gave a little cry of dismay.

"Look!" she cried. "It's gone!"

What had happened was so plainly sketched on the open page of the beach that one could run and read. Several yards above the water's edge was indicated the place where Hermione had grounded on landing, as was shown by her own tracks left on the spot where she had stepped ashore. From farther down the beach came another trail, a man's, running to where the skiff lay, while a long furrow and some deeply gouged footprints showed where he had run the skiff down to the water's edge. Here, before the present rim of the tide was reached, all vanished, as though boat and man had taken flight into the air. Hermione threw a frightened look at Applebo. The poet was standing straight as an Indian, his bushy eyebrows drawn down and his lips puckered.

"You Darling!"

"That swine of a gamekeeper!" he growled in his deep though husky bass. "I wish that I had broken his neck. Why didn't I think about his swiping the boat? I am a fool!"

VI

"WHAT shall we do?" asked Hermione.

Applebo looked at her inquiringly and blinked his yellow eyes.

"Can you swim as well as you can row and shoot and walk?" he asked.

Hermione looked out across the dancing waters of the bay.

"It must be a good mile and a half to the Shark," said she slowly. "The yawl is about half the distance, but"—the color flooded her face—"even under the circumstances I should hardly care to swim to her."

"No," said the poet; "that would not do. It is very perplexing."

"Couldn't you swim out to your boat and come back with the dingey?" asked Hermione.

"My Finn is ashore with the dingey, and I have no other boat. I would swim to the Shark, but I do not like to leave you here alone. That pig of a keeper probably thinks that he has got us penned and may be back at any moment with reënforcements. He knows that we would not care to take to the back country in our bathing-suits, and besides, this is a promontory and probably wire-fenced on the side of the mainland. Perhaps the best thing for us to do would be to go straight to the Club and see the superintendent. I should enjoy talking to that gentleman."

"No, no, no!" cried Hermione. "Think of how it would look!"

"You might wait here and let me go alone," he said.

"No." Hermione looked at him thoughtfully. "Are you a very strong swimmer?"

"I am quite at home in the wet."

"Then let's try for the Shark. If I get tired you can take me in tow."

"What distance do you think you are good for?" asked the poet.

"To the yawl, at least. The chances are that we will be sighted from the Shark; in fact, we might make them see us here, but I should rather start back. If I play out you can put me aboard the Daffodil and keep on yourself for the schooner."

"All right. It is ignominious to be found this way on the beach. I'll hide the gun and gamesack in the bushes at the foot of that tree."

This was quickly accomplished; then the two walked side by side down the sloping beach and waded slowly into the cold water. The poet, who was in the lead, turned to Hermione.

"Take it easy," said he, "and don't try to talk. If you feel tired put one hand on my shoulder and keep paddling. I could tow you all of the way if need be; but you must swim as far as you can so as not to get chilled. The water is like ice in the channel."

Hermione looked at him and nodded, and again there swept through her the warm little tingling that defied the chill of the sea. Quite a new sensation this, and one which Hermione was at a loss to comprehend, for the poet irritated even while he attracted her. He had a most vexing manner of talking to her without looking at her. One indifferent glance and his yellow eyes were wandering beyond, anywhere except in her direction. Now, waiting for her to take to the water, he was staring sleepily down the beach, interested apparently in a flock of gulls circling about some stranded object. The warm sunlight smote on his yellow

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.: D.: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1910

Country Opinion on a Country Topic

FOR several years, at about this date, the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago has collected reports on the business situation from country bankers and merchants over the West and South. In this year's reports the farmer and his automobile were the subject of particular inquiry. Summarizing the replies, the bank says: "Our information is that the farmer who buys an automobile generally pays cash for it and is better able to own it than most of the town purchasers."

Some replies point out that farmers are obliged to do much driving in the course of a year, to town and to other farms, and on many necessary errands the automobile really economizes time. Others say the machine decidedly promotes that rural sociability which all critics of farm life deem desirable. A country merchant writes that an automobile makes the farmer's son and daughter contented with farm life, checking the townward drift, and so "is the best movement that has been inaugurated."

To the young people especially distance is the farm's chief drawback—distance to town and to the neighbors. More than any other invention, the automobile removes this drawback. It puts every farm in the ideal situation of "joining the town site." We suspect the truth to be, not that too many farmers who can't afford them have bought automobiles, but that too many who can afford them haven't.

Winona, and a Year Later

DISCUSSING the new tariff act at Winona just a year ago, President Taft said: "If I had vetoed the bill it would have left the party in a condition of demoralization. . . . Our friends, the Democrats, would have applauded and then laughed in their sleeves at the condition in which the party would have been left. But more than that, and waiving considerations of party, where would the country have been? It would have left the question of tariff revision open for discussion during the next session and suspended the settling down of our business to a known basis upon which prosperity could proceed."

Has anybody lately caught a Democrat laughing in his sleeve at the condition in which the Republican party was left by the signing of the tariff bill? No sleeve will hold a Democrat's hilarity nowadays. He needs a balloon to laugh in. A veto might have caused some demoralization in Rhode Island and Pennsylvania—negligible states from the point of view of Republican strategy—but we would hardly have seen Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, California and Wisconsin in full revolt. True, the tariff would have been the subject of further discussion; but if it isn't a subject of further discussion now, what is?

In a year the President has seen new light on the tariff. He knows from treasury reports that the act did not effect a "substantial downward revision of duties." On the contrary, duties are practically as high as they were before.

Yearning for a Scientific Tariff

AT WINONA the President said also: "The Ways and Means Committee of the House spent a full year investigating and assembling evidence in reference to the rates under the tariff, and devoted an immense amount of work to the study of the question where the rates could be reduced and where they ought to be raised, with a view to maintaining a reasonable protective rate under the principles of the party platform."

Yet, according to press reports, these painstaking and Herculean labors of Mr. Payne's committee are now described by Senator Lodge, with implied disapproval, as the "old, unscientific method" of tariff revision.

A year ago the Senator found the fruits of that method quite admirable; but since then it has borne further fruit in the shape of a revolt among Massachusetts Republicans, which threatens his tenure of a comfortable seat in the Senate. Naturally he begins to entertain lively doubts.

The method mentioned by the President and the Senator is precisely the one by which the Republican party has been framing tariffs for more than forty years. So long as its results were merely flourishing trusts on the one hand and mulcted consumers on the other, the stalwart wing of the party maintained that it was the best of methods. But in the face of this political upheaval, which bids fair to drive them from power, they are able to see it in a quite new and unexpected light.

We shouldn't be surprised if Uncle Joe himself should soon come out strong for a tariff constructed in such a scientific manner that it would not explode and blow a worthy old gentleman out of office.

Elastic Rubber Values

INCREASING the supply of rubber is a slow process. Having planted a tree you must sit down and watch it grow. From the planting of the tree to a full yield is about half a generation. But automobiles and other things increased the demand for rubber very rapidly. A pound of crude rubber cost fifty-four cents at the beginning of 1908, seventy-two cents one year later, over a dollar two years later. At that time many gentlemen interested in the rubber trade awoke to the fact that the world was running clean out of that useful material; famine was at hand. London presently enjoyed a great boom in rubber shares, and in New York, by the end of April, fine Para sold at two dollars and eighty cents a pound. The usual reaction followed. Before the middle of August Para in New York was quoted at one dollar and eighty cents, and in London Ceylon rubber was selling at little over half the April price. Naturally rubber shares fell also—not only because the commodity itself had declined but because it appeared that some of the plantations which had been enthusiastically floated during the boom were of exceedingly dubious value. When British consols fell to eighty-one the explanation on 'change was that disillusionized French investors were selling their Government bonds in order to cover losses in rubber ventures.

By some etymological oversight "boom" doesn't exactly rhyme with "bust"; but it ought to. The world never runs out of any useful commodity except common-sense.

The Short Ballot

TO TAKE the first illustration that comes to hand, citizens of Chicago enjoy the privilege of voting for about five hundred candidates for various public offices, and the correlative privilege of being, on the whole, misrepresented and poorly governed. Having duly voted, the public forms its first real acquaintance with some of the five hundred through the painful process of an indictment or a graft exposure. Others of the five hundred remain personally unknown, being merely suspected in the lump.

This is a typical American situation, and the most hopeful method of remedying it is that proposed by the Short Ballot Organization, of which Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, is president. The name fairly describes the plan—to have as few elective offices as possible, making all other offices appointive, so that people will be asked to vote only for men of some note who are standing for offices of first-rate importance. Under those conditions people take a genuine interest in voting, and pretty often vote right. In New York, Governor Hughes has recommended that the comptroller, state treasurer, secretary of state, attorney general, state engineer and surveyor be appointed instead of elected. Electing officers of that sort helps make politics a profession for the few and a bore to the many. An election that fails to interest people cannot promote democratic government.

The Death of William James

PROBABLY it was less the philosophy than the way of stating it that made William James by far the most widely read of philosophers. Yet the philosophy itself was very good. In a lecture on Hegel in a Pluralistic Universe, Professor James observed concerning that great German: "But, if his central thought is easy to catch, his abominable habits of speech make his application of it to details exceedingly difficult to follow. His passion for the slipshod in the way of sentences; his unprincipled playing fast and loose with terms; his dreadful vocabulary; his systematic refusal to let you know whether he is talking logic or physics or psychology; his whole deliberately adopted policy of ambiguity and vagueness, in short—all these things make his present-day readers wish to tear their hair—or his—out in desperation. Like Byron's corsair, he has left a name 'to other times, linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.'" That is obviously good writing and good reading, and good philosophy too. As when he quotes with relish Sir James Mackintosh's despairing cry over Kant, "I am endeavoring to understand this accursed German philosophy!" it helps you—being a mere blockheaded layman—to get into a tolerable, or even rather friendly, relationship with philosophic writing, because it helps you good-naturedly to dismiss as mere rubbish whatever you do not understand. It was William James' distinction among philosophers that he was willing to deal with you on that basis.

Fashions for Gentlemen

FOR about a hundred years—since pants came in—there has been very little change in men's clothing. In this hundred years our railroads have been built, the commercial uses of electricity discovered, wealth and population have multiplied, the arts of peace have advanced. No doubt there is a connection between the two facts.

Every summer misguided friends of man try to organize a revolt against the coat. That hot, heavy and superfluous garment, they say, should be discarded in dog-days. But the consensus of masculine opinion repudiates them.

After thirty centuries of demoralizing experimentation the world has finally discovered the grand principle that it doesn't at all matter what men wear if it is always the same thing, so that they never have to think about it. Released from the distraction of picking out colors and flounces for our smallclothes and headgear we have harnessed the clouds and the waterfalls, cleared the wilderness, put down typhoid fever and learned to fly. Whoever seeks to set men thinking about clothes seeks to puncture the tire of progress. Any masculine garb is preferable to any possible change involving cogitation and debate. Men's costume may not be beautiful; but note what the world in pants has done, and stay an unseemly hand.

Babies and Prescriptions

SUPPOSE a million persons were born at the same moment in about the same environment. More of them would die in the first year—according to an elaborate mortality table based on English experience—than in the next twenty-two years. Deaths the first and second years, taken together, would exceed the deaths in the following thirty-six years, taken together. When the few survivors got to be eighty-three years old their death-rate would be as high as that of the first year; but not until then would the first year's death-rate be equaled. A person aged eighty-two has a better chance of outliving the year than a newborn babe.

Sociological thought has long been directed to this tremendous loss of life at the beginning. That it is partly remediable no one doubts. Pure milk in the place of impure has lowered the infantile death-rate in more instances than one. But perhaps the chief remediable cause of infant mortality lies in the fact that babies are still brought up, to a considerable degree, upon tradition. Precedents of the last generation are followed, notwithstanding over a tenth of the last generation's babies died in early infancy. For goodness' sake, be wary of tradition, custom, precept! If a thing was done so-and-so a hundred years ago that alone is excellent ground for suspecting that so-and-so is the wrong way to do it.

In Touch With the Classics

YOU get much information from your daily newspaper. To the same newspaper historians will turn a century hence for the details and color of today's happenings. But suppose a man from Mars, ignorant of earthly affairs, were to pick up today's paper. "Roosevelt speaks in insurgent territory," he would read, and wonder who Roosevelt is, where the territory lay and what it was insurging about. The paper would inform him that "Uncle Joe says he'll stick," but he would not know whose uncle Joe was, nor what he was sticking at. Reading "Giants down the Sox," he might surmise that some terrestrial gentlemen of extraordinary stature had eaten their hosiery. Unless the reader's mind already contains a picture of current affairs, as a background for the news, the paper will tell him little or nothing. So it is not surprising that a carefully selected little library of classic literature failed to interest the passengers on an overland railroad.

Perhaps Plutarch's Lives are more popular than any other classical writings. These narratives, usually undated and with no perspective, are interesting just in proportion as the reader has in mind a picture of the times they refer to. After reading Mommsen or Ferrero the lives of Cæsar and Pompey fall into order. Without some such mental background they are like pages of a newspaper, and the reader might better take up with Fielding or Thackeray. Only the great imaginative works, such as Homer and the Greek tragedies, carry their world along with them.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Out of Oliver Optic's Books

UPON an occasion now and then grateful constituencies, scattered hither and yon across this fair land of ours, provide us with public men whose careers hold fast and true to the uplift literature of our youth.

All remember the boy who studied at night—he was as numerous as the juvenile authors, and they were innumerable—by the light of a pine-knot or tallow dip, conning his books no less diligently than he conned the proletariat when grown to man's estate; and thus, by that early and unnatural example, earned and received the undying hatred of every boy to whom he was held up as a model, meaning the entire boy population outside the cities. All can recall the lad who read law with the law book propped on the handles of the plow, and who in after life became the great jurist with a leaning toward the corporations. Then, too, there was the pale-faced, earnest youth who picked up the pin in the bank president's office when he entered timidly to ask for a job to aid him in the support of his widowed mother, paralyzed aunt and thirteen brothers and sisters—having carefully dropped the pin as he entered. He grew to be one of the pillars of the community, finally acquiring the bank, lending the farmers their own money for ten per cent a month and holding mortgages on all the farms in the vicinity.

There were scores of them, all shining exemplars of the notable effects and rewards of unflagging industry in youth, and they were sprung on us every time there was any wood to be sawed, any potato bugs to be picked or any water to be brought. Not the least among them was the printer's devil who went into the office of the local palladium of liberties. By working with untiring zeal and great and cheerful energy he finally rose to be mayor of the town and a power in the politics of the state, occasionally coming to the dizzy height of being a member of Congress, a height, it may be remarked *en passant*—as our best little authors of Latin Quarter stories would say quite casually, but with a local atmosphere effect—we found not to be so dizzy as the member occupying it, upon the closer inspection of the years. The printer's devil certainly was a grand performer—in the books. The kind of a performer he really was, both as devil and deviler in youth and in after years, I hesitate to tell. Shall I tell it? Cease your idle chatter, Montagu, and let me ponder in peace. No; upon mature second thought I shall not tell it. It wouldn't go through the mails anyhow, so what's the use? However, suffice it to say and be that as it may (poetry), the career of the printer's devils was supposed to be one of the many beacons printed to guide the boyhood of my time up the steep paths of Diligence and Duty to the substantial storehouses of Success. Of course I realize that a beacon generally is lighted instead of printed; but, now that I have set it down, far be it from me to be censorious concerning such a gem of prose.

Boyish Fiction Come True

MAYHAP—a disconcerting mayhap—the editor will be censorious; but, putting it to the touch, I resume my thought, the sequence of my remarks, the thread of my argument, and ask: What would you think—substantial storehouses of Success—pretty nifty, eh? What would you think, dear reader, if there were uncovered before your very eyes—steep paths of Diligence and Duty—some class to that—if there were uncovered before your very eyes a printer's devil who made fact out of the disheartening fiction that caused every boy who wanted to go swimming to harbor dark thoughts concerning writers who put such mollycoddle models before parents when there were weeds to be cut out of the garden paths—hoed out—and you with full and back-acheful knowledge that no place in this wide world grows weeds with the fertility, felicity and fecundity of garden paths?

What would you think if such a person, an Oliver Optic or J. T. Trowbridge printer's devil come to life, should be displayed to your gaze? You'd be some surprised, I reckon.

Watch closely! Presto! And behold Jared Young Sanders, Governor of Louisiana and United States Senator to succeed the late Senator McEnery. There he is—a printer's devil who has become Senator. It takes but a short flight of fancy to see the boys of thirty years from now, the boys of our boys, being urged to their tasks by parents who tell them of the rise of the Louisiana Senator, having their own private dark opinions concerning Sanders the grudging while.

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON D. C.

What Would You Think of An Oliver Optic Printer's Devil Come to Life?

It is all as Oliver-Opticky as you can imagine. Jared was born in St. Mary Parish in 1869, just after the war. His father, who was a sugar planter, died when he was a boy of twelve, leaving an estate badly involved and a mother to support. Young Jared entered the office of the St. Mary's Leader as a printer's devil and learned to be a printer.

At twenty-one he was editor of the paper. While setting type and writing the locals about the St. Mary folk who went to New Orleans on the ten-ten, young Sanders studied law and was admitted to the bar. Naturally, as editor of the local paper, he got into politics; and naturally he got something out of politics. It wasn't long until he was appointed clerk to the Louisiana House of Representatives.

He took sides in the anti-lottery fight and in 1892 was elected as an anti to the House he had served as clerk. He was a member of the Louisiana Constitution Convention and had much to do with the present suffrage section of the constitution, which—*en passant* again—isn't it strange how those foreign terms constantly recur to one?—doesn't do a thing to the colored brother, inasmuch as only that person who is able to read and write, or who owns three hundred dollars' worth of property assessed in his own name, or whose father or grandfather was entitled to vote in 1867, can vote now; and all others, including most of the colored brethren, for the reasons set forth, cannot.

Presently our hero was elected speaker of the House of Representatives for Louisiana and progressed to the lieutenant-governorship in 1904, and then, after serving four years, went onward and upward to the governorship, which he attained in 1908.

He would have served in that capacity until 1912 had he not taken advantage of his opportunity, like a real printer's devil, and jumped into the United States Senate when the vacancy caused by the death of Senator McEnery occurred.

Sanders is a progressive Democrat in a state where the old-line Democrats will not realize or recognize that the war is over. The word conservative was coined especially to describe the old-line Louisiana Democrats. They exalt the past, deprecate the present and positively will not admit there is to be a future. Sanders got most of his nominations at the primaries, thus showing his strength with the people of his parish and with the state at large. He had a close call in 1896, but was far enough in front in his other endeavors.

Physically Sanders is in the Boies Penrose class. He is several inches more than six feet tall, broad-shouldered, thick-chested and column-legged. As befits a former printer's devil, there are no frills on him. He is a friend of the common people and never lets a chance go by to emphasize and elucidate that fact. He is a good campaigner, hearty, whole-souled, well met and glad-handed. He favors all new wrinkles in Democracy, is against a national income tax, and the old-line chaps say he is as much of a Republican as he is a Democrat, the doctrine of the old-liners being that though all Republicans may not be horse-thieves, all horse-thieves are Republicans.

The Enemy of Predacious Plutes

AT THE same time Sanders is not such a corporation-baiter as some, having a shrewd idea of how to play both ends against the middle, and playing the same as the occasion may require. He is reported to have been against the anti-race-track bill and to have told the enemies of the bill to let it pass the House and he would see to it that it was killed in the Senate. Whereupon Archbishop Blake took a hand and Sanders and the friends of the bill were whipped. However, when it is necessary Sanders can fulminate against plutocracy and its associated and predacious plutes in a most approved manner. Also against any other ill that may spell disaster—according to his lexicon—for the common people.

He is a good lawyer as well as a skillful politician. It is expected he will add some weight to the minority, for he thinks well and talks expertly, although he is not much of a student. Unless the elections between now and then put over some member of the infant class on that august body, Sanders will be the youngest Senator save Senator Gore, who is now forty to Sanders' forty-one. He was tried for murder once, having in self-defense shot a boy in a tough gang that set upon him, and he was defended by his coming colleague, Senator Foster of Louisiana. He was triumphantly acquitted. Still, that gives him no added distinction. Many other Senators have killed people. Some were in the Civil War, and not a few have talked innocent bystanders to death.

Why They Sailed

"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN, known to the Bowery as Drydollar Sullivan, and a political boss on the East Side of New York, went to Europe a time ago on the same ship with William Randolph Hearst and his family.

Mrs. Hearst and Mr. Sullivan were chatting in adjacent steamer chairs one day, and Sullivan asked: "Why is Mr. Hearst going to Europe?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Hearst, "he isn't going. I am taking him."

"But why?"

"Oh," replied Mrs. Hearst, "he is tired and needs a rest. When he is at home he fusses with those newspapers of his all the time, and I insisted he should take a trip. In fact, I am taking him to Europe so he can get away from his papers. And you, Mr. Sullivan, why are you going to Europe?"

"For the same reason as Mr. Hearst," replied Big Tim.

The Hall of Fame

℃ Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, can sing a come-all-ye with the best of them.

℃ Rollo Ogden, editor of the New York Evening Post, used to be a Presbyterian minister.

℃ Mayor Stoy, of Atlantic City, the King of the Boardwalk, has his mustache curled three times a day.

℃ Eddie Green, son of the wealthy Mrs. Hetty, fits very comfortably into a victoria, and doesn't overlap much on either side.

℃ Bert L. Taylor, the Chicago humorist, has consecrated his young life to the abolition of bread pudding. He eats what he can three times a day and derides the rest in print.

℃ Ray Brown, the artist, fully intended to be a pirate, but a cruel fate landed him in a school of design and made him an illustrator. Chorus of art editors: What's the difference?

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PLAYING POLITICS

IT SEEMS entirely reasonable, arguing from certain signs and portents, that somebody dropped President Taft a postal card not so long ago on which was written a message to this general effect:

"*Dear Bill:* It certainly is a grand thing to have the judicial temperament, and you have a fine brand of it; but what good does it do you or any one else if you do not use it? Where does a judge come in who does not do any judging? If you are a judge why not hand down a few judgments?

"Yours, certainly."

Everybody is entitled to a guess as to who sent the card. My guess is that it was written by Citizen Fixit Murray Crane, Senator from Massachusetts, and was supplemented by a long, whispered conversation, during which the citizen did the whispering and the judge did the listening. Citizen Crane is a perfectly noiseless, rubber-tired, heavily-felted person entirely surrounded by money, who can afford, therefore, to have the good of the Republican party at heart. Gathering dollars long since ceased to amuse him. He gets his fun out of politics now, but, being a good sportsman, he hates to lose any game he plays; and for that reason he has been flitting about all summer seeing what he could do to straighten out affairs so that there might be a fighting chance this fall.

The citizen is naturally the kindest of men. In his personal relations with the world he is soft-spoken, genial, helpful and considerate, but when he gets to playing politics he hardens his heart. Results are what he is looking for, and he can't help it if obstructions in the way of those results sometimes get removed from the path in an arbitrary, not to say unceremonious, manner. The citizen exudes love for his fellowman in his private capacity as friend and companion, but he is cold and ruthless when it comes to such elimination of disturbing elements as the circumstances seem to him to require. At that, he never makes any noise about it. He operates like one of those lathes that trim down big bars of the hardest steel, cutting ceaselessly and irresistibly, but without a squeak.

What Smoothness and Silence Can Do

If you should talk to Crane for a hundred days he would never tell you he had anything to do with what is happening at Beverly, what has happened there, and what has happened and will happen throughout the country in the present campaign. You'd think, to hear him tell it, that he has been fussing around merely for the fun of the thing, with no serious idea and no serious intention; but all the same it is more than probable it was the citizen who accomplished many of those turns and twists that, it is hoped, will help Mr. Taft this fall in the way of securing an indorsement for his first two years in the White House by the return of a Republican House of Representatives, to say nothing of getting him in shape for a renomination in 1912.

The citizen operates in a progressive manner. He is strong for compromise at the beginning. He wants to smooth things over and tone things down and get everybody together. He does a great deal of that sort of managing, trying to persuade those who are standing in the way of harmony to get out of the way, and using soft words in the process. He is very political. Oftentimes he seems to be overpolitical. He manipulates too much, but, much as he hates it, he can use an axe.

There have been many happenings at Beverly. The President has suddenly seemed to discover that the Republican party needs all the votes it can get, and that it can hope for none from the Democrats, who think they can see light ahead. Wherefore, there have been evidences on every hand that some conciliation and some chopping are to be done, and if the truth ever comes out it will be found that Citizen Crane was the guiding spirit, not because of any unfriendliness on his part toward the persons who will be, or have been, chopped, or toward what they represent, but because such actions seem to him necessary for the good of the party and dictated by the exigencies of the situation.

The President likes Crane and trusts him, and has a great admiration for his political astuteness. The President is no politician himself, and he knows it. The game doesn't interest him; in fact, it rather bores him. Whereas the game is the breath to the nostrils of Crane. He dotes on the plot and counterplot, the manipulation and maneuver. Thus, as the field is big and the game strenuous and exciting enough, Crane has taken hold, just as he took hold in the closing days of the campaign in 1908 and saved a lot of brands from the burning. Moreover, Crane now has a capable assistant at the President's right hand in Secretary Norton. Norton will develop into a politician; Crane will see to that. Meantime, Norton is a fine asset for a man who wants to do things with the President, or get the President to do things rather, that shall have the proper political effect.

Make no mistake about Crane. He is no progressive. He is as reactionary in his sympathies and tendencies and beliefs as is Aldrich or Hale, but he cannot see how he or his friends will gain anything by letting things go by default to the Democrats. His position is that it is better to have one's own party in control, even though that party may stray after false gods, than to give the Democrats a chance and be sure of continuous enmity. He can go to a Republican President. With a Democratic President he would be out of it. With his own party in control, there always is hope for a man with Crane's genius for politics. Hence this activity.

Aldrich on the Defensive

One article of Crane's creed is: Keep quiet. He is not in favor of oratory. President Taft apparently had it in his mind that the only way he could get into the minds of the people his exact program, motives and the justification for what has happened since he became President, was to go out and talk to everybody. The President was wrong about that, of course; and notwithstanding his numerous speeches and miles of travel he made no great impression, and on occasions he made situations worse. What happened when Crane and Norton got to working together? The President was told it was a waste of time to go gallivanting around the country talking to every Tom, Dick and Harry who could crowd about him, not particularly to hear him, but particularly to see him. The President was told all this so convincingly that he canceled a lot of engagements and refused to make more. "You stay here," said Crane, "and keep quiet, and we'll see what can be done in the way of assembling things." Whereupon the President is keeping quiet.

Take the case of Senator Aldrich. It is almost a certainty that Crane forced Aldrich, by his quiet, whispering insistence, to make his reply to Senator Bristow's charges about Aldrich's connection with the rubber business and the tariff on rubber. Crane realized, what Aldrich did not, that not only Aldrich but the Republicans who voted for the tariff, in both House and Senate, are on the defensive, and that Aldrich is in that position most of all. Aldrich broke the rule of a lifetime when he wrote that letter to Chairman McKinley, of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, in reply to Bristow. He has always been one of those statesmen who has assumed a lofty contempt for what the public says or thinks about him. He is one of the I-never-read-the-newspapers statesmen—only he does. Now, it would irritate any man, I take it, and especially a man of Aldrich's temperament, jealous of his leadership and proud of it, and fascinated with his power, to have a man like Bristow come along, a member of the Senate, and make direct statements like those Bristow made. Bristow is not an engaging personality. He is a tall, thin, intensely earnest, rasping Kansan, with no pride of position, no haughtiness, no intolerance of the public, but with convictions and the courage to express them, and an honesty of purpose that cannot be gainsaid. Leaving out of the question the merits of the controversy, it was Crane who realized, before Aldrich and before the President, that Aldrich was on the defensive and had put the whole Republican party in that attitude; and, working with the President and others, he forced Aldrich

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"THIS is good soup," he said. "Mighty good!"

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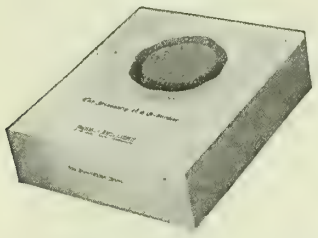

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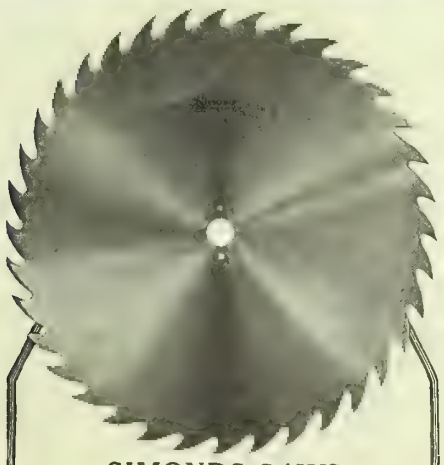

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to come out with an answer to Bristow. Crane and Aldrich are close friends. Crane has been Aldrich's most valuable lieutenant and will be stronger as Aldrich's successor than any other. That didn't stop Crane. He went to Aldrich's yacht and went to the President. Soon thereafter Aldrich made his reply, after refusing for many days to say anything about the matter other than to denounce the statements of Bristow as lies. Crane knew this would be hard for Aldrich to do, and he doubtless sympathized with Aldrich; but he brought it about.

Now, then, Aldrichism is an acute issue in this campaign, as acute as Cannonism. Instead of letting Aldrich remain quiet, as he preferred to do, Crane did the best he could and got a defense from Aldrich. What that defense amounted to is not for discussion here. The point is that Aldrich made it and that the President and Crane forced him to.

Aldrich is to retire, he says, on March fourth next. He will serve in the short and concluding session of this eventful Congress, the Sixty-first. So will Hale, who is scheduled to retire also. These men might embarrass the Administration during this session of Congress, but not for long. The President is in a good position to cut loose from the alliance he never should have made, whether the elections this fall return a Democratic or a Republican House of Representatives. This is cold-blooded, of course; but it is politics and it is pretty sure to come to pass. Even a President with the judicial temperament can see as far ahead politically as 1912.

Crane's Hint to Ballinger

So far as Cannon is concerned, the President never did care much for that ancient and benign statesman, and cares less now. Cannon, too, is strictly on the defensive and has been for two years, for the first time since he became Speaker. Cannonism is an issue. Crane never was infatuated with Cannon either, and he advised Cannon to resign, for the sake of the party, when the Insurgents and Democrats combined to shove Cannon off the Committee on Rules last March. Of course the men who run the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee are close friends and supporters of Cannon, but they want a Republican House in order to keep in control, and they cannot let their friendship for Cannon stand in the way if the elimination of Cannon will help any toward that result—and they will not. Wherefore the appearance of Chairman McKinley, of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, and of Senator Crane at Beverly is followed by the news that Cannon has been cast overboard. He may make some speeches during the campaign, but he will do no more ranting around like that in Kansas if the President and Crane can prevent it.

This leaves Secretary Ballinger. After seeing the President, Crane went out West to see Ballinger and saw him. At this writing the result of that conference is not known publicly; but it is as good as a certainty that Crane told Ballinger to get out, to relieve the Administration of the embarrassment his presence caused, and put it up to Ballinger that it was Ballinger's duty to do this, to make what must seem to Ballinger a sacrifice for the good of the party. What the President should have done, of course, was to get rid of both Ballinger and Pinchot the moment the row started. The President stood by Ballinger, and the Ballinger-Pinchot row has become a menace to success in many districts. The story is that Ballinger told Crane he would resign when the President asked him to, and not before. Crane couldn't discharge Ballinger, of course, but he put it diplomatically to Ballinger that it was his duty to retire, and it remains to be seen what Ballinger will do—also, what the President will do.

There are further evidences of the work of Citizen Crane. He hates insurgency, but he undoubtedly restrained the President from reading any Insurgents out of the party. He will see to it that Mr. Wickersham makes no more speeches inviting all who are not regular to retire. Crane's idea is to compose trouble and eliminate trouble makers. In some instances this may seem like looking over the crew after the ship has been scuttled, but Crane has had his troubles in carrying out his program, and not a few of those troubles originated in Beverly.

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YOUR SAVINGS

Crop Moving and the Investment Situation

ABOUT the time this article appears all investment, and particularly that part of it which relates to bond buying, may be feeling the effects of the operation known as "moving the crops." It is usually a season dreaded by financiers, because it often means stringency in the money market, tightening of loans and general market discomfort; but, like many other ill winds, it blows somebody good, and the somebody in this instance happens to be the man or woman with savings or other spare funds to invest. As a result of the crop moving and other causes, conditions are growing favorable for the safe and profitable employment of money. A brief survey of the approach to the present condition will embody some facts that every investor ought to know.

The investment situation, however, did not need the effect of crop moving to make it favorable for bond buying. If you have read these articles for the past four months you will recall that from time to time it has been pointed out that bonds were cheap. But they have become cheaper all along, until now some types have reached low levels. What has brought this about? For one thing, this has been an erratic financial year, with frequent and unexpected breaks in the stock market. Some of these breaks were caused by the inability of groups of speculators to carry big lines of stock that were thrown on the market. A larger cause was the inability of the country to keep up the prosperity gait that started too soon after the panic of 1907. Conservative bankers believe that industry should have proceeded with more caution. Instead, it leaped to big expansion. The railroads, in turn, increased facilities and prepared to open up new territory. All this required a great deal of money. Besides, the railroads had to meet many maturing obligations. The industries could go to the banks for accommodations, but the railroads had to go to the people with bonds. Hence capital became exhausted, and yet the output of securities was increased. Under ordinary conditions we can absorb bonds; but at the time described a new and disturbing factor had been projected in the shape of the high cost of living. People were unable to save as much as formerly, and this inability to save was felt in the bond market because the small investor had become the big power in the investment business. Saving means investment. What was the result? The country began to suffer from an acute attack of "undigested securities," and it has not yet recovered. We had to sell our bonds abroad. Business began to retrench, our exports decreased and our trade balance dwindled. The uncertainty over the decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases, the agitation and unrest over the tariff, the complicated political conditions, have all combined to unsettle the investment structure.

The West's Call For Money

Along came August with disbursements in interest and dividends of approximately eighty-five million dollars. At normal times this money would immediately have sought reinvestment, but this year much of it was salted down in banks awaiting an adjustment of conditions. Another reason why much of it has remained in cash is that cash is a pretty useful and profitable thing to have loose in the crop-moving season. Also the banks had begun to call in money early in the summer, for they realized that to have an acute stringency in the money market in a year like this might precipitate serious trouble. Hence money began to pile up, and people instead of buying bonds let their surplus accumulate.

Before going into the full effect of these conditions on the bond situation let us first see just what moving the crops is and what it costs. To many people "moving the crops" is a meaningless phrase. The average citizen who goes to his bank in the autumn to borrow money curses because his banker tells him that interest rates are higher because "the crops are being moved." He becomes indignant, and says: "Why should I help to pay for moving them?"

As a matter of fact, this outraged citizen does not realize that moving the crops touches him and every other person in the United States; for everybody eats and everybody wears clothes. Fully to understand the significance of this vast operation you have only to realize that agriculture is our greatest industry, participated in by forty per cent of the population. The value of our farm products last year was eight and three-quarter billions of dollars, or three times the amount of our money in circulation. Wheat alone produced about eight hundred million dollars; corn shucked out nearly a billion and three-quarters of dollars, while cotton blossomed forth a value equal to nearly nine hundred millions. But growing these great crops is one thing; harvesting and getting them to market and to the consumer is quite another. Like everything else, it needs money. Hence the problem of literally "moving" the crops becomes a very large and serious one.

This is the reason why. If the average farmer, like the average business man, had a bank account and conducted his business through a definite financial channel, it would not be so hard; but the average farmer has no bank account. Even if he did have one he could not give checks to the farmhands that harvest his crops, because these hands are often nomads who follow the ripening grain from south to north. They must be paid off in cash, and the proposition of providing this cash at a time when other business and speculative interests are likewise clamoring for money creates the usual strained financial situation known technically as the crop-moving period.

Why Money is Tight in the Fall

The demand for money at this time is really twofold: one is for capital, which comes from the buyers and shippers of grain; the other is from the farmers, who want the currency for the wages of their employees.

The demand for crop money is first felt in July, when the winter wheat is yellowing in the Southwest, and it lasts until late in September. The effects, however, are felt well into the winter. It has been figured that it takes approximately one hundred and fifty million dollars to move our crops. Now, though this amount does not seem colossal when compared with some other financial outlays, it makes a much bigger ripple in the money market than you would at first imagine. To begin with, this money must all be in actual cash. In the second place it is a tremendous drain on the national banks, as you shall see. A national bank must keep in its vaults a legal reserve of twenty-five per cent of its deposits. This means that a dollar of national bank reserve is protection for a debt of four dollars to the depositor. When you withdraw one hundred and fifty million dollars from the reserve supply for crop moving there is a corresponding contraction of four times that amount in deposits and loans. Thus a widespread hardship is imposed. Many banks are compelled to call loans during the crop-moving period.

The money for moving the crops is shipped in the form of gold and silver certificates, United States and national bank notes and coin. In the South, "cartwheel dollars," as the negro cotton hands call them, are used extensively. Sometimes the money is sent by telegraph, but often by express.

Naturally the place that feels the drain most is New York, which is the country's financial reservoir. The "country banks"—that is, the banks outside of subtreasury points—all have large deposits there. Toward the fall they begin to withdraw these deposits in order to meet local farm demands. This curtails the lending power of the New York banks, which must call their own loans. Money rates go up. At such seasons the banks begin to pile up surplus reserves—the lawful money held in excess of reserve requirements. The bank statement tells the story. The surplus reserve for the banks of the New York Clearing House for the week ending July 2 was $9,223,975; for the week ending

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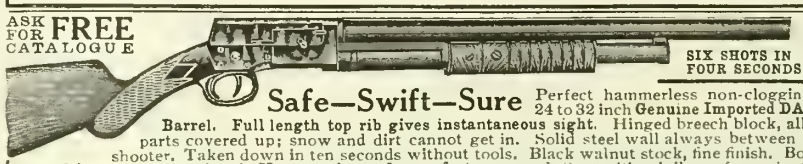

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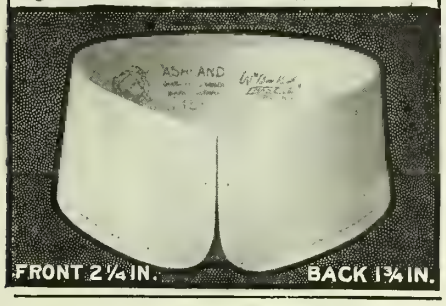

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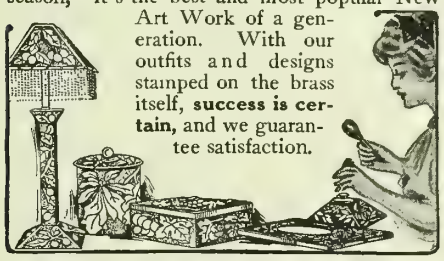

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August 13 it was $56,153,575. Thus you see they were getting ready for the crop-moving demand.

Thanks to the foresight of the bankers this year, there have not been, so far, the usual violent fluctuations in money rates due to the crop-moving demand. There would never be any such agitation in the money market if the United States had a central bank such as exists in England, France and Germany. In 1908 Congress made a feeble attempt to provide a substitute for such a bank by passing what is known as the Emergency Currency Bill.

Under the terms of this bill national banks may issue circulation—banknotes bearing their name—on any securities owned by them, including commercial paper. This practically makes all kinds of bonds available for circulation, which is limited by law to five hundred million dollars. Heretofore only United States bonds could be used as a basis for circulation save in times of great panic and stress, when the Secretary of the Treasury can use his discretion about the securities.

Save where United States or municipal bonds are used as a basis for the emergency or "additional" circulation a bank must be a member of a currency association in order to avail itself of the provisions of the law. Ten or more national banks in a community, with capital and surplus aggregating not less than five million dollars, may form such an association. It was not until this summer that any large advantage was taken of this provision. On July 29 last the national banks of New York City organized The National Currency Association of the City of New York. Though it was not believed that there would be any occasion this fall to take out the emergency circulation, it was deemed a good plan to be ready.

Some Bonds That Look Cheap

It is not difficult now to see just why the crop-moving period would ordinarily be a very good time to buy bonds. The price of money regulates the price of bonds. When money is tight and rates high people prefer to lend their money at the high rates, and do not invest in bonds. The situation, therefore, at the time this article is written is simply this: to bonds that were already cheap comes the added cheapness of crop-moving times.

Few people are buying bonds; many have sold them and are keeping the money on hand The time is at hand when the advice of a grizzled old Wall Street broker to his son may be heeded. The old man once said: "In investing your money, always remember this: the time to buy is when everybody else is selling. Never buy when everybody else is buying."

But bonds cannot remain so cheap forever. The crop-moving period will pass; the recuperative powers of the country will assert themselves; money will pile up; interest rates will decline and bonds will be in strong demand. The time to buy is now, for standard securities may be obtained at prices that will not only afford a very satisfactory yield but give ample opportunity for the appreciation of principal.

These facts are evident in the following group of 5 per cent bonds, which are used as types, and with prices at the time this article is written:

Western Pacific first 5s, due 1933. Interest dates are March and September. At the present price of 93 the yield would be about 5.55 per cent.

Missouri Pacific convertible 5s, due 1959. Interest is payable March and September. The price is 91, which would make a yield of about 5½ per cent.

United States Steel Corporation sinking fund 5s, due 1963. The interest dates are May and November. The price of 103 would make a yield of about 4.85 per cent.

These 5s—and many more could be cited—are in the main bonds for men, for they are subject to some fluctuation, especially the industrials. Similar bargains may be had among 4s, such as the following:

Colorado & Southern first 4s, due 1929. Interest is payable February and August. The price is 93, which would make a yield of about 4.50 per cent.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas first and refunding 4s, due 2004. Interest is due March and September. The price of 80 would make a yield of about 5 per cent.

New York Central debenture 4s, due 1934. Interest is payable May and November. The present price is 93, which would make a yield of about 4.50 per cent.

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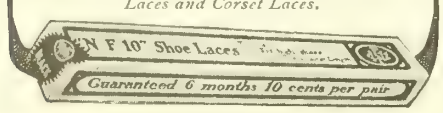

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THE PEER'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 7)

female feels the responsibility; and if the nobility are careless we'll find the militants flinging it up against our sex! I assure you, my lord, even below-stairs the consequences will be felt. Lady's maids have got more uppish already; ever since they came in closer contact with the police I've noticed it. You'd hardly believe how one thing leads to another. Oh, my lord, remember that England expects every peer to do his duty!"

Lord Fotheringay heard this impassioned appeal in ominous calm.

"Why's it my duty to marry Lady Feo?" he demanded.

"Because your country is watching your lordship's brilliant career—I may almost say with breathless interest—and no lady in England can further it like Lady Feodora."

Bertie looked at him gravely.

"Grimes," he said, "being clever and great and that sort of thing is all very well, but I don't believe I'll ever be happy without—without some one else."

"Some one else?" echoed Grimes in a voice that had a suggestion, one would almost say, of menace.

"What the devil's that to you?"

Grimes' manner tactfully readjusted itself. He answered more in pity than in blame:

"My lord, leave clover to the cattle and happiness to the unambitious."

"That's deuced clever, but d—d misleading," said Bertie.

"Your lordship is most welcome to my phrases," his tutor expostulated gently, yet not without dignity; "but I should be greatly obliged if your lordship would apply them to the proper occasions."

"I'll do with your phrases exactly what I choose," said his lordship obstinately. "As for my uncle, every one knows he's rather an old bounder; but, hang it, he can't help that, and he's a good sort at heart. He'll understand my feelings all right."

The bell of the flat rang peremptorily.

"That'll be Sir Waterbury," said Bertie. "Show him in."

The alderman entered with a smiling and confident air, like a family solicitor who expects to conclude a very good bargain both for his client and himself.

"Well, my dear boy!" he said affectionately, as he grasped his nephew's hand.

When Lord Fotheringay had anything on his mind he wasted little time and less ceremony in discharging it.

"I'm glad you've come, Uncle," he began. "I've something most important to say to you——"

He paused, for he perceived Grimes still lingering in the room.

"You may go, Grimes."

Mr. Grimes' attitude indicated the profoundest respect, but he made no movement.

"I beg your lordship's pardon, but I cannot help thinking you will be the better for having me in the room."

Lord Fotheringay pointed peremptorily to the door.

"Get out!"

A glance passed between Mr. Grimes and Bertie's uncle.

"Hey!" then exclaimed Sir Waterbury. "What's all this about?"

"His lordship has a communication to make to you, sir——"

Bertie advanced a step.

"If you don't walk out I'll kick you out!"

Grimes bent deferentially, his eyes still on the alderman, and turned somewhat slowly.

"Wait a bit, Grimes," said Sir Waterbury. "Herbert, I'd like Grimes to be present."

Lord Fotheringay shrugged his shoulders and dropped into a chair.

"Warm day, isn't it?" he remarked.

His uncle frowned at him dubiously.

"What's this you want to say to me?"

"My dear Uncle, I've just said it. Warm weather for May, isn't it?"

"Grimes," said Sir Waterbury, "what is the matter? Come, I insist, out with it!"

Grimes' manner was apology itself.

"Begging his lordship's pardon, the fact is, sir, he seems to find some difficulties of a sentimental nature in the way of the matrimonial arrangement suggested."

Lord Fotheringay leaped up.

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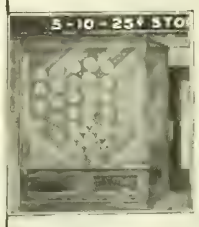

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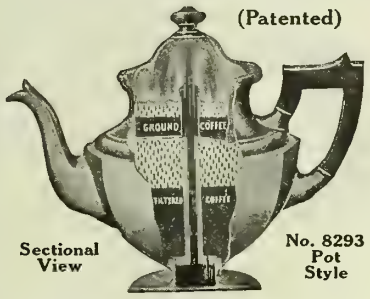

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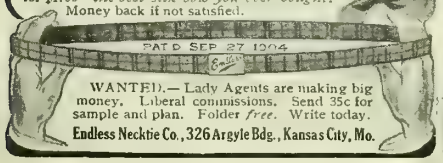

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"This is really the most officious performance I've ever endured. It might be my baptism, confound it! Grimes, I sack you."

Mr. Grimes bent his head obediently.

"Thank you, my lord."

"Uncle," continued Bertie, his color mounting, his eye very bright, "I beg to inform you that I don't mean to marry simply for what I can make out of it. It's a dashed unsporting thing to do—that's to say, supposin' there's some one you care more about. Havin' one girl in your head and another in your heart isn't my conception of the way to play the game. How would I like it if Lady Feo married me for my position when she preferred another fellow all the time? Not a little bit, I can assure you. You see what I mean now, Uncle, don't you?"

His uncle looked at him fixedly.

"Who is the other girl?" he demanded.

"My cousin, Nancy Wimberley."

"Nancy Wimber——" began Sir Waterbury in a formidable roar, when his eye met Grimes'. It almost cried the words "Be careful!" aloud. He stifled his indignation and merely remarked:

"Well?"

"I saw her in the Park this afternoon, and she made me feel as Lady Feo's never done; and—and—well, there it is."

The thundercloud deepened over Sir Waterbury's angry eyes. Behind his master's back Grimes raised a hand in warning gesture.

"Do you propose to marry her instead?"

"I think I do—if she'll have me."

"You think?" With that warning eye ever on him Sir Waterbury kept the curb hand pulled. "She has a tolerable fortune, eh?"

"You know as well as I do she hasn't."

A sardonic smile gathered about the corners of his uncle's mouth.

"That is a pity, Herbert. Do you know how much your father left you?"

"I've heard it wasn't as much as people expected."

"You have a clear income of two thousand pounds a year. Two thousand pounds a year, Herbert, to keep up a house in town and a castle in Yorkshire and a wife and yourself. Eh? Eh?"

"I needn't keep a house in town, and—well—one can economize in the country."

"Economize? Do you know what living in this flat costs you—simply as a bachelor?"

"Oh," said Bertie loftily, "anything from five to twenty thousand, I should imagine. I've never totted it up."

The dismissed Grimes could not contain his approval.

"Very aristocratically expressed, my lord," he murmured.

My lord glanced briefly over his shoulder.

"I've sacked you."

"Attend to me!" commanded his uncle. "Yes, Herbert; you are right. It does cost you between five thousand and twenty. As I pay the difference between that and two thousand I happen to know."

Herbert smiled pleasantly.

"I've often wondered what the deuce you'd do with your income if anything happened to me!"

Even the most indignant uncle could scarcely fail to be impressed with this spirit.

"Herbert, my boy," replied Sir Waterbury in a softened voice, "you are so far perfectly right. Hitherto it has been a pleasure to furnish the head of an ancient and respected house so nearly allied to me with the—ah—funds for—er——"

"Doin' you credit?" suggested Bertie.

"Precisely. But I shall certainly decline to furnish you with the funds for making a fool of yourself. To marry a penniless nobody would be literally suicidal!"

"A nobody? Hang it, Uncle, you can't call the Wimberleys nobodies!"

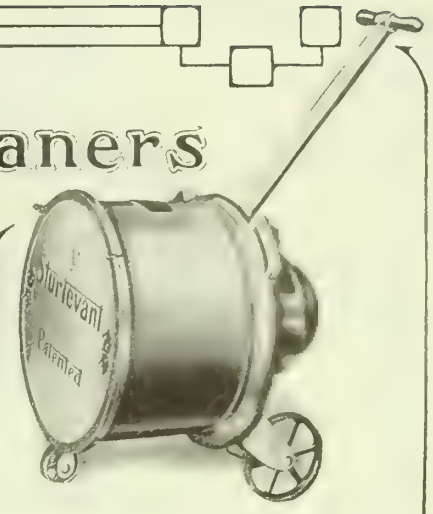
"What do you suppose the daughter of an ordinary Shropshire squire counts for nowadays?"

As the best-informed person in the room, Mr. Grimes replied to this inquiry:

"Absolutely nothing, sir. I have met members of the squirearchy in the most humble situations. One had even learned German in order to qualify for a modest mercantile appointment."

Sir Waterbury gasped. "There you are, Herbert! No, no;" we must have no marrying beneath you. If you marry Lady Feodora Monteden I shall settle ten thousand pounds a year on you at once, furnish a house for you in any street in London you like to name, out of my own

Vacuum Cleaners Which to Buy



IF you are convinced that a Vacuum Cleaner is what you need, but hesitate "Which to buy," consider this:

When the B. F. Sturtevant engineers (who have had more experience with air-driving apparatus than any other group of men on earth) were asked to build a household vacuum cleaner, all the various methods of air driving, such as the revolving fan, the pump, the bellows, the diaphragm, were familiar to them. *They had tested them all over and over again.*

They knew the revolving fan was the right principle upon which to construct a vacuum cleaner, because it suffers almost no wear and tear, has no valves to become leaky, and is a wonderfully durable mechanism. Also it gives a *steady* instead of an *intermittent* flow of air, and so avoids leaving dusty streaks, and jerking of the threads of fabrics.

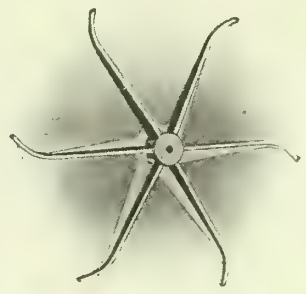
It is easy to make a vacuum cleaner that will work splendidly for only a few months. But it is not good sense for you to buy it or for us to make it.

The tremendous energy at work in a cleaner soon racks it to pieces unless it is strongly and solidly made.

Again, nothing is more vital than that the cleaner should give, *throughout its life,* a great *volume of air,* and *constant, even suction.* For these requirements, a properly designed revolving fan has no equal.

There is, however, a great difference in fans. And a 50-year reputation for making the most efficient fans is the chief reason why the B. F. Sturtevant Company is called upon to make more air-driving apparatus than all other concerns in the world combined.

A vacuum cleaner made by the Sturtevant engineers commands the best of skill and experience, and the guarantee of the Sturtevant Company removes all doubts as to its trustworthiness.



Patent Applied For

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Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner

In operation and construction it is simplicity itself. Apart from the motor, it has only one moving part—the fan. There is no oil to drip, and no lubricating will be necessary for at least a year. It has no gears to become loose or valves to become leaky. No dust can get into the motor. The dust-screen is large and nonclogging, and can be removed or replaced in 30 seconds.

Details of Construction

The cleaner consists of the machine, 12-foot hose, and an unusually complete outfit of cleaning tools, 20 feet of electric cord and plug, to be connected with an electric light socket.

The motor is of the same high grade as used in all our work, and is absolutely guaranteed. The fan, which is directly connected with motor, is made of one piece of aluminum, which in curvature, weight of metal, breadth and taper of blade, is the result of exhaustive tests.

The 1-inch hose gives almost double the volume of the ordinary ¾-inch hose, and greater velocity at the cleaning tool, enabling it to pick up larger particles, and clean at a greater distance from the tool. The cleaner is on three rubber-tired wheels. Finished in aluminum, occupies little space than two square feet. There is almost nothing about the cleaner that can break or get out of order, and a child can operate it. The dust receptacle will hold the gatherings of months, and yet is easily emptied.

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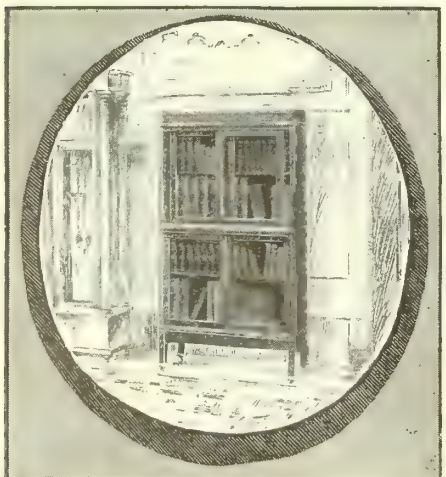

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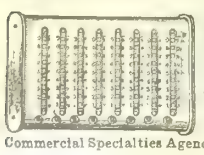

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pocket, and leave you my sole heir when I'm gone. There's my proposition. You may take it or leave it."

"And if I leave it?"

"Old as I am, Herbert, I shall marry forthwith, and if—ah—Providence blesses me with offspring I shall purchase—that is, I shall see to it that I obtain a peerage myself and found a family of my own!"

"Quite a sporting notion," said Bertie. "Like to lay any money on Providence and the offspring?"

The thundercloud burst in language too heated for literary reproduction.

"Sir Waterbury! Sir Waterbury!" implored Grimes. "Pardon me, sir, for one instant. You must listen to me, sir—I positively insist upon it! His lordship's position deserves some consideration. There is a great deal to be said for his lordship."

His lordship seemed more surprised at this statement than he had been by Grimes' outburst.

"Hullo, Grimes!" he exclaimed. "What the deuce is the meaning of this?"

"My lord," said his faithful attendant in an agitated voice, "if you will permit a discarded servant to say a word—a dismissed valet ——"

He seemed too moved to continue.

"My good Grimes," said his master kindly, "I haven't necessarily sacked you permanently, you know. What is it?"

"Come—out with it!" shouted Sir Waterbury.

"Sir," said Mr. Grimes with profound gravity, "you must remember that his lordship's feelings are of a nature so delicate that none outside the *haute noblesse*—I employ a French phrase, sir; it has no *double entente*, I assure you—none outside that charmed circle can perhaps fully appreciate them. Miss Wimberley is, as it were, suggested to his lordship by the voice of chivalry and one or two other Early Victorian sentiments ——"

"Early Victorian?" exclaimed Bertie. "Oh, hang it!"

"Well, my lord, you can scarcely deny their out-of-dateness. On the other hand, Sir Waterbury, I am convinced that his lordship would be the last nobleman to condemn a lady he was interested in to share poverty and discomfort."

"You don't think we could live on two thousand pounds a year?"

"Does your lordship happen to owe any money at present?"

"Owe? Good Heavens! You don't suppose I'm one of those dreadful ready-money fellows?"

"Well, my lord, of course, if Sir Waterbury is good enough to settle your present liabilities ——"

"I'll see myself in Jericho first!" cried Sir Waterbury. "No, Herbert; you'll have to settle your bills out of your own pocket."

Herbert made no answer. He paced up and down the room like a wild animal suddenly caged. In a smooth, sympathetic voice Grimes continued:

"It is also possible that his lordship's modesty prevents him from realizing how far he has engaged the affections of a certain lady."

Lord Fotheringay stopped short.

"You mean Lady Feo?"

"Yes, my lord," said Grimes with an air of simple candor.

"What! D'ye mean to say she's really—er—what you may call it?"

"I have it on the best authority—her own maid, my lord that she is completely—ah—whatever your lordship may like to call it."

"But I've never said anything."

"If ladies' hearts waited till we spoke, my lord, they would have a very dull time of it."

"Hang it! I always fancied they kept a tightish hold of 'em, Grimes."

"Up to a certain age, my lord, one has that impression."

Sir Waterbury began to grow restive.

"To come to the point, Herbert, you have paid attentions to this charming and—ah—high-born lady, and the question is, are you going to behave like a gentleman? Any other young fellow in England would think himself the luckiest chap in the world if he'd heard what you've just heard. Come, now—what's the matter with her? Ain't she handsome enough?"

"Oh, she's devilish handsome!" admitted Bertie.

"Divine, my lord!" murmured Grimes ecstatically.

"Well, I suppose, more or less on those lines—yes. But then—oh, Uncle, you've

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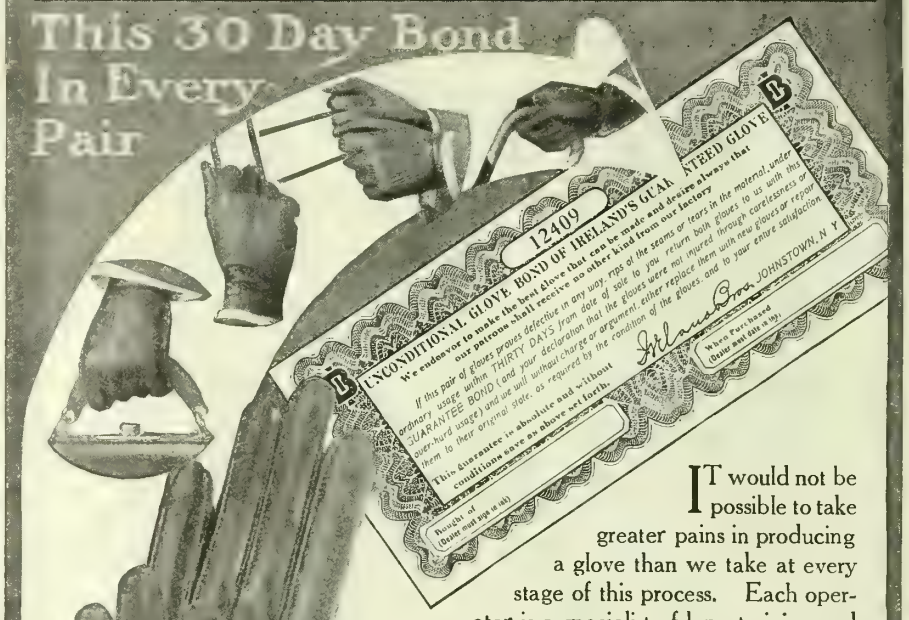

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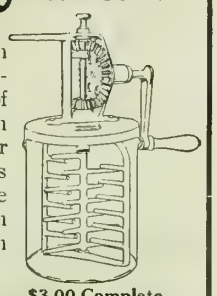

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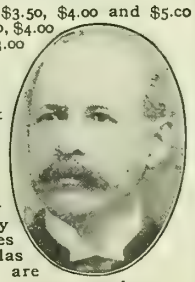

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no idea how fond I used to be of Nancy! And it all came back today."

"It will leave tomorrow, my lord," said Grimes soothingly.

"How do I know? I may try to get rid of it—try to—try to; but suppose I don't?"

Grimes' clean-shaven, tight-lipped face assumed a very serious expression.

"My lord," he said in a low, grave voice, "I fear it is my duty -a very painful and unpleasant duty, my lord ——"

He stopped, the pain being apparently too much for him.

"Go on," said Bertie. "Everything you say today is beastly; let's hear it."

"Nothing, my lord, is more against my principles than repeating unkind and slanderous conversation; but it is only right that your lordship should be undeceived."

"Who's deceiving me?"

"I am very much afraid you are deceiving yourself if you imagine that Miss Wimberley entertains the same feelings toward your lordship that—that, perhaps, she once may have done."

Lord Fotheringay looked at him intently.

"What have you heard?"

"I may explain, my lord, that persons in my profession have, as it were, a kind of understanding. Information is exchanged which would surprise many ladies and gentlemen in society. I make a point of having my own information accurate—otherwise it would be of no value to me—so that your lordship may take it as perfectly certain that a conversation recently took place between Miss Wimberley and her aunt, Lady Pundit, in the presence of a certain member of her ladyship's household whose memory is unusually reliable."

"What did these ladies say?" demanded Sir Waterbury.

"Well, sir, they happened to be remarking upon the development in Lord Fotheringay's character, which for some reason appeared, sir, to displease them, and Lady Pundit observed that some one seemed to have stolen his lordship and put another gentleman in his place."

"Dashed cheek of her!" said Bertie.

Grimes' eye gleamed for an instant, but he continued in the same quietly convincing tone:

"'It must have been for the sake of his clothes, then,' says Miss Wimberley. 'I can't imagine any other reason for stealing him.' Pardon me, my lord, for repeating such a libel, but ——"

"Miss Wimberley said that? I don't—I—I can't believe it," Lord Fotheringay said.

"Of course, if your lordship has given her no ground whatever for feeling any grudge, as it were, against you, it might then seem unlikely."

Poor Bertie's conscience dismissed his doubts.

"She—she may have said it," he muttered.

He paced his cage with a quicker and more uncertain step. Sir Waterbury opened his lips to speak, but Mr. Grimes was at his elbow.

"Leave it at that, sir," he murmured.

"I'll ask Lady Feo!" Bertie exclaimed. "I've been a fool; but—well, I did get rather a turn in the Park today. I won't again, though."

His uncle gripped his hand.

"Your hand on it, Herbert?"

"I've said I would, and I shall. Don't you believe me?"

"Of course, my boy, I believe you. Herbert, I can't tell you how happy you've made me; you've taken such a weight off my heart!"

"I dare say it'll turn out all right. Perhaps she won't accept me."

"No woman in England would refuse you, Herbert! And you'll be the happiest couple! Every one will envy you, my boy; the whole world is at your feet; we'll see you Prime Minister, Ambassador, Viceroy of India; anything you choose you can get now, Bertie. And an heir—ha, ha!—I'll give the little Lord Fotheringay his christening cup, eh?"

"Yes," said Lord Fotheringay bravely; "I admit there are consolations. Nothing like looking on the bright side of things, Uncle."

He freed his hand and strolled thoughtfully across the room. Sir Waterbury turned to Mr. Grimes.

"I'll double your check," he whispered gratefully.

The author of all this felicity was understood to murmur modestly that he had but done his duty to our aristocracy.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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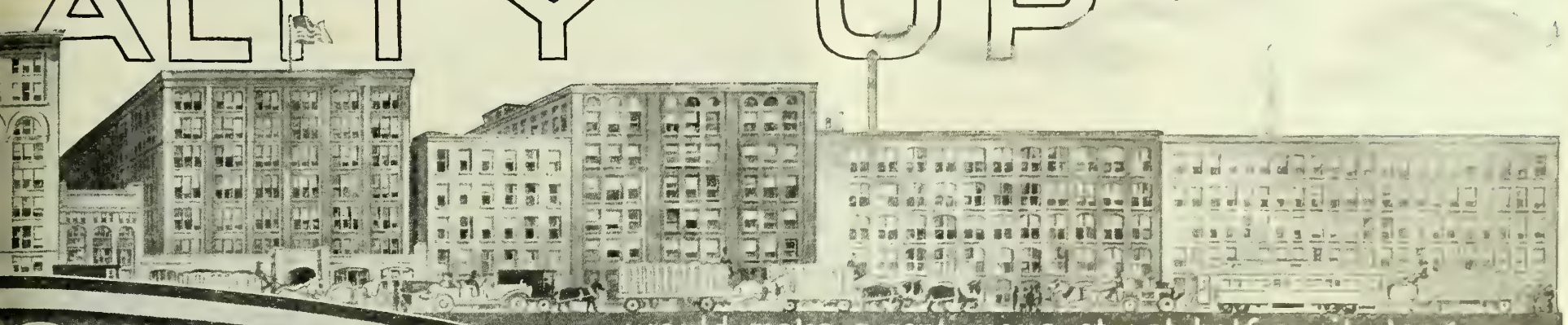

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Rise of the Muskrat

LAST winter trappers got as high as one dollar and ten cents for a muskrat pelt. A few very dark skins brought even more than that, although a dollar for the darkest of rat skins is a price which prior to this time would have staggered the imagination of Mr. Patten, Mr. Sully, or any other operator in the necessaries of life. When you stop to reflect that when you and I were boys we felt lucky when we got eight cents the skin, it is easy to realize that Galileo was right when he said the world do move. To be sure, in the old days we knew less about the possibilities of the muskrat in fur manufacture.

Besides the general scarcity of fur, due to increasing populations and vanishing wildernesses, there are two special causes for the rise in value of rat peltry. One is the automobile and the other is the wheat farmer. The joy rider and the Canadian wheat grower both need warm coats, and they have been buying them. There is nothing better for the lining of a coat than the soft and warm skins of muskrats. *Fiber zibethicus*, which is the true heraldic name of the muskrat, thus becomes one of the bulwarks of our civilization.

In the thirty-eight years ending in 1800 the London sales had averaged only about seventy-five thousand rat skins annually. Rats were not yet rats. In the first fifty years of the last century, however, the average annual take rose to four hundred and eleven thousand skins. In the next forty years following, the average jumped up to two and a half million skins. The twentieth century begins with rats going strong on an average of about four million skins annually. The product for 1900 was five million two hundred and eighty-five thousand. The output for 1905, covering the London sales and those of America, ran up to about seven million skins. Prices, of course, were going up steadily, a rise of twenty-five per cent being scored in 1907, with other increases in 1908 and 1909. But in spite of the increased demand the London sales for 1909 were three million seven hundred and seventy-one thousand. Speaking of hardy perennials, here we have one in our midst.

The muskrat lives pretty much any place where you happen to be, and he still remains obliging in his personal habits about getting into traps, even in old, settled countries. He has not gained in wisdom like the beaver, the otter and the fox. Even in any one of the original thirteen states the farmer or the trapper of very many and widely extended districts may still go out in the winter and get quite a little packet of fur.

The Rat and His Architecture

Around Wilmington and Baltimore last year skins brought thirty-five cents for light and forty cents for dark. Toward the close of winter the prices rose to sixty-five cents for brown and seventy cents for dark. In many markets the top price offered for prime dark rat went past the dollar mark. Of course, at these prices the dealer would make his money in grading lots that came in from ignorant sellers, who did not point out that they had several very dark skins among those shipped. The largest numbers of dark skins are taken, curiously enough, not in the North, but in the East and along the seaboard. The New Jersey, Delaware and Chesapeake marshes turn out the best muskrats in the world. If this were more generally known the press paragraphers might be more lenient with New Jersey.

Almost everybody has more or less familiarity with the muskrat, mushrat or musquash, as it is called in Canada. The animal is four or five times as big as a house rat. The tail is long, bare, scaly and flattened, being set on edgewise, thinner from side to side than it is from top to bottom. The eyes are small, black and ratty-looking. The hind feet are webbed. Barring the length and the angle of the tail, the general look is that of a little, hammered-down beaver, and this beaverish look is especially noticeable in the fur, which is covered with guard hairs like that of the beaver, the fur proper lying beneath these long outside hairs. The guard hairs are removed by the fur dressers when the skin is to be dyed and made into seal, marten, sable or other furs. They add to the utility of the skin when used as coat linings. The skin itself is not very tough, but is serviceable enough to cover a wide range of manufacture. If you have an old shooting coat left over from earlier days, of canvas or leather and lined with rat hides, you have one that will keep you warm on the duck marsh in any weather.

The low, rudely conical mounds of the muskrats' houses are familiar sights in the marshy districts of almost every part of the United States. You may see them along the lines of railway that pass through the oldest and most closely farmed of the Eastern states. Year after year, although the trappers may think they have got the last rat there was left, the houses will show again in the marshes as the cold weather comes on, and the marsh will turn out yet more fur.

As a matter of fact, the muskrat migrates, and in the earlier days of the fur trade it was not unusual to see large bodies of these animals crossing the dry prairies at considerable distances from any marsh grounds. Perhaps you yourself may have met one or more of these animals in high and dry country where they did not seem to belong. When thus traveling the muskrat is apt to be pugnacious and will bite if attacked. But, for reasons of its own, and along its own paths, the rat travels from one marsh to another and stubbornly hangs on to any country that once the species fancied.

Houses, Nests and Burrows

Ordinarily the muskrat lives on the roots of grasses, rushes and water plants, but very often it will forage heavily in cabbage patches or turnip lots, and sometimes even is troublesome in celery farms. In such forays the little animals use regular paths, but it is best not to try to trap them on the dry ground. The beaver and the muskrat are best caught by traps set under the water. Perhaps, too, there may be hundreds of muskrats in a country where you do not see any house at all. They build houses in marshes or on sluggish streams where the banks are not sharp enough to allow them to burrow in. The beaver likewise burrows in the bank when that suits him better.

The muskrat does not hibernate and must feed during the wintertime. Some of his food he lays up in his house or his burrow, and some of it he rustles in the wintertime. He is not a nomad, however, like a mink or an otter, but always localizes himself in some home, either a house or a burrow. The house is usually built of reeds, rushes or coarse grass. Sometimes a burrow will go back under the bank forty or fifty feet from the water, and terminate in a nice nest lined with grass, and large enough to accommodate quite a large family. Usually only one family occupies a burrow or a house, but sometimes cold weather may stop up the entrance of a burrow and cause a family to move. Therefore it is not unusual to find more than one family of rats in a house after the ice has grown thick.

The young muskrats are usually brought forth in the bank houses, and less frequently in the winter houses that show in the marshes. The rats sometimes make a rather smaller house, or even a grass nest, for a breeding home. Not everything is yet known regarding the actual habits of this little animal, long as it has been known in general ways. Accounts differ as to the number of its young, but it certainly is very prolific. The first litter usually is born in April, a second in June or later, a third in August or September. Sometimes it is thought four or even five litters are brought forth during the year, ranging in number from three to twelve, and averaging from six to eight. Sometimes in mild weather or mild climates the rats breed also in the winter, though not regularly. No trapping ought to be done later than the middle of March. Neither ought trapping to begin before December 1. Midwinter produces the best fur, of course, and February is the month of prime fur.

The muskrat can live under water for some time, but it cannot eat there, and in

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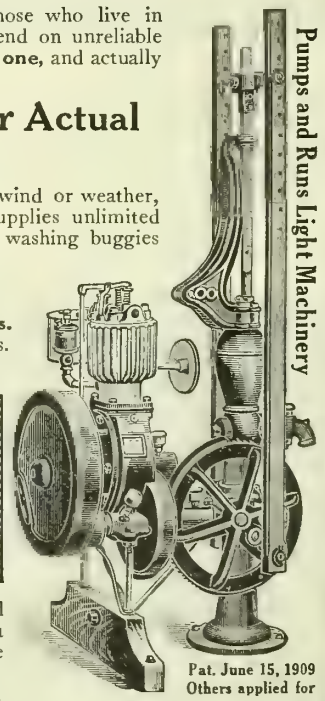

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(140)

the wintertime it will have a hole somewhere in the ice where it will come up to breathe and to eat. The winter houses are not meant to be airtight, and to some extent the rat feeds there. It gets some air under the ice and can swim considerable distances under the ice. Its feeding places, however, in winter or summer are not difficult to recognize. Sometimes it will leave débris of roots or the like on an old log, or near an airhole in the ice, or on some corner of a sloping bank. Sometimes it will eat mussels, and very likely the heap of shells you sometimes thought was left by a raccoon may have been assembled by a muskrat. They will dig out turnips, or even eat melons.

No Bait Needed

Usually the rat is able to make his living in the marsh, near the place where he has established his burrow or his family palace. Therefore there may be a great many rats along a stream where you would not suspect their presence from any sign that you would be apt to see. Perhaps some time your foot may have dropped down leg-deep in some hole as you were fishing the bank of a trout stream. The chances are that you will have stepped into the burrow of a muskrat, which goes down to the level of the water. A little care would show you where the burrow enters the bank from the stream. You could very easily catch a rat, perhaps several of them, in such a place.

Muskrat trapping is a miniature of beaver trapping. You do not need to be quite so expert or quite so careful as in hunting the larger rodent. The commonest way is to set the steel trap under water at the mouth of a burrow or a runway. You can stick your trap stake in full sight, and the rat will probably not be frightened by it. The best way to set your trap is from a boat, and a boat is sometimes necessary on the marsh. But you can walk along the bank after you have located the runways and burrows, and lay your line of traps with very good certainty of success if the rats are there. Like the beaver, the muskrat is more apt to get free if caught by the front foot. The expert trapper puts his trap back from the bank far enough and deep enough to get his rat by the hind foot. Bait is not necessary, but can sometimes be used to advantage; for a rat that sits up and attempts to reach a piece of turnip or carrot stuck on a stick at the edge of the water is apt to put his hind foot in the trap. When caught he dives out into the water, and the weight of the trap usually drowns him before long if the trap is properly set. All water trapping is far more humane than trapping on dry land. Some muskrat trappers employ a little scent, just as they do for mink or marten, but this is not essential to success. Yet the muskrat is curiously like the beaver in some regards, and the castor or beaver scent is considered necessary for success in beaver trapping.

You can have some success trapping muskrats by the use of a barrel half full of water, sunk down until its top is about level with the ground. Select some place near the water and close to a runway, and throw into the barrel a piece or so of board, along with some pieces of turnip or carrot if possible. The rats sometimes jump down into the barrel to get at the bait and cannot climb out again. Sometimes a floating barrel is used, with a section cut out of the side, the principle being the same. The rat jumps down through the hole and cannot get back out again. Again, rats can be caught in a box trap set at the mouth of a burrow, each end of the trap being provided with a hinged gate that swings in but not out. The steel trap, however, is the mainstay of the rat trapper. Of course any good trapper will adapt his method to conditions as he finds them. Suppose there is a good rat house a little way out from a low shore, where there is no burrow. The trapper knows the animal's habit of climbing up on a log or board. So he runs a long plank out between the house and the shore, and on this plank sets several steel traps, which are put between a series of cleats nailed across the plank. The rat attempts to make a pathway of the board, steps in the trap and jumps off, carrying along the trap, which is fastened to the edge of the plank by its staple. Sometimes quite a number can be caught in one night in this way. A log with notches cut into it to hold the traps will serve just as well.

Some trappers kill rats in their houses in the wintertime, a method taken from the Indians. When a marsh is frozen over it is easy to go out to the houses on the ice. The trapper's rat spear is simply a pointed rod of iron which he thrusts down through the top of a house, trusting to luck to impale the inhabitants. If he feels a rat on the spear he has to cut the house open to get it. That breaks up the family, which is not good business either in beaver or muskrat trapping. Sometimes when the ice is thin and clear the trapper sees the frightened muskrats swimming under the ice as they fly from their ruined home. A blow on the ice with an axe-head will sometimes kill the rats—but also it will sometimes break the ice and let in the trapper as well.

Muskrats are good to eat—sometimes. Not even canvasback duck is always good to eat. It all depends on what the rat or the duck has been eating. When the muskrat is feeding on the roots of water plants the flesh is sweet and free from musky flavor if it is properly prepared and care is taken in skinning and dressing. When feeding upon fish or mussels the flesh is not so apt to be good. You will hear all sorts of stories about eating muskrats and certain other wild animals. Some say they would rather starve than try to eat white goat, the sort the hunters find far up on the high peaks of the Northwest; yet others will say that young goat is not so bad. It certainly is the case that muskrat is a regular commodity in the markets of many cities. In Baltimore and Philadelphia it usually is sold under the name of marsh rabbit. One Philadelphia dealer has sold three thousand dressed rats in a week as food, and in Michigan cities, where there is considerable population of Canadian French, muskrats have brought ten to twenty cents each on a food basis alone. The *habitant* of Canada is so fond of muskrat, or mushrat, as regular fare, that sometimes he himself is called "mushrat." Many an American trapper will bet you that he can cook rat so that you will like it.

How Rats are Cooked

As beef is becoming a luxury, a few words as to the proper cooking of muskrat may be useful in America today. The best way is to let the carcass of the rat freeze over night, or to soak it in salt water over night. Then cook it as the Choctaws cook, "Injun" fashion. Put in the meat cut into pieces, with some sections of salt pork and with water enough to cover it all well. Allow the water to boil slowly and then to simmer until almost all the water is gone. Your pot should be of iron, heavy enough so that the meat can go on cooking without injury after the water has boiled away. The writer has eaten wild razorback hog cooked this way among the Choctaws of the Indian Nation, and it was far better than when fried in the white man's way. In short, it resembles baking after parboiling. "I never knew Injun cooking to hurt anybody," said our host on that occasion, and certainly neither wild hog nor anything else injured any of the party on that hunt. Care should be taken to soak the meat for at least an hour before cooking, using some salt in the water. After that if you like you can cut up your rat and fry him, or stuff him with onions and sage, like a little bird. The *habitant* or the trapper is most apt to stew the rat, adding a little onion, or perhaps a dumpling or so. There are almost as many ways of cooking a rat as there are of making fancy furs out of his hide. In short, in the present high development of our civilization it certainly is not going too far to call the muskrat the white man's hope.

A piece of muskrat marsh, prolific of these valuable little animals, may in these days, perhaps, be capitalized at as much as forty dollars an acre—about farming value. A proved rat marsh today can readily be sold or leased, and very often leases are made on the basis of half of the fur taken. One case is noted of a forty-acre tract that netted its owner thirty dollars, sixty dollars, seventy dollars and one hundred dollars, in four years. Once good rat land could be bought for fifty cents an acre, but today rats is rats, and marsh prices have gone up. With pelts at fifty cents to one dollar, and the carcass selling at three to fifteen cents, the muskrat offers so good a business that not a few farms have been established for his production.

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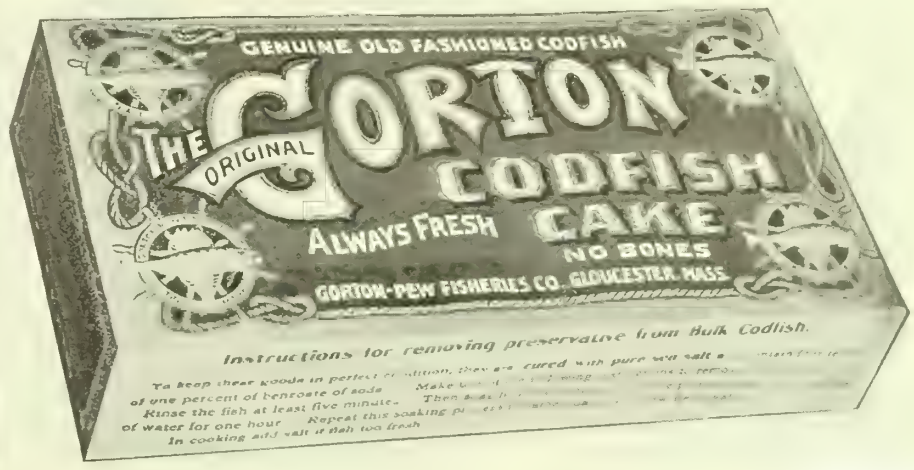
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Of all the Glidden Tours, that of 1910 was the longest, and by far the hardest. It lasted for sixteen running days and covered 2,851 miles. It started at Cincinnati and went "by way of Dallas, Texas," through thirteen states to Chicago.

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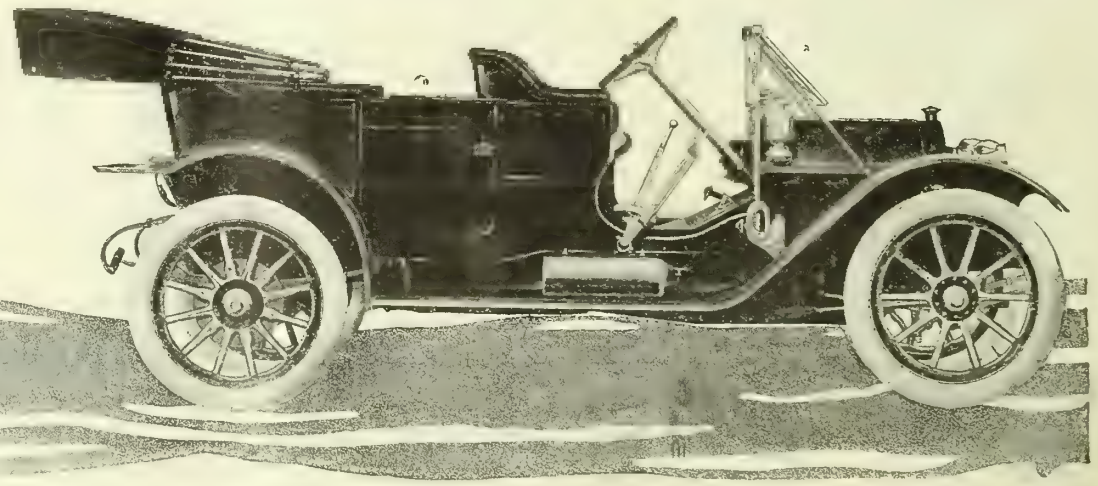

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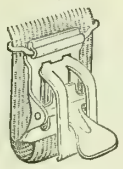

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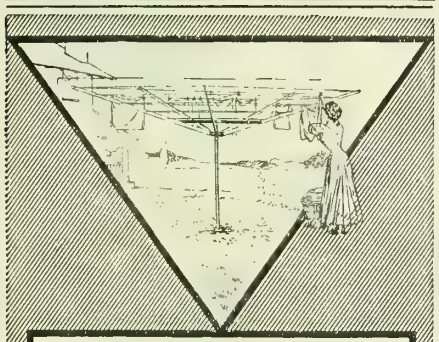

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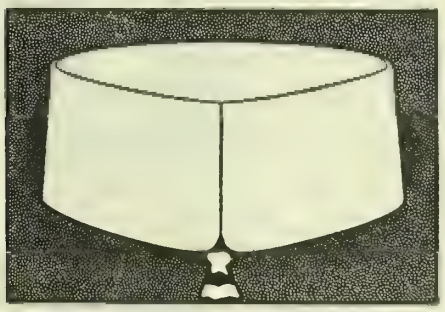

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PUTTS

(Continued from Page 16)

Then miracle number one happened and became history. Bowler was seen to raise a glittering eighteen-ounce niblick toward the zenith, as an uncivilized warrior raises his battle-axe to put the finishing touch to a fallen and hated foe. There was heard the creaking and rending of wiry plum bushes, and a thud like that made by a meteor falling. Dust, twigs and small stones arose in a cloud; and from this was seen to separate itself, sweetly rising, a white, effulgent, frolicsome golf ball. The said ball was seen to plump upon the green and to roll forward against a heavy drag until it rested within an inch of the cup.

When the shouts and handclappings and the dancings up and down were over Sterling addressed his ball, made a little swing and half-topped it clean across the green. It took him two putts to go down, and he lost the hole in an actual five to a conceded four. But he had still a lead of four holes, with only five to play, and those who noticed his happy, boyish smile remarked that he looked very confident, almost overconfident.

From this point in the match, however, it seemed as if Sterling went to pieces—"blew up." The contrary was the case. He played the best golf of his career, and lost hole after hole. At the fourteenth Bowler sliced his drive into the long grass on the right; thereupon, with infinite cunning and precision, Sterling pulled his into a plowed field on the left. He failed to lay his short approaches quite dead; he missed putts by the breadth of hairs.

"For if," he thought, "there are to be ever any more tears in those eyes they shall not be of my making."

The contestants were even at the seventeenth, with but one more hole to play. Both were on the home green with their seconds; but Bowler, who was away, laid his approach putt within inches of the hole, whereas Sterling gave himself a miserable three-foot putt for the half. If he missed it—why, then he was beaten in a most sensational finish; but to his admirers it did not seem possible that he could miss.

Sterling missed. The ball ran up to the center of the rim and stopped. The gallery gave it a breathless five seconds to lose its balance and topple in; but the ball, obedient to one of the most exquisitely calculated impulses that ever a golf ball had received, remained firm in its tracks. And Sterling had lost.

Sterling smiled peacefully. He had seen Miss Jordan dancing up and down on her toes in approval of his miss, as once years before she had danced up and down in approval of his doing the opposite. And he gave Bowler a strong handshake, and clapped him on the back and laughed merrily.

Suddenly the voice of Professor Sterling, loud, injured and disgusted, was heard above the general conversation.

"To think," he exclaimed, "of a grown-up, rational human being failing in the effort to knock a perfect sphere for three feet over an approximately perfect level into a large hole! A child could do it, and golf is a game for half-witted children, anyway."

"By George! Father," cried Sterling cheerfully, "do you mean to say that a three-foot putt is easy?"

"Easy!" cried the parent. "Here, give me one of your clubs—any one, I don't care which—and a ball. . . . There, is that where your ball was? . . . Now then ——"

The gallery had lingered to hear the result of the altercation. The professor had amused Aiken. Aiken said he was a "character; a regular old bird," and so on.

And now the professor, about to demonstrate the facility with which a grown-up, rational human being executes a three-foot putt, was aware of an ominous and disturbing silence. Fifty pairs of eyes, including his wife's, were on him. His suspenders felt very tight; he was afraid that if he bent much a button would fly off him. The hole, which had appeared so large and capacious to him when others were playing for it, had shrunk and contracted in some inexplicable manner. Furthermore, that "approximately perfect level" of which he had spoken looked now like a relief map of the Rocky Mountains. One grain of sand in particular—he knew it for gneiss in combination with feldspar—was a particularly large grain of sand, and very unfairly it was right in the line from the center of his ball

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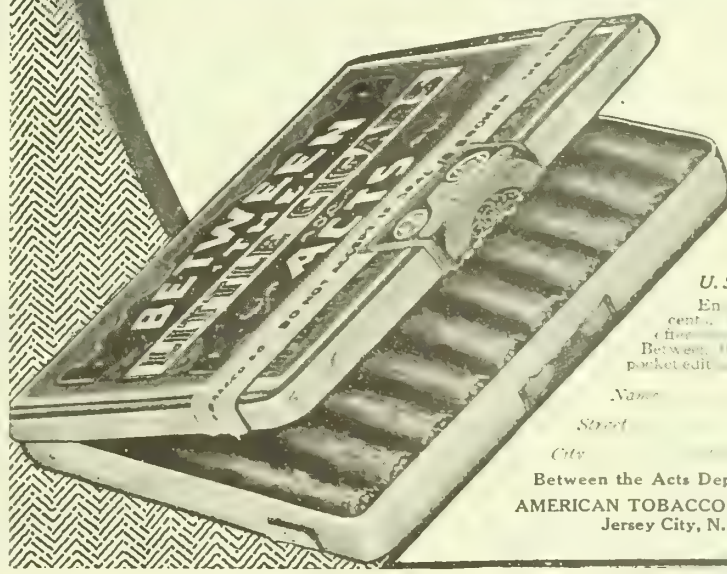

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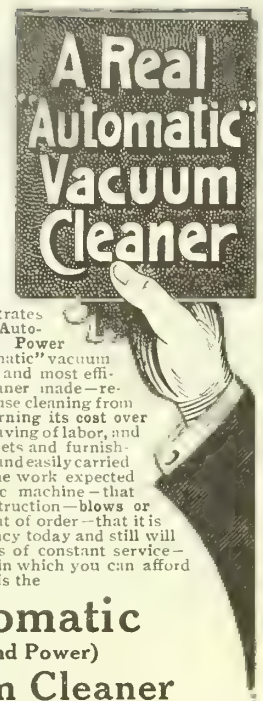

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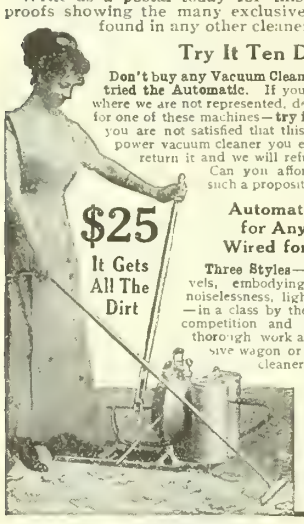

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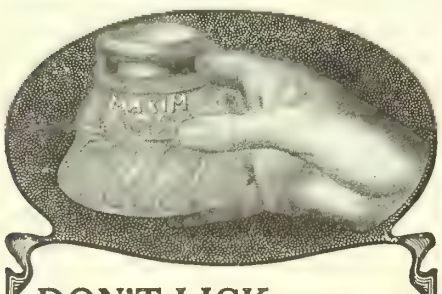

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to the center of the hole. On account of his suspenders he dared not stoop to brush it away with the back of his hand as he had seen golfers do. How hard ought he to hit the ball? Perspiration started suddenly from all his pores as it does in the hot room of a Turkish bath. And now he was aware that the long, hilly walk—twice around the golf links, mind you!—had been too much for him. His knees were shaking violently. Did people see that this was so? Some one snickered.

A moment later Professor Sterling knew that, except by an accident, it would be utterly impossible for him to putt that miserable "cucumber-shaped ball" into that miserable pin-prick in the sand, which crazy people dignified with the title of hole.

Professor Sterling, a deeply religious man, now sought refuge in prayer. "For Heaven's sake, go in!" he murmured, and he made a dab at the ball with his son's putter. But, because his eye was upon the hole where his hopes were, instead of on the back of the ball where it ought to have been, he missed the ball entirely, fanned the air—and was almost blown off his trembling legs by the crash of laughter that greeted his effort.

That night he only spoke once.

"Whatever induced you to take up golf?" he said to his son.

"A putt," said this one, "that I holed by accident from the edge of the green. It was a wonderful sensation."

. . . . . .

The next morning, bright and early, Professor Sterling was seen moving in the direction of the secluded seventeenth green, a brand-new putter in one hand and two brand-new balls in the other. Arrived at the green, he dropped a ball a foot from the hole; but on second thought he moved it nearer by six inches.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Sterling said to her son:

"And now tell me why you did it?"

"Did what?"

"Lost on purpose."

Sterling looked his mother in the eyes, and saw therein so great a tenderness and understanding that a certain degree of peace entered his heart.

Learn Your Value

A REMARKABLE instance of a man's not knowing the value of his brain is shown in the case of an employee in an electrical machinery manufacturing company. Ten years ago this man was a machinist, promoted for a short time to foremanship; from which position he was relieved because of his great ingenuity in effecting improvements in the equipment or the products. He was told to run loose through the plant and study every machine and every workman, and suggest economies or improvements. The men designated him the "Doctor" while he laughingly called himself the "Looker-on," adding that the looker-on sees most of the game.

One evening he read of a retort made by the noted Jim Fiske to a warning of Jay Gould's at the time of some astoundingly audacious operation in "Erie." "They can wipe out my Erie stock," laughed Fiske, "but they can't touch this!" tapping his forehead. "There's enough there to show bigger dividends than any two streaks of rust ever laid over this earth!"

The Looker-on read no more. Something in Fiske's assertion went right home to him. He was fully accustomed, in his occupation, to very close and careful figuring—from mills in a single operation to thousands of dollars on the yearly repetition. During the next month, in his travels through the numerous shops, many machines and products would remind him of savings he had effected, and he made note of them. At the end of the month he made a comprehensive and conservative calculation and found that his six years' work had saved the company over seven hundred thousand dollars, while he had received, as his share, twelve thousand.

There was no explosion of wrath. "A man who doesn't know his own worth," he said, "has only himself to blame if he doesn't cash in." But he resolved to do better.

That was four years ago. He is with the same company now, but on double his previous salary; and during the four years he has taken in nearly fifty thousand dollars for patents or royalties on inventions of entirely new apparatus, some of which were sold to his own company and some to other manufacturers.

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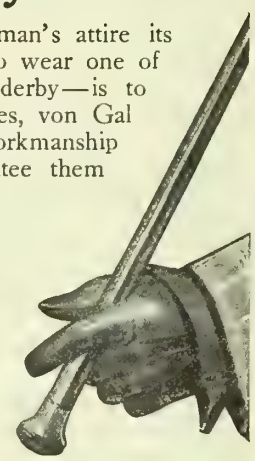

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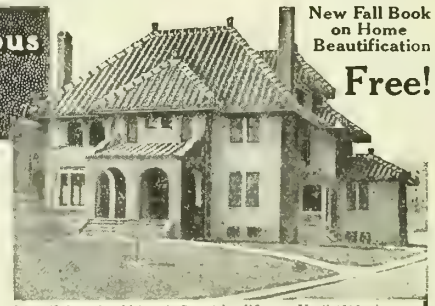

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Call on, or send to us to-day for the name of, the local Royal dealer.

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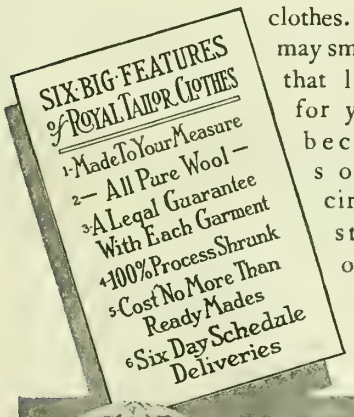

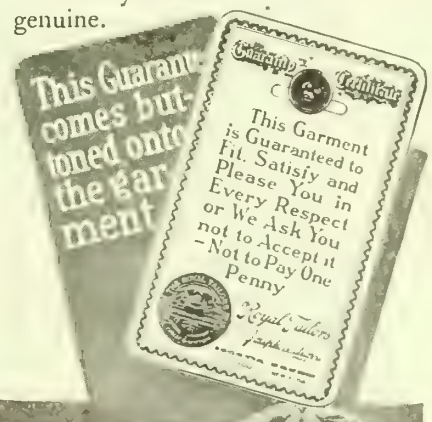
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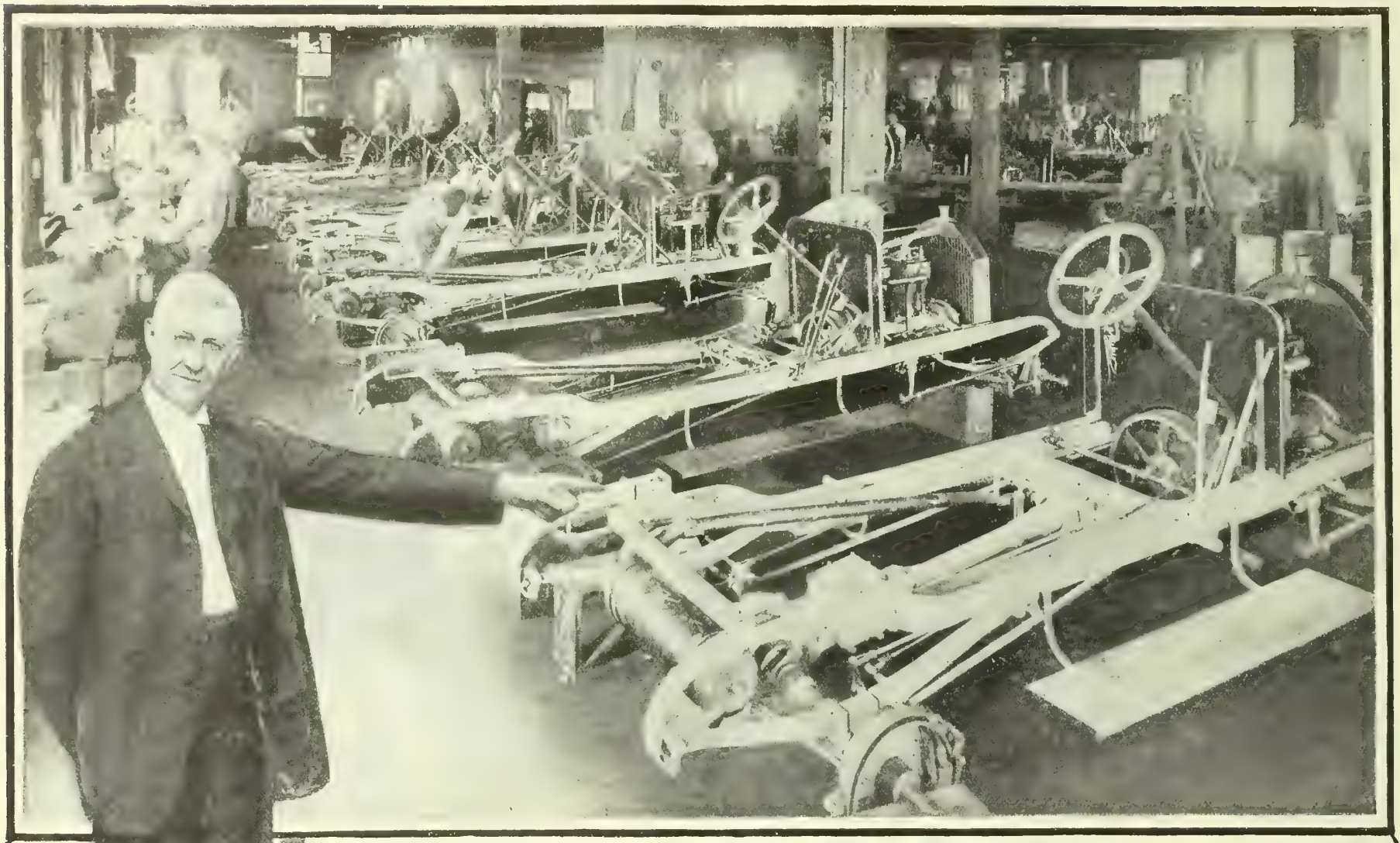

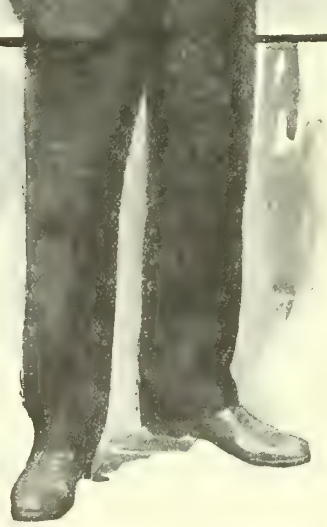

I KNEW IT, I knew it was coming, and my dealers knew it too; we knew that it *had* to come; why should the automobile business be different from any other when the value of any machine is simply the service it gives?

Three years ago we first designed our Model "30." Our engineers told us we were spending too much money on it; they said 1½-inch bearing in the crankshaft was enough—but I made it 1¾-inch, and I put four bolts on the connecting rods besides—while the designs only called for the usual two. Shouldn't the bearings in a $1,500 car stand up just as long as those in a high-priced car? *I* think so.

That's why I put them there.

Give me a minute more; look at the frame! Must a man's frame sag because he pays $1,500 for his car? We build ours over the same dies designed for our $3,000 model. We've made the wheelbase 114-inch on the Model "30" this year, which is four inches longer than it was before.

Our Dealers have harder-hitting, more convincing arguments for the Moon Model "30" than any other dealers have for any other car, I don't care whose it is. There's superiority at every point: *A big enough Motor*—4¼ x 5 inches—and the new type long stroke besides; selective type transmission; multiple disc clutch, the same precisely as in our highest priced car; heavy steering gear with 18-inch wheel; 200 drop forgings where malleable castings could be used.

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THE TARIFF COMMISSION

(Continued from Page 5)

It will be seen at once that this practice conformed neither to the "principle" of a protective tariff nor to that of a tariff-for-revenue-only—it conformed to nothing but the principle of piracy. Especially was it utterly hostile to and destructive of the protective tariff principle—and still is, and increasingly so. For the theory of a protective tariff is that the measure of our customs duties shall be fixed by the difference between the cost of producing an article in this country and the cost of producing the same article in foreign and competing countries.

This is for the purpose of saving American manufacturers from being crushed out by a foreign competition that they cannot meet, or of saving American laboring men from being reduced to the wages and methods of living of foreign workingmen, who might be doing precisely the same work that the American workingman is doing, but doing it so cheaply and living in such a fashion that the American workingman could not exist if put on the same basis.

That is what protection means scientifically as well as morally—and that is its purpose and its only purpose. So you will see that tariff building upon this theory becomes almost an exact science, a very simple thing once the facts are found out upon which to base an honest protective tariff rate and schedule considered separately on the merits of each. And you will see, too, how the log-rolling, trading, bartering between the fatted interests is hostile to this plain theory of protection and the honest practice of that theory.

Let us make this trading, dealing, bartering, log-rolling method of tariff building a little bit plainer. Take the last tariff session as an example of all others, but the very last example, thanks to the intelligence of the American people and the demand of the average American producer. Let us say there are four or five enormous interests that have exercised dominant influence in building our tariffs, influences that have been seen in both great parties—for example, our old friend of the Wilson-Gorman tariff, the American Sugar Refining Company, known as the Sugar Trust; or the American Woolen Company, known as the Wool Trust; the American Tobacco Company, known as the Tobacco Trust; or the New England cotton combination, known as the Cotton Trust; or the International and Northern Paper Companies, known as the Paper Trust; or the Weyerhaeuser lumber enterprises, known as the Lumber Trust, and its associate concerns.

The Tariff Feudal System

Very well. Let us say that there are five Senators who do not want the sugar schedule touched; ten who do not want the wool schedule touched; ten more who want the cotton schedule increased; ten more who think that the internal revenue laws affecting tobacco should not be altered, and so on. Perhaps these various groups of Senators do not greatly care about any schedules other than the one which they are supporting—though it is a fact that there is a curious sympathy among all of them.

But no matter. A combination is formed among all of them at the head of which is a skilled and practiced legislative leader—a very captain of deals, a master "log-roller." Let us say that this combination represents forty votes. You perceive that it is a very powerful array of votes when cast as a unit, as they always are cast.

Do not get the impression that these Senators forming this combination are insincere. They have got so used to making tariffs in the method here described that any other method seems to them a kind of economic sacrilege. Also some of them are devoted as a matter of honest opinion to these schedules. The Democratic Senators from Louisiana, for example, opposed by voice and vote any modification of the sugar schedule—no doubt they did this because they felt that if we began to change that schedule the profitable place that Louisiana cane growers have in it would be vacated.

Or take the wool schedule. Senators representing wool-growing constituencies frankly admitted that as the schedule now exists it works to the disadvantage of those very wool growers; yet they supported the wool schedule with fervid vigor because they feared that to modify it in this particular would call down upon them the wrath of the manufacturers, and that they would then be in worse plight than before.

Also some of the Senators forming such a combination are influenced sincerely by the following clear theory of legislation: They believe that if the primary industries—the great interests—are made overwhelmingly prosperous, the country will be made reasonably prosperous; that if these mighty interests are made monarchs of the country's production and commerce these interests will give a steadiness to the whole country's business; that the great generals of industry at the head of these interests are really statesmen of affairs—and some of them really are—under whose orders the business affairs of the nation will run more smoothly and proceed more wisely than they otherwise would.

You will see that this theory has some argument back of it; but it means the tariff vassalage of every business man in the United States to commercial overlords who are at the head of these great interests. It means a tariff feudal system with the secondary industries clustered around the primary interests, bound to support their lord and, of course, at their lord's mercy. This theory, of course, is antipodal to the whole idea of the liberty of our own domestic commerce—indeed to the whole idea of democratic institutions. It means that the small interests can get just tariff rates only by helping big interests to get unjust ones.

The Master of Deals

I am citing all of these reasons to exonerate most of the men who form the tariff combination that I am describing from any personal dishonesty of purpose or motive.

But to get back to the workings of this combination. It is formed, I say, in the manner above described. Nobody will dispute this. Everybody knows it to be true. Right here it should be noted that in its various operations, which I shall now describe, it turns up every once in a while with some support from the opposition party. But let us stick to the combination.

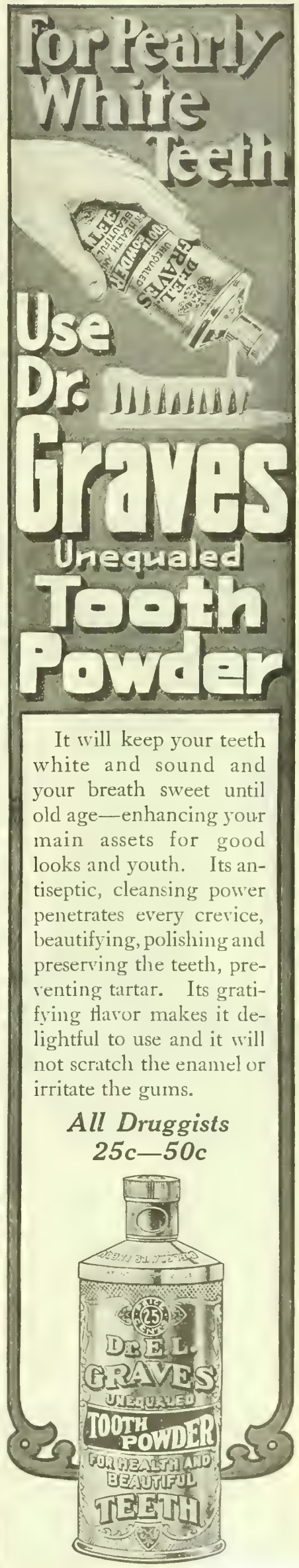
The responsible head of this combination, the Master of Deals, goes to the two Senators from another state who are asking for some just and reasonable and absolutely honest protection for certain industries in their state—or, rather, they go to the Master of Deals, for the Master of Deals in command of the combination is so powerful that he seldom has to go to anybody. Sometimes he must go to an unusually stubborn Senator, and when he must go he does go.

It may well be—often is—that these two Senators do not approve of the purposes of this powerful combination; it may be that they abhor the schedules that this combination was formed to maintain or put through—and just precisely this was the case in many instances in the last tariff session. "No matter," the Master of Deals says to these two Senators; "you cannot have your just and honest request put into this law unless you agree to vote with our combination—otherwise we will beat you on what you want." The two Senators may rave all they please—but they are helpless, unless they are willing to stand out for what is right regardless of any consequences.

But here come in the selfishness and immorality of the otherwise honest interests in their state, for whom these Senators are asking moderate and honest protection—interests that would be only too glad to be freed from the thraldom in which the log-rolling methods of tariff making hold them; for these latter interests, although they also disapprove of the extortions that the combination is asking the Senators from their state to help put through, nevertheless say to their Senators: "Well, it is too bad; but, after all, we have got to have this rate if we are to go on with our business. So, though it is wrong, you, our Senators, had better vote for these and other extortionate rates in order to protect the industries of your own state."

In the end these Senators do just that thing. So the outcome of the whole business is that a majority of votes are secured for an entire tariff scheme based on these trades, deals and log-rollings in the Senate, and upon the coercions and threats to those whom it draws into its net.

Then over those who still stand out, as a matter both of conscience and of intelligence, is lifted the stinging, biting whip of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party regularity. "What!" it is said; "will you vote against your party?"—and the humorous side of it is that those who say this always in some curious way have votes from the other party on this, that and the other schedule; and still more amusing is the assumption that the "majority" of Senators and Representatives which the combination thus builds up is "the party."

If Senators, as a matter of honor, still hold out, up rises some mighty man in the combination and cries "Insurgent!" That awful word is supposed to be enough to scare the bravest into line. Of course, the word insurgent has lost its party terrors since four great Republican states have made what the insurgents stood for and fought for the formal creed of the Republican party in those states. The insurgents appealed from the bosses who ruled the combination to the people, and in California, Indiana, Iowa and Kansas the voters of the party in their party platforms have made the insurgents the regulars, and insurgency regularity. After all, the voter is the only man who can finally settle a party's, or a country's, policy—the firesides of the people is the court of last resort. That was Abraham Lincoln's idea, and Lincoln was not only a great statesman but also a very wise and sound politician, in the larger sense. So the word insurgent is no longer a term of dread now that the people have made the insurgents the regulars. But the bosses of the "combination," one year ago, thought that men would flee in panic from the deep damnation which the word insurgent was supposed to contain. Four great states, in conventions or at primaries, have damaged that idea beyond repair—and these four states are only the vanguard. There will be others. After all, the people are not so sound asleep.

But to get back to the story of just what happens. The men who earnestly disapprove of these schedules, but who were driven to vote for them in order to secure just and reasonable rates for industries in their own states, or who were scared to it by the cry of party regularity, or who were driven into it by the party whip in the hands of the bosses of the combination, are urged to become defenders of the whole law. Curiously enough, some of these become more bitter even than the Master of Deals and his intimate lieutenants themselves against those who refuse to obey the combination's orders.

The Old Cry of Demagogue

The best "stump" speakers that the bosses of the combination can drum up are sent throughout the country proclaiming that "this is a government of parties, and parties must be ruled by majorities," and all the rest of these old-time commonplaces to which we all have become so accustomed.

Such newspapers as can be deceived by the tariff bosses into believing that their combination is "the party," or otherwise influenced, take up the cry, "Save the party!" As though any party can be saved except by the good sense of its measures and the righteousness of its attitude. All this and a good deal more is done. The men who are true to their convictions and who stand out for their constituents and the whole country, rather than for the combination and the interests which the combination represents, are frightfully abused.

"They are doing all this for ambition," we are told. "They are mere demagogues"; and a demagogue, we are informed, is a very dangerous person; although we cannot but remember that Washington was called a demagogue by the British; and Andrew Jackson was denounced as a demagogue, building his career on the ruins of the Constitution; and Lincoln was the arch-demagogue of them all, according to the same class of men in the time of Washington, Jackson and Lincoln.

Of course you would think that all this ridicule, scorn and so forth would come only from the party to which the insurgents belong. But did it? Does it? It did not. It does not. Democrats jumped on the insurgents as fiercely as Republican reactionaries. You will find out some day what a very non-partisan affair a log-rolling tariff is. Neither Democratic nor Republican reactionaries want to destroy log-rolling any more than do the interests who profit by log-rolling.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Senator Beveridge on the Tariff Commission. The second article will appear in an early issue.

MAYER-CINCINNATI ALL-WOOL TAILORING

College Men:

You can have, for the asking, book illustrating our ultra-smart Fall-Winter fashions for young men; together with name of your local store where the Mayer-Cincinnati tailoring line awaits your inspection. Suit or overcoat, made to measure, $17.50 upward. Every fabric all-wool. Every feature of workmanship unqualifiedly guaranteed.

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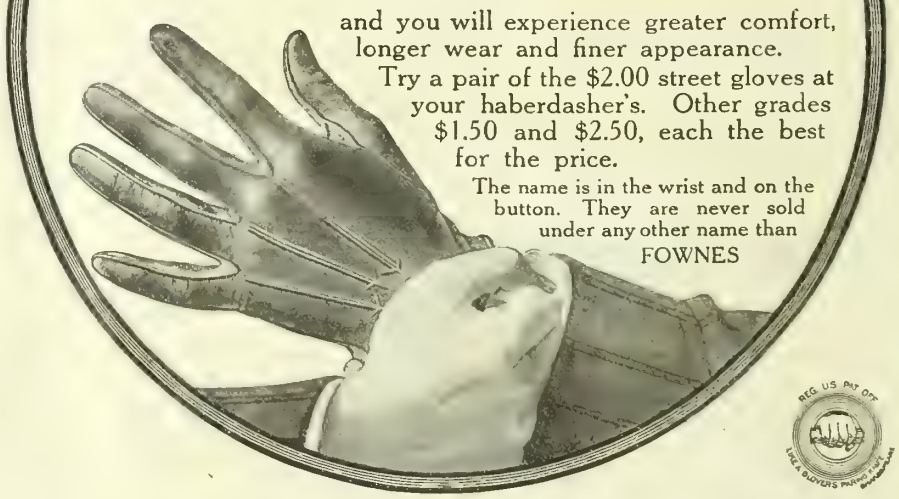
Some glove suggestions

For street wear avoid a very light weight, tight-fitting glove. In putting on your gloves, pull them from the wrist at the back, instead of from the front. Then insist on getting

FOWNES GLOVES



and you will experience greater comfort, longer wear and finer appearance.

Try a pair of the $2.00 street gloves at your haberdasher's. Other grades $1.50 and $2.50, each the best for the price.

The name is in the wrist and on the button. They are never sold under any other name than FOWNES

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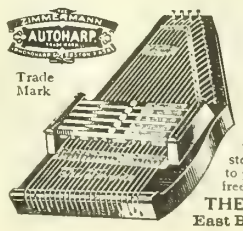

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"The Nation's Favorite." None genuine without our trade-mark "Autoharp." A musical instrument adapted to all classes. At all music stores or direct from us. "Easy to play, easy to buy." Send for free catalog.

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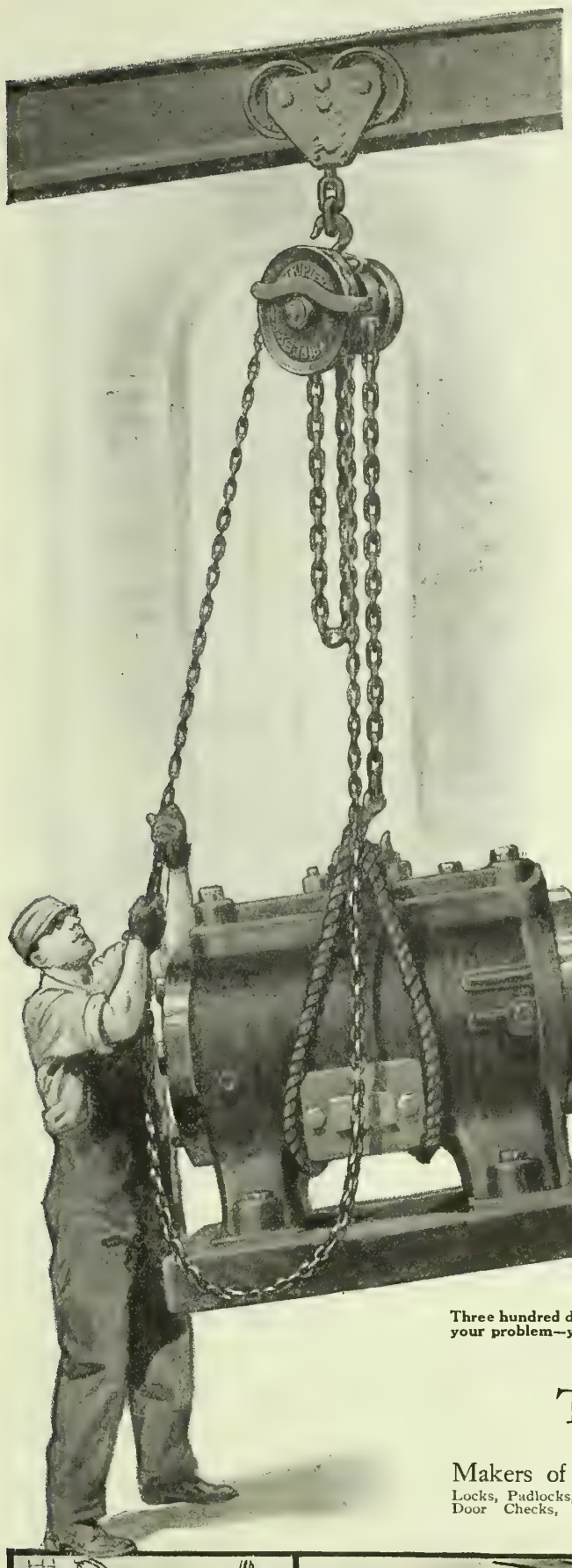
The Triplex Chain Block

The best chain hoisting machine, absolutely *safe*. Always holds the load automatically at any point. One man alone can lift the full load



THE lifting of loads is a universal need—a vital factor in every man's business. The Triplex Block is the simplest, safest, most efficient and most economical load-lifter in the world.

It lifts loads under all conditions in all places—from a palace to a sawmill—a garage to a warship.

When one man pulls on the hand chain of the Triplex Block, he can lift any load from 200 lbs. to twenty tons; two men can lift forty tons.

The load is always automatically held at any point during the lift. You can go away and let it hang ten seconds or a year. It will not come down until you are ready. Then you lower it by pulling lightly on the reverse side of the hand chain.

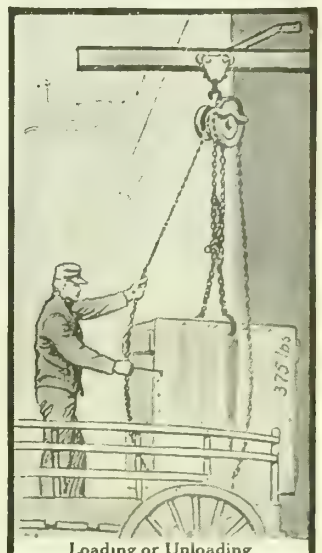
The Triplex Block has the strongest, simplest, smoothest-running, wear-resisting system of gears ever devised to multiply lifting power.

It so multiplies the strength of one man as to make him master of every lifting problem.

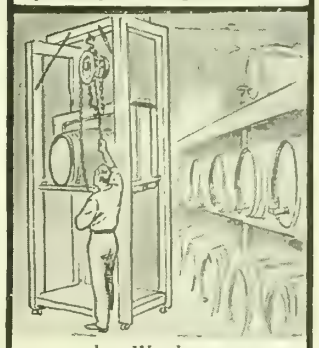
Many loads must also be transported--moved horizontally. The Triplex Block not only lifts its load easily and holds it suspended safely, but when hung from a trolley running on an overhead track, the load may be moved easily wherever the overhead track goes.

One man can push the load as easily as he lifts it.

In foundries, machine shops, factories, sawmills, mines, quarries, warehouses—in power-houses and boiler-rooms—on railways, ships and docks—thousands of Triplex Blocks are daily lifting and transporting thousands of tons, at a saving in labor which frequently repays the whole cost of installation in six months. Everyone who has lifting and transporting to do, should write for the book about Triplex Blocks. A postcard brings it.



Loading or Unloading
With a Triplex Block working on a projecting length of trolley track, as in the above illustration, one man can load and unload blocks of stone, boxes or castings up to twenty tons in weight.



In a Warehouse
With a simple frame work and a Triplex Block suspended from the top and hooked to the car, one man can put up or take down a barrel full of oil in two or three minutes.

On a Farm
One man alone, with a Triplex Block, can [illegible] the heaviest stones [illegible] stone-boat, [illegible] one-tenth the [illegible]

Three hundred dealers in the United States carry Triplex Blocks in stock. Wherever you are and whatever your problem—you may have a Triplex Block to try by just asking any one of them or by writing to us.

14 Sizes: One half a ton to forty tons.

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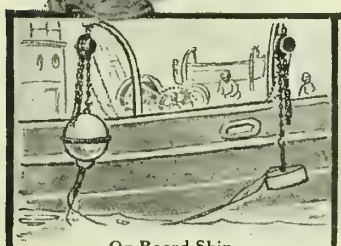
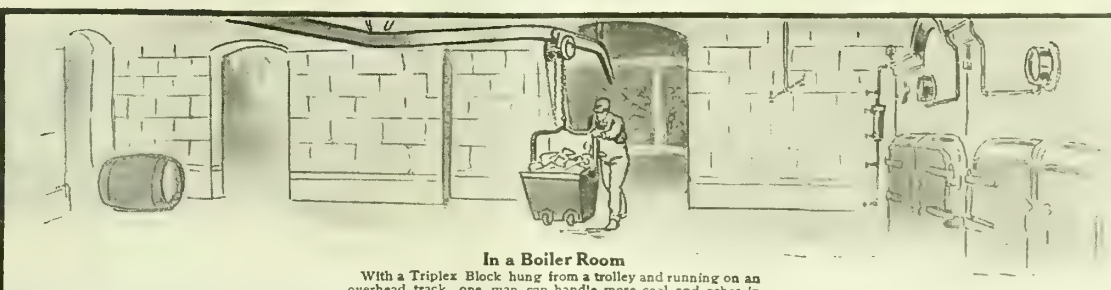
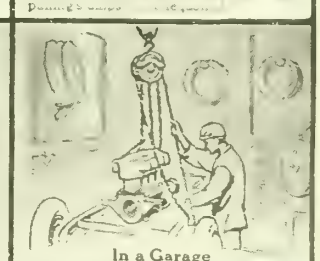


On Board Ship
With a Triplex Block swung from a ship's davit, as shown in the illustration, one man alone can hoist aboard the full load that the davit will sustain.



In a Boiler Room
With a Triplex Block hung from a trolley and running on an overhead track, one man can handle more coal and ashes in an hour than the man with the wheelbarrow can handle in a day.



In a Garage
With a Triplex Block hung [illegible] trolley, one man can [illegible] car,—[illegible] or get [illegible]—but he can move them [illegible]

YOU CAN'T CHANGE HUMAN NATURE

The auto must have a signal that really warns. You have a right to insist upon protection.

If all minds were always alert—if children could protect themselves—if the weak were strong, there would be no need of any auto signal. But you can't change human nature.

A real warning signal is necessary. The KLAXON—and only the KLAXON—is that signal. Public safety demands its use.

The auto is a locomotive, not a plaything. It should warn, not serenade; it should give a signal that cuts through every other noise, that makes you act before you are confused, that warns on the instant, in time!

No twaddle—no tooting—no silly scales.

The KLAXON says: "Auto coming! Look out! NOW!"

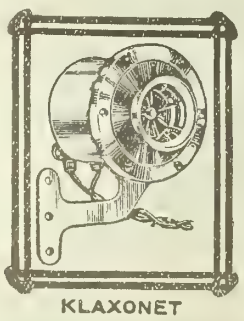
You hear—you act—you are safe.

Ask any one of the 30,000 motorists who trust no other signal; ask the traffic squad—the accident insurance adjusters—the ambulance surgeons.

The KLAXON has never taken a life; it has saved thousands.

Imperious! Incisive! Irresistible!

The KLAXON and the auto are one and not safely separable.



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"The Public Safety Signal"

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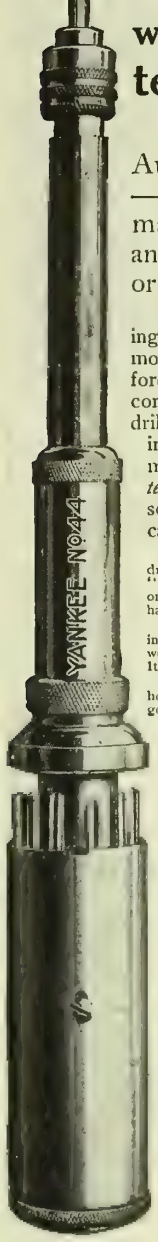
"YANKEE" TOOLS



The only drill with adjustable tension spring

This is the "Yankee" Automatic Drill No. 44—the most efficient tool made for boring hard and soft woods with large or small drills.

The drill is operated by pushing on the handle; the handle moves back automatically. The force required for pushing—and consequently the pressure on the drill point, is governed by a spring in the handle, which spring is made shorter or longer and the *tension greater* or *less* through a screw operated by turning the cap on handle.

FOR EXAMPLE: In driving a 5-32 drill into tough timber you want to put some "steam" back of the work: just turn the cap on handle, tighten up the spring and you have a *high tension.*

Suppose your next job is with a 3-32 drill in an average piece of wood where you can work best with a *medium tension* on the tool. It's right *there* after a turn or two of the cap.

Then, when you want to make a tiny hole, say 1-16, in brittle stuff, and you must go gently, again a turn or two of the cap and *No. 44* will give you the easy *light tension* the work requires.

No. 44 not only enables you to work more easily, and faster and better, than any other drill, but it

Saves you breakage of drill points.

A further improvement is the drill-magazine with opened end *up*, letting you quickly and easily change drill points. Eight drill points, 1-16 to 11-64, in plain sight.

Ask your dealer for "Yankee" Automatic Drill No. 44. Price $1.75

To the dealer: Some of your customers who are reading this ad. will want to buy No. 44. See if you have it in stock. If not, better get an order through to your jobber right away.

FREE TOOL BOOK. Mechanics and householders are invited to write for "Yankee" Tool Book, illustrating and describing 66 kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools.

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Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes.

$3.75
Sizes 1 to 5

Real smoke tanned leather, unlined. Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, made with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

Good for school and all forms of play. Always comfortable.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become hard after wetting. Cleans easily with soap and water. Doesn't show scratches. Stands all kinds of wear and still looks good.

Very economical—Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No nails in heels to wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13½, $3.25
Boys' Sizes, 1 to 5, " 3.75
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Play Shoe folder or general catalogue on request.

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3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. **$1.00**
Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

ORDER No. 113

(Continued from Page 19)

as she fled for the Straits a hundred miles north. In a break in the afternoon gloom Lethbridge saw the pilot-schooner running for the open sea, a last sign that the storm was growing in strength. Sunni, too, saw the little vessel and sighed. "We sha'n't see her for a week," he remarked. "When she quits it means that nothing else can risk it this close in. Well, our cable's strong and if we break it, we've the power to go it alone."

Lethbridge made no response except a grunt. The twilight settled into the blank darkness of night. The great lamps swung wildly at the mastheads, throwing their gleam into the smother. The last faint radiance of North Head Light was swallowed in the murk, and the hoarse fog-whistle began its monotonous ten-second blasts. Overside the submarine bell clanged rapidly, tolling off breathlessly the signal One-Eight-Eight. The mess-boy reported supper ready. So the storm settled down on the laboring lightship, wrapping her in streaming mist, roaring sullenly about her lonely lights, flinging over her the huge cracking surges that marked the sea's angry might. And in the little cabin the officers sat in their creaking chairs, clutching at the dishes which the tottering boy handed them with a wry face. Lethbridge seemed flushed with pleasure, eagerly listening to the crunch of the driving seas and the jar of the windlass. O'Rourke ate swiftly, occasionally muttering a word to Macpherson. Sunni stared at the lamp, apparently reading some eccentric and puzzling message in its erratic passage from one end of its little arc to the other. His mind was on the Gull. Had Rasmussen left harbor only to run into this gale? After all, experience and wisdom didn't count in these days, he reflected. All that people wanted was vessels should make their schedule. Rasmussen couldn't afford to lose his job. Lethbridge had been correct in saying that no native American would have taken the Gull to sea. Sunni wondered miserably why it was that it was the Scandinavian who did these difficult things, who kept old ships running, who made it possible for non-seafaring stockholders to amass dividends. Lethbridge, even his hatred told him, would have defied owners and stuck to his own judgment. There was something in Lethbridge and his like that scorned the routine and drudgery that made the whole existence of so many sailors and masters. What was it? Sunni demanded of himself. Dimly he knew that his own wit and skill were greater than Lethbridge's. Yet all that skill and all that experience did not prevent Mrs. Sunni—Helma, his children's mother—from being at sea in an unseaworthy vessel in a storm. Lethbridge's people, he bitterly reflected, were at home, in snug houses, careless and ignorant of the devouring sea.

The mate got up suddenly, clutched his way out of the cabin and on deck. The chief engineer followed him, brushing his gray mustache and turning his bright eyes hither and thither till the full blast of the wind almost drove them back into his head. Standing in the shelter of the hatchway he pulled at Sunni's oilskin coat. "Misther! Misther!" he said miserably. "Your lady isn't at sea this night."

Sunni turned his white, aged face on him. "Mickey," he said wretchedly, "I wish I had never seen the sea."

The chief engineer dragged himself one step farther up, poking a grimy forefinger into the mate's waist-lashing. "Him," he said with sudden profound wisdom, "don't know annything about it. He thinks he's boss here, misther. But you and me, we've been workin' and toilin' all our lives, and our fathers and mothers worked and toiled all their lives on this same domned sea, and we know. Misther Sunni, the lad down there with his uniform and his high ways don't know annything. Me father was drownded off Ushant. I've heard ye say yer own father went down in a lumber drogher in the North Sea, and we know." He stopped, fixing his weary, sparkling eyes on the stolid mate, embodying in one comprehensive and authoritative gesture the history of a race, of all the races of seafarers, who live, suffer and die, who struggle and battle and strive for the little that the sea does not withhold, who go against it in armies, who make their lives fit its codes of necessity, who accept defeat and are unsure of their victories; who never boast, who constantly patch up their theories to meet the sea's new contingencies, who know that the only way to gain even transient ascendency is to hang together and obey the hard-learnt rules of the game. And it was one of these rules that the chief engineer enforced now with his sooty finger. "Forget it," he adjured Sunni. "'Tis our business to kape the lights bright. 'Tis Rasmussen's to get the Gull and your lady safe into Tillamook."

The mate nodded briefly, turning his face once more into the biting wind. His hoarse voice broke along the dripping, careering deck. "For'ad, there! The after light is smoking! Lower away and trim!" As two men tumbled out in response to this command O'Rourke silently withdrew down the steps, peered wisely in upon Lethbridge, who was writing up the log, and retired to the fiddle, where he dried himself in the dry, aromatic heat from the fireroom below, humming a song under his breath, listening to the throb, hiss and beat of the hurrying air-compressor engine. Overhead the whistle flung out its crashing bellow, shaking the strong structure of the lightship with vibrations of sound. Far down against the vessel's side the submarine bell tolled chokingly, One-Eight-Eight, hurriedly, insistently, as if its office were the most important in the world. O'Rourke nodded, lost the tune of his song and slept, surrounded by the humming boilers, soothed by the clatter of shovels in the fireroom, the slather of the coals across the plates, the creaking and straining of the beams that carried the motionless engines' weight.

He wakened at midnight, gave the fireman just come on watch his blessing, peered at the whistle-engine, felt the hot cylinders of the air-compressor, poked his nose into the jangle forward where the windlass was biting into the cable and snarling over the leap and jerk of the moorings, and then went up the steps on deck. As he thrust his head above the hatch-coaming and caught the whirling blast of the gale Sunni lurched by, stooping over to avoid the volleys of spray that rattled along the decks. O'Rourke stopped him and dragged him back into the shelter of the lamphouse. "'Tis the Captain's watch," he protested. "And for why are ye on deck here, Misther Sunni?"

The mate turned his haggard face to the light. "I thought we'd best keep a double lookout," he muttered. "If the Gull can't make Tillamook, she'll come out here to lie by till daylight."

"Much good 'twill do you if she does," said the chief engineer practically. "The Gull's safe enough. Ye can spind money and get it back, but lost slape niver did annybody anny good at all, for nobody iver found the slape some one ilse lost. Turn in, Misther Sunni."

Sunni's eminently practical mind had gone off on a tangent, however, and he enlarged to O'Rourke on the various accidents that might befall the Gull. He pictured her stranded on Tillamook bar, helplessly adrift off the coast, foundering in the darkness. O'Rourke scorned him. "Turn in and get some slape," he adjured him. "All the bhoys will kape a good lookout, and if something did happen what cud we do, Misther Sunni?"

"We might pick up the small boat," said the mate wretchedly.

"If the small boat cud hit us in the pit murk," was the response. "Rasmussen won't thry that. He'll wait till dawn, like a sinsible fellay, and come up bright and foine with the sun to breakfast with us."

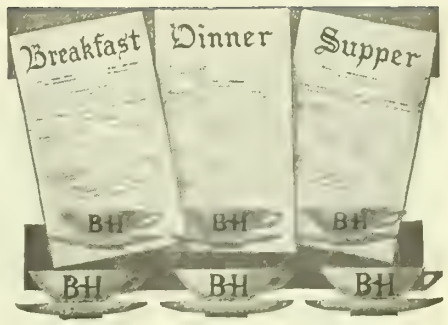
"Look here!" said the mate, dragging the chief engineer over to the side. "Look at that, man!"

O'Rourke balanced himself on the slippery plates and peered down the vessel's side. A sinking sea slid into some abyss and left streaming steel flanks quivering below them. Another sea buried them, flinging the lightship far over. But O'Rourke had seen and groaned.

"'Tis a tin-knot current," he whispered. "No wundher the ould girl winces on the cable and the shackles sing in the hawse-pipes. No small boat can live in that."

"It might live a while," said Sunni, "but it would be helpless. Even a full-powered steamer could hardly breast that tide."

Lethbridge came along, shaking the spray from his cap. "The wind is pretty



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You can enjoy Barrington Hall Coffee—all you want of it, three times a day, with no ill effects.

It won't make you feel heavy or dull. It won't feel like lead in your stomach. It won't put your nerves on edge. And drank before retiring, it won't result in a wakeful, restless night.

Because it is *Baker-ized.*

Coffee chaff, fine white flakes, can be seen in any coffee ground in the old way. It contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter, harsh and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor and is not good for the human system. *Baker-izing* removes this chaff.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the coffee cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. It enters the stomach with the coffee and is inclined to upset things. You won't find this dust in

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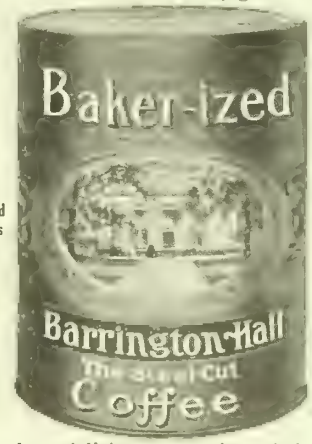
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

In Baker-ized Coffee the beans are split open and the chaff is blown out.

Then the beans are steel-cut with sharp knives—into pieces of uniform size—without dust. You can brew all of these little pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired—no small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin—no large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of *Baker-ized Coffee* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you can brew all the rich flavor from every grain.



Sealed by us — Opened by you

It is a delicious, smooth and fragrant coffee. Mellow, fine, appetizing and satisfying, with a delightful after taste.

Baker-ized Coffee is economical—but not cheap. Good grocers sell it for 35 or 40 cents a pound according to locality.

Put up in sealed tins and reaches you with full flavor and aroma.

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Send us your grocer's name and we will send you a Barrington Hall [illegible] cups of delicious coffee [illegible] different from [illegible]

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nearly a hundred miles an hour," he gasped. "D'ye think the cable will hold?"

O'Rourke wagged a wise head. "It'll hold, misther," he cried back. "She's a new chain and she's been tested and built and retested just to stand this weather. The Governmint don't take no chances now."

"If she does part," said Lethbridge, coming into the lee of the lamphouse, "we have power enough to go out and steam around with the best of them."

"She's a good boat," said the mate. "I expect she could make fair time even against this wind and tide."

"Oh, we're safe enough!" Lethbridge assented easily. "And if need be we could slip our moorings and go and help some other vessel."

Sunni nodded. "We could," he grunted; "but we've got to hang on here. That's orders."

"I'm never going to see a vessel in distress and not help her," said Lethbridge sharply. "That's why we've got engines and a full head of steam. We're supposed to use judgment in this business."

O'Rourke was shocked. "Och, misther!" he pleaded. "'Tis our orders to stay here till we are told to come in, and we cudn't slip our moorings. 'Tis impossible. It hasn't been done in all the years lightships have been on station. Nobody iver heard of one lavin' its place till it sank or was ordered into port to be relieved."

Lethbridge glanced amusedly at the chief engineer. Tonight he felt himself really in a position of responsibility, and he was resolved to make the most of it. He stared into the blackness around the lightship with an imperious and eager air. He was about to speak when a hoarse cry from forward drove the three of them leaping outward. Sunni's quick eyes interpreted the call instantly. "Boat alongside!" he bellowed. Lethbridge followed his outflung arm and saw a faint, twinkling gleam to windward, a mere matchlight of a glow, deep in the howling smother of darkness. His quick hands felt along the rail and clutched a heaving-line. He saw Sunni, still bellowing orders, come to a stand by the pilot-house, and knew that he, too, held a line ready to cast when the boat, if boat it were, came within casting distance.

Out of the forward hatch men poured like shot from a bottle, scurrying to their stations, bearing lanterns, flinging coils of rope on the deck, crying out to each other. And overhead the huge lamps blazed steadily, careering through the great arc of darkness, while the feeble glimmer to windward vanished, reappeared, showed brightly an instant and then dimmed. Lethbridge heard the chief engineer's voice beside him. "'Tis a boat," he said calmly.

It was a boat. It suddenly appeared almost under the bluff bows of the lightship, uprose on a crested wave, swerved wildly, sank into the boiling trough and swung up on the next hurtling sea. From forward a rope swished outboard. Lethbridge saw some one in the little craft make a stiff, helpless gesture, and knew that the line had fallen short. He saw Sunni clamber upon the rail as it dived down, balance himself and throw out his arm. Again he saw the helpless gestures of the huddled people in the boat and realized that they were numb with cold, fast perishing, unable to reach out quickly for a line. His own coil lay in his hand; he waited till another driving sea lifted the little craft almost level with the lightship's rail and then flung it out. He saw frantic graspings, heard a feeble shout; the man in the stern dropped his oar and fell forward, clutching at something. But the rope's end came slack into his hand and he knew that his cast had failed. In desperation he leaped for another rope and realized that O'Rourke was yelling down at the shipwrecked boat's crew to "Hang on!" He vaguely saw the little Irishman fling an arm upward, thought he saw a line uncoil in the air and fall across the sodden craft that now barely appeared in the seething water under the counter. He leaped and caught hold of O'Rourke's arm. He felt a thin wet rope come taut. O'Rourke yelled furiously, hanging to it and shuffling aft to the pull of it. Sunni ran up, trying to tear a tangled line apart.

"We've got 'em, and it's Rasmussen," O'Rourke bawled.

Lethbridge jumped to the rail and peered down. A sweeping gleam from the high lanterns crossed the little boat and displayed its plight. White faces stared up. Stiff arms swung imploringly towards the lofty lanterns. The man in the stern turned his sodden, stern visage to Lethbridge for one instant. He recognized the captain of the Gull. Then he noticed a woman's eyes on him. He stared down fascinatedly. What was a woman doing in that sinking boat? How had sae come there? Who was she? He cursed Rasmussen in a sudden, unreasoning access of rage. His words did not carry a fathom. The wind whipped them to itself. The passing gleam swept on. The boat vanished in the darkness. O'Rourke seized him with both hands and cried: "The loine didn't hould, misther!" He showed the frayed end of it in proof.

Instantly Lethbridge came to himself. "That boat can't live another half hour," he roared. "We'll up anchor and get it!"

He plunged away, yelling: "Chief, get your engines turning and full head of steam up. Mr. Sunni, unshackle the cable and slip it. Unlock that pilot-house, somebody! Stand by, men, and we'll go and get those people."

A wild shout echoed up from the depths of the lightship. A fireman appeared in the light from the cabin hatch and vanished below. A sailor cried out that the wheelhouse was open. Two others slashed furiously at the lashings of the steering chains and took the stoppers off the big helm. Lethbridge threw his full voice into his next order: "Ring the engines full speed ahead! Hurry, boys, and we'll go get 'em. There's a woman among them!"

Suddenly he realized that two men had not moved. The mate and the chief engineer stood peering into the darkness in which the boat had been swallowed up. He seized at them both with rough hands. "Chief, get down to your engines. What do you mean by stopping up here? Give me full speed ahead as quickly as you can. Mr. Sunni, why don't you get along and unshackle that anchor? My God, man, seconds count! That boat will sink before we can get down to her and pick her up."

O'Rourke's bright eyes turned to his superior. "Yer the skipper," he croaked; "but no orders does Mickey O'Rourke give in the engine-room this night if ye leave the station."

Lethbridge stared, choked, and wrung the Irishman's arm. "You refuse duty?" he roared. "You coward! Get down to your engines and we'll save that boat and its passengers."

"Oi'm no coward," said O'Rourke defiantly. "But Oi've tin years' service, honest and true, behind me; and no engines do I turn to leave the station. Orders are orders, sor."

In answer, Lethbridge stepped aside and jerked the bellhandle. Far down in the bowels of the ship a gong clanged. O'Rourke's mustache bristled. "Ye're a lad widout sinse," he stormed. "We did our best for that boat and no more can Saint Peter do. But Oi'll not turn the engines to leave the station. Nor will Macpherson, ayther."

Sunni turned his white, lined face to his superior. "The chief is right, sir," he said almost humbly. "I don't think you understand, sir. *We can't leave our station.*"

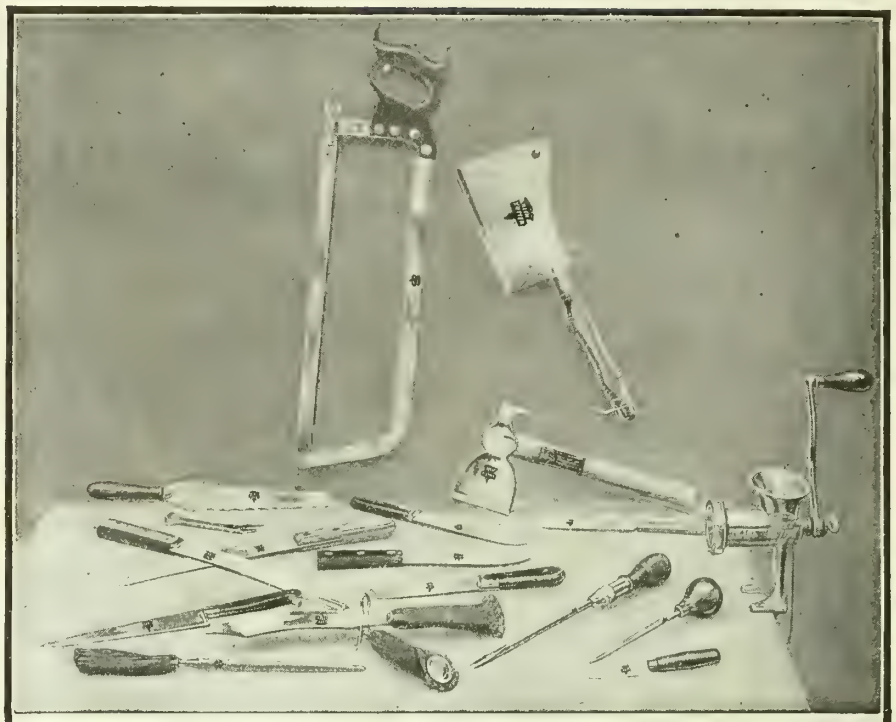
A sailor leaped aft, dripping spray. "All's clear, sir," he cried.

Lethbridge gazed through the wind-driven darkness at his two officers. Within him he felt a terrible disgust, too deep for open rage. His soul flamed in his brain, and he had thoughts of killing them as they stood. But somehow their attitude balked him. In all his experience at sea he had never run against this stolid disobedience. Time and again he had seen men whom he despised cheerfully take risks; there was no risk in steaming after the sinking small boat and rescuing her drowning crew—and the woman. What was this that held his two subordinates like stone against his will?

And as he gazed at them through smarting eyes the tremendous weight of their obstinacy bore down on him. He knew them for men of long service; men who had suffered and endured, and would suffer and endure again. He despised O'Rourke, but O'Rourke was no coward. Sunni was old and unfit for active duty, but Sunni was a seaman and had never faltered, so far as he knew. What was it? What was it?

O'Rourke's harsh voice explained it again, baldly: "It's orders, misther, not to leave our station. Ship that I was on

(Concluded on Page 53)



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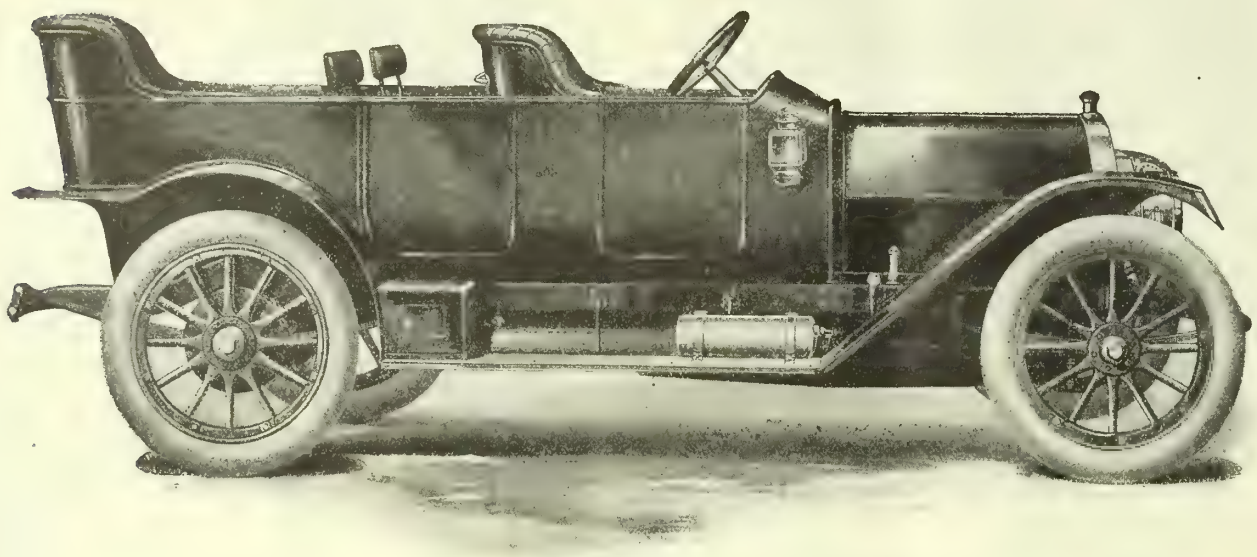

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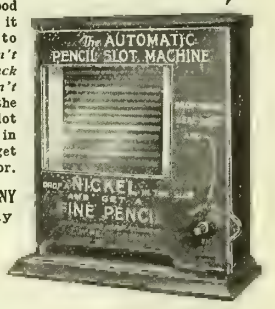

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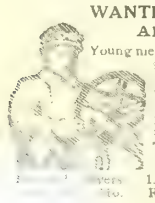

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(Concluded from Page 50)

niver did yet, and won't while Oi'm chief engineer."

Lethbridge turned to his mate. Sunni answered him with difficulty. "It's down in the book that we all signed," he said monotonously. "We all signed it when we entered the service. We can't slip our moorings, sir. It's Order No. 113."

The prodigious earnestness of the two men appalled him. He perceived his own helplessness. Yet a boat filled with dying people was being driven through the foaming seas not a mile away and No. 188 could save them. It was so simple to slip the cable and steam after them. But it was impossible. The single obedience of these two men to an old order set up a barrier that even Lethbridge could not break through. They seemed to embody the tremendous and awful authority of a vast department of the Government; they bore him down, crushed his noble and seamanlike impulses under the terrific weight of precedent, of dull rules, of office-made orders. He rebelled. But his rebellion was merely a curse on them: "You wouldn't break a rule to save a woman's life, you d—d foreigners!"

O'Rourke thrust his grimy fist into Lethbridge's face. "Oi'm an American," he said with deadly meaning. "And Misther Sunni is an American—betther American than you are, ye cocky young sprig. Misther Sunni and I both took the oath of allegiance, which is more than iver you or your loikes did; and whin we swore to obey the Governmint we meant it, and we've done it, fair weather and foul."

Lethbridge stared and laughed. Yet he felt something of the truth behind the engineer's words. He recalled that Macpherson had not answered his gong signal. But what he was on the point of saying was never uttered, for a sailor came running aft to say, "There's a steamer for'ad, sir; showing signals, sir."

Lethbridge peered into the darkness and saw the gleaming lights of a liner. In her rigging rows of lights showed that she was anxious to be spoken. Lethbridge turned. "What do you make of that signal?"

The mate wiped his eyes out with his cuff and said dully, "That's the big Rose City, sir. She wants to know if we are on our station."

"She's lost!" said O'Rourke. "Lucky fer her she picked up our lights. Another half hour on the course she was goin' and she and all her hun'reds o' passengers would be poundin' in the surf."

Lethbridge's voice barely carried to the mate. "Just signal her that No. 188 is on her station," he said.

The mate lifted his hand in response and plodded wearily forward, a bent and broken figure of a man, lurching to the pitch and surge of the lightship's deck. He was muttering to himself, "She'll understand it was orders . . . Order No. 113."

O'Rourke, by himself on the after deck, was on his knees by the bitts praying for the soul of Lars Rasmussen, who had once saved his life.

Lethbridge, hanging to the pinrail at the foremast, was staring blindly out at the liner, now hove to a mile out; he realized poignantly that the authority of the great Establishment which he served had saved those lives on the Rose City. Yet he was dumb before the sacrifice of the Gull's crew. No. 188, he knew, could have steamed after that sinking boat and rescued them all, including the white-faced woman. And yet—he went down and tore up his report to the commander, the report in which he had asked for new officers instead of O'Rourke, Sunni and Macpherson. But he did not know the extent of the devotion to duty that had made possible that bold signal at the masthead: "*We Are On Our Station.*" For Michael O'Rourke, Irish-American, and Nicholas Sunni, Finnish-American, didn't tell.

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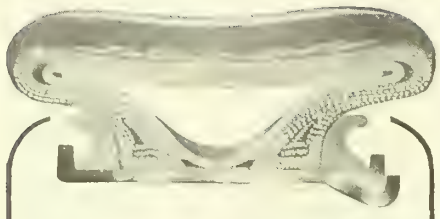

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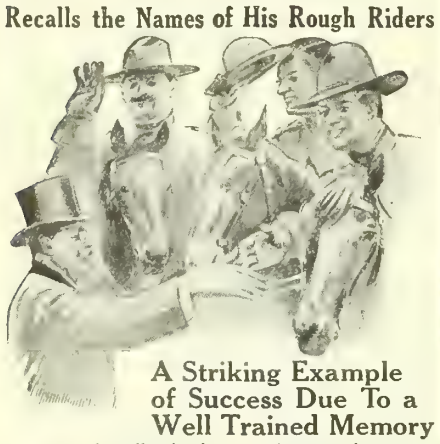

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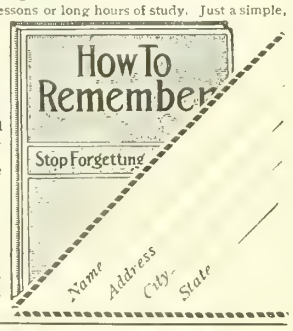

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The Gentleman Farmer and the Cost of High Living

(Concluded from Page 21)

the New York Yacht Club was asked whether he did not find his craft a vast expense. "In one way, yes," he admitted. "But in the end it pays. When I get my wife and daughters aboard they can't go shopping."

It is not, however, economy that lures the city man to the farm. Nor is it a spirit of revolt against our national sin of extravagance. It is the instinct of middle life, of what Frenchmen call *l'âge critique*—the age which decides what a man's prime shall come to. The fire of adventurous youth is failing. Two ways lie open—to stimulate it with increasing doses of pleasure, of excitement, or to rise to the soberer, the more normal enjoyment. The man is happy who can turn from the gigantic profits and losses of stock speculation to keeping tabs on pigs and chickens; from the yellow glare of Broadway to the price of oats; from absinthe cocktails to buttermilk.

When a cocky diplomat spoke scornfully of chess, Talleyrand remarked that he was laying up for himself a sad old age. Young man! When your father reads the local items in the Westchester Times before opening the Times of New York it is not an evidence of senile decay! Think twice before you kid the chap who, when gray hairs come to his temples, powders them with hayseed.

In the end it is possible that the city farmer may contribute his mite toward lessening the cost of living. History never repeats itself; but often in a general way it reproduces its patterns. It was the monks who taught mediæval Europe how to grow more than four bushels of wheat from one bushel of seed. The strength of their influence lay in two widely different circumstances. They believed profoundly in the dignity, even the sanctity, of labor. "To labor is to pray" was no empty phrase. Serf and baron alike learned from the monks that the source of all nobility, spiritual and material, is in the soil. But this monkish belief in farming would have been powerless if the monasteries had not been the great repositories of industrial capital. They had the means for systematic agriculture, and they treasured up its rewards. On their labors and on the employment of their capital in farming was founded the fabric of modern industrialism.

Now, as then, the source of all wealth, and of most of the virtues, is the soil. And now, as then, thanks to the magnificent labors of agricultural colleges, the science of farming has advanced mightily. The agricultural monk was no whit farther ahead of the mediæval yeoman than the modern man of scientific knowledge is ahead of the by-heck farmer. Winter short courses, institutes and experiment stations can do much. But to make permanent object lessons in the advantages of modern tillage in all parts of the country would require capital far beyond the means of our universities.

City farmers are their strong if unconscious allies. Blundering as much of their work is, it is guided by practical intelligence and backed by abundant capital. Season after season they provide their hands with short-course instruction and pay them liberally for attending. Their farms, numerous in the neighborhood of all large cities and growing in numbers everywhere, are permanent experiment stations, the results of which are none the less valuable because they so often show what not to do. Thanks to the city farmer, thousands of country folk, who never heard of a short course or an institute, are being trained in scientific tillage. For farm boys of exceptional means and intelligence the agricultural colleges offer a career which is really a learned and well-paid profession. But for the general run of country lads there is no fairer opening than an apprenticeship to a city farmer. And not the least valuable among the things they will learn is the dignity and the profound interest of farm labor.

Revolutions work slowly in all industries, and especially in agriculture. But once started they are irresistible as the tides. Among the many forces which must unite to reduce the preposterous cost of food it is possible that the city farmer may prove by no means the least.

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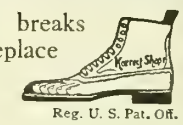

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In the lowliest sections of our largest cities not one home in twelve serves oats. Among the homes of the highest types we breed, seven-eighths are oatmeal homes

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We have made a house-to-house canvass of the tenement districts, both of New York and Chicago.

We have gone to the homes where are bred the anemic, the incapable, the undeveloped. Where tuberculosis finds its ready prey. Where the average child is extremely nervous, and it shows at school the lack of concentration.

We have talked with the mothers who know the least about that which contributes to health and growth, to mental and physical power. To the ignorant, the careless, the unadvised.

We find in those sections that not one home in twelve serves oats in any form. Most of the stores supplying those sections scarcely sell oatmeal at all.

Where People Do Know

We have canvassed hundreds of homes of the educated, the prosperous, the competent—the homes of the leaders in every walk of life. We have talked with the mothers who know food values, or who are guided by physicians who know.

We find that oatmeal is a regular diet in seven out of eight of these homes. The percentage is even larger if we leave out the childless homes. We find that four-fifths of all college students come from these oatmeal homes.

We find that eight-tenths of all physicians serve oatmeal at home. We find, in one university, that 48 out of 50 of the leading professors regularly eat oatmeal.

We find that Boston consumes 22 times as much oatmeal per capita as do two certain states with lowest average intelligence.

What Does This Mean?

This doesn't mean that some can afford oats and others cannot. Quaker Oats—the finest oatmeal produced—costs but one-half cent per dish. And a pound of Quaker Oats supplies the nutrition of six loaves of bread.

It means that some know, and others don't know, the food needs of a child. Some know, and some don't know, what the food of youth means in a child's career.

Some know, and some don't know, that the highest authorities on foods for the young give the first rank to oatmeal.

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Oats are far richer than all other cereals in proteids, organic phosphorus and lecithin.

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Phosphorus is the most important element in the structure of the brain. Lecithin is the most important in the structure of the nerves and nerve centers.

Oats hold first place as a perfectly balanced food. It is the staple food of the world's hardiest race, famous for brain and brawn.

There is nothing else which compares with oats as a breakfast food for the young. Nothing else so well supplies the needs of the years of growth.

It is also a food of which one never tires—one of the most delicious foods in existence.

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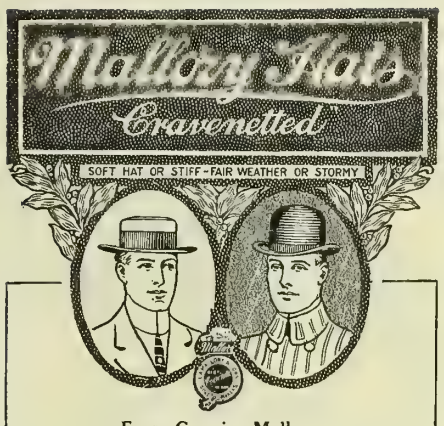

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The New Woman and Her Ways

(Continued from Page 9)

commission. This work for women has been much more broadly developed in Great Britain and on the Continent than in this country; in London, indeed, it has been carried on for forty-five years. Woman's hand has chiefly made itself felt in the slum districts, where old houses have been improved or where model tenements have been built. There is an excellent chance here to exercise both sympathy and action, attention to details, and a tolerant point of view. A broken lock, a gasoline bottle inside a window instead of outside, a drunken husband, a quarrelsome neighbor—all are the business of the woman rent-collector in the slums. From a commercial standpoint she must know enough of all the house trades to control her employees, and from the human standpoint she must be familiar with the working lines of different charitable agencies. Philadelphia and New York have both given women opportunities here, although the women who expect to do big creative work later look on rent-collecting not at all as a permanent occupation, but rather as a good phase of training.

In practically every profession there are certain rules for success, or, if not, a certain preparation before it can be obtained. The nurse has her training; the teacher, the doctor, the lawyer, their schooling. There are certain little beaten paths along which all of them walk. Not so the business woman; she has boomeranged her own way to success, and any rules she gives or generalizations she makes are drawn entirely from her own experience; they are not gathered from any common treasury of experience.

For example, one very successful woman in life insurance, who makes perhaps twenty thousand a year, began as a schoolteacher. She could not stand the indoor life, and so she studied stenography and got a position with a railroad man. After a time it paid very well. She had the opportunity, as a noiseless bit of machinery, of seeing and hearing the great men in the railroad world. She took down letters and agreements which were the results of their conferences. But this opportunity of studying the great men of the country was offset by the fact that she could not bear dictation; she could not endure hearing her employer say, "Here; take this." All the time she wanted to snatch his business away from him and run it herself.

The Rough Road of Insurance

She decided that she would travel for a Philadelphia pharmaceutical house. Mr. Philadelphia objected, but she so badgered him that at last he said she might try on a commission of thirty per cent if she would pay her own expenses. She made more money than his men travelers—entirely too much money for a woman, Mr. Philadelphia told her; and he tried, but failed, to put her on a salary. When eighteen hundred dollars a year and expenses looked too small to her, she entered life insurance, which was just then developing for women. Here again she had to fight with men. She qualified for the hundred-thousand-dollar life-insurance club, but they refused to let her attend the convention because she was a woman. She went to the city where it was held and stayed at the hotel where the men were staying, and when some one teased her about not being admitted she made a speech on the spot:

"You have no more right to keep me out because I am a woman," she said, "than you have a right to keep out Mr. Brown because he is bald or Mr. Smith because he is thin."

All her listeners laughed except Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown, and she went on: "Let me in, and if I am a bluestocking or a white ribboner, or if I try to reform the club, you can put me out."

So they let her in and cheered her, and thought of her as a good fellow. That means various things, but in this case it meant that this business woman was handsome, used piquant personalities, hit straight from the shoulder and fought fair. Since then she has become the only woman of the two-hundred-thousand-dollar club, and she has opened a path for a good many other women. As usual, she gives the receipt for success from her own experience:

"I tell them I don't want a favor; I want just what business people get. I won't take a favor. I won't let them discriminate against a man for me. I fight, but I don't whine. I'm afraid to do business with a woman that whines, and so are all men. I want to act in a businesslike manner.

"All men think women have no logic or common-sense, but let their feelings rule. If you tax them with thinking women mentally inferior they will say, 'Oh, no; I know some women who are brainier than some men.' But they are only concealing their views. They seem to think that women have capability, but that the Lord didn't intend that they should use it. They don't like independence in women; they are jealous of women's dependence on them.

"But just as soon as a woman shows them that she has will and power, and will fight to get on, just as they do, and will not let her feelings come in, then they give way to her. I am good friends with the men I have fought with; I lunch and dine with them. A woman has got to have a personality that shows the men her power, and then she has got to fight without antagonizing them. That's the kind of business woman they respect. That's the one kind that wins out."

Sound Advice From an Able Woman

Another woman, who makes at least a thousand dollars a month in real estate, began as a stenographer; then she became confidential secretary to a corporation lawyer. After that she became secretary to a big real-estate man, and from him she went into the real-estate business for herself at the time when the suburban opportunities began to open for women.

"From the beginning," she said, "I eschewed men socially. Not once in all my business life have I been seen at luncheon with any business man except my brother, and at such times he accuses me of dressing so as to bring out the likeness between us, and of doing everything short of labeling him with a badge. Not even today am I ever seen with a man at a public restaurant. A business woman, if she wants to impress the business world, which means men, must meet them in public in a business way.

"She may show her femininity in her clothes and in her voice, but she must not let it otherwise appear between nine and five, even in such a superficial way as lunching. She must avoid the atmosphere of invitation. I consider that attention to this detail has been one of the chief factors of my success. The business woman who lunches with a man and orders a Manhattan like a man, in my opinion, gives him an advantage over her, if it's only a psychological advantage.

"Then, from the beginning, I kept my eyes and ears open and didn't talk. A stenographer gets plenty of inside information, and this can lead to bigger things if she puts her mind on it. I never spent energy explaining my position to men, or having any discussion about women in business, or disputing about anything. I simply did my work and learned from men, and made investments on the side, by which I not only got experience but earned a little competence too. I just lived business and never thought of anything else. If I blundered I did not try to blame some one else, or blame the fact that I was a woman. I didn't evade. I stood for my failures and the men respected me for it. Moreover, I appreciated my daily chance of making good.

"I had a dressmaker who bought my clothes without bothering me about it, and a milliner who sent me out my hats, and a housekeeper who made my home. I insisted on looking feminine, but I was just as free from domestic, nagging things as a man, and just as independent. When the day came that I was offered a salary of ten thousand dollars a year I was able to refuse it, for I could make more alone, without taking orders from any one. I made my success because I have been just a sheer business mind, determined to win; not because I was a woman, but because I had the mind to do it."

There are some business women who are not satisfied with their success.

"She is a lucky woman who is saved by her inability," said one of these. "I was cursed with the power of making money. I didn't have to do it either as a young girl

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WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG OF

GLASS PINS

The D. L. Auld Co., Dept. S, Columbus, Ohio

or as a young wife, but somehow opportunities were always coming my way. Then, as a young widow, I came to New York with my baby on my back. I was young and healthy and unimaginative, with a zest for work.

"I never thought of business—just of living, and earning a living; and I was forced from one position to another, each one better than the last, until I began to make a lot of money.

"I can't marry again, for I know I couldn't get along with any man. Few business women do, for their opinions are too strong and they are too independent. Anyway, all the strong men whom we business women know are married already, and we don't want the weak ones. I could support most of the men in my world. The minute a girl begins to succeed in business she ranks alongside of her the men she is acquainted with and sees that she could earn more; that's deadly. And she knows, or she ought to know, that when you give yourself in marriage you give up your work. A man may tell you he doesn't want you to give up your work—that he wants just you; but in the end your work goes to the wall. That's right; it should.

"But, for me—I fight all day, and when I get home there is nothing left of me; and still there are domestic duties waiting that I'm not fit for. A man puts none of his physical self aside to win success in business, but a woman does. When we have all the money we need, when we get tired of fighting or are afraid to fight any more, what is left for us business women? We have lived for the day, like the daily paper; there is no hereafter.

"We have made out of our lives this fabric called business, and we are hiding behind it and pretending that we're pleased with our success."

In this day of much talking and writing the wise ones tell us many different things: that the race is more important than the individual; that the individual is more important than the race; that we must combine more; that we should combine less; that we must live the strenuous life; that we should cultivate an ideal of idleness; that women should go out to work; and that women should stay in the home. It would seem that not cold reasoning and deliberate choice but some queer combination of economic laws, chance and temperament make people do whatever work they do. In the end it is as the poet says: "Death for us all and his own life for each."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren dealing with The New Woman and Her Ways. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Hampie's Language

BEFORE J. Hampton Moore, the Philadelphia statesman, became a statesman, he was for a time in the real estate business. Also he was then, as he is now, much interested and a moving spirit in the affairs of the Five O'Clock Club, a well-known Philadelphia dining organization.

Moore hired a boy as stenographer and typewriter, paying him three dollars a week. It was the youngster's first job and he was very anxious to please. He is now a big merchant on the Pacific Coast.

One Friday afternoon Moore dictated a letter of invitation to President McKinley to attend a dinner of his club. He dictated it exactly as he wanted it written, putting in all the punctuation marks, and when he came to this sentence said, "to be present at the quotation Five O'Clockiana quotation banquet," and so on. The young stenographer, instead of putting quotation marks where Moore had indicated, wrote it out in full, as it appears above, and was reprimanded by Moore.

Next day Moore went to his country place, leaving an envelope for the lad. The boy opened the envelope with fear and trembling, his error of the day before fresh in his mind. There were three one-dollar bills inside and a slip of paper.

He read the few words on the paper and began to cry. "What's the matter, son?" asked a kindly office associate.

"I've been fired," sobbed the lad. "The boss has discharged me."

"How do you know?" asked the friend. "The boss isn't here."

"How do I know?" flared the boy. "I guess I can read. Here it is on this paper."

The friend took the paper and read, in Hampie's well-known writing:

"Herewith your stipend."

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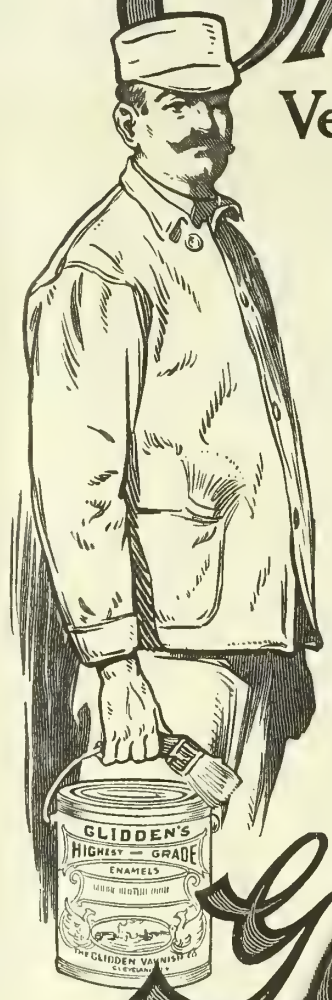

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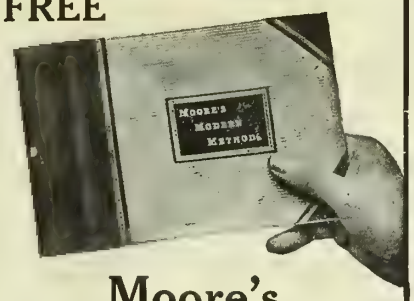

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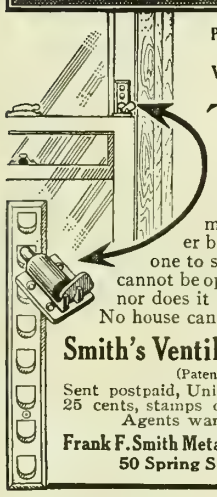

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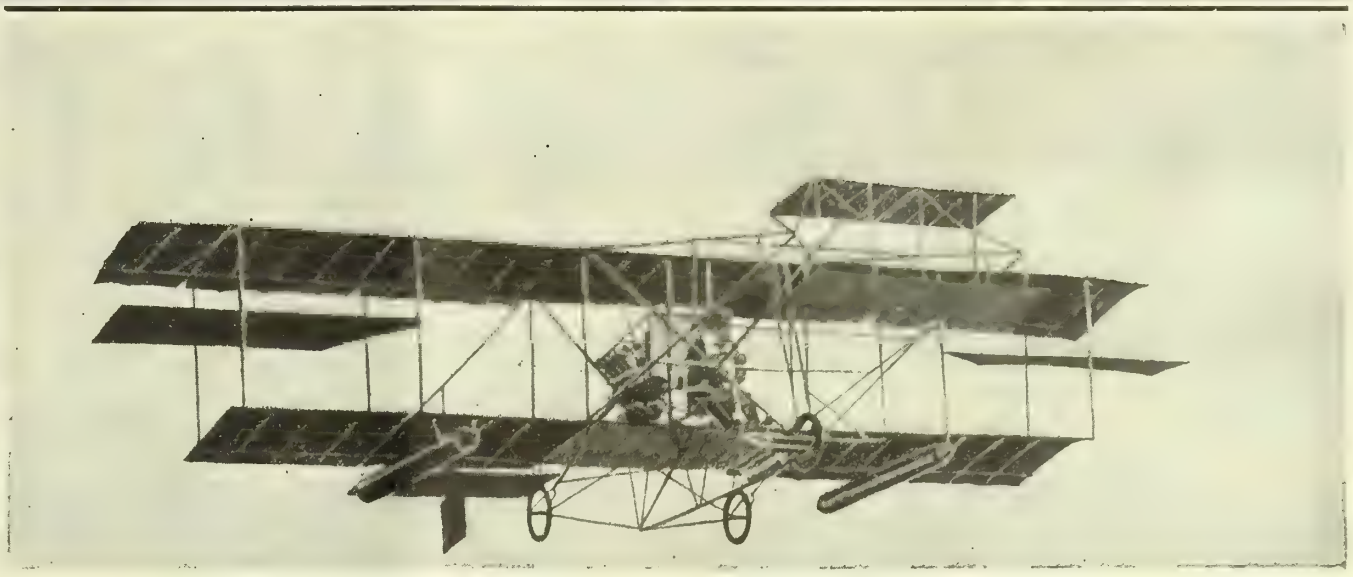

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	3	"	"	"	1.55	(	12	" ")	5.00
	6	"	"	"	1.85	(	18	" ")	6.85
	6	"	"	"	2.30	(	24	" ")	9.15
	6	"	"	"	3.00	(	30	" ")	12.15
	6	"	"	"	4.10	(	36	" ")	16.25
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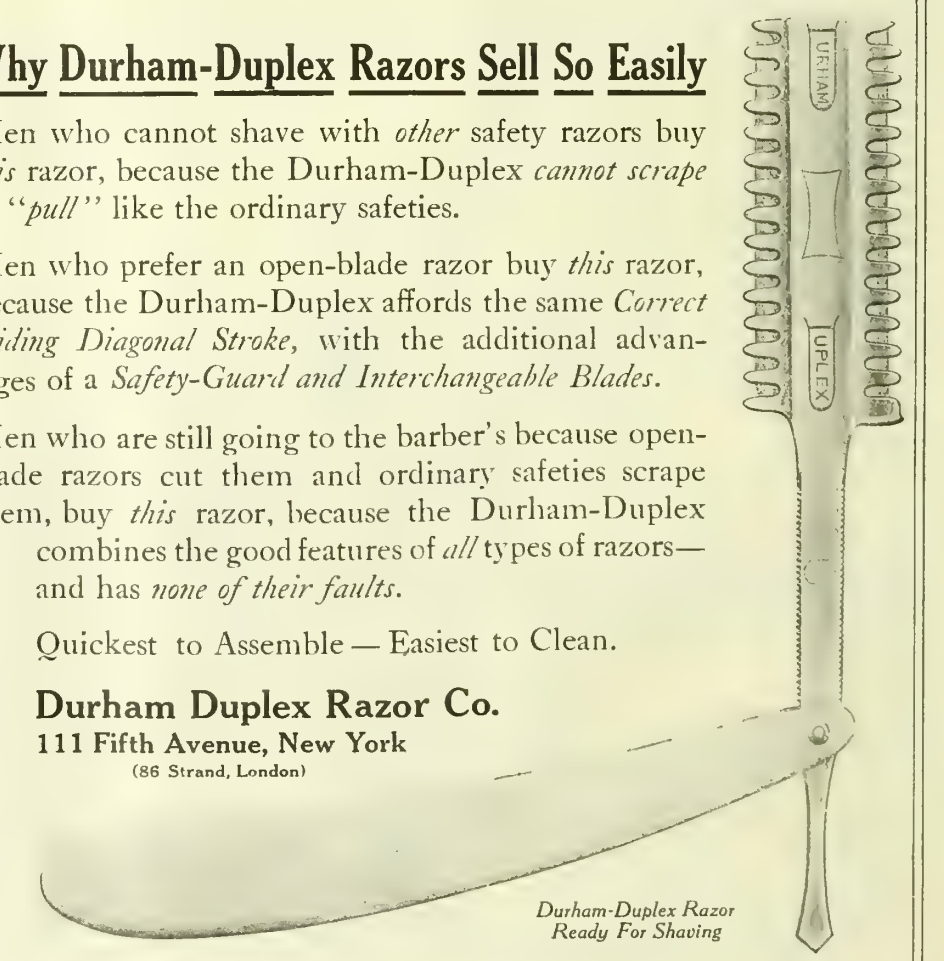

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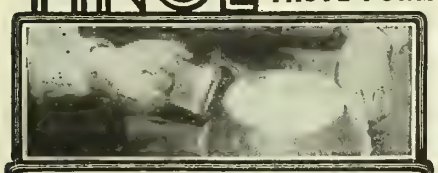

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THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 25)

mane and threw soft shadows on the bare, saffron-colored skin, of the texture of velvet, and glowed richly in the high lights. He splashed a little water on his powerful arms, and the long, clean-cut muscles formed shifting contours to delight a sculptor's eye.

A life-sized statue in dull gold looked the poet, beautiful as a demigod and no more human, for he carried a curious atmosphere from detachment to his surroundings, as though the world were alien to him and he might at any moment betake himself away to his own place. Even for this lovely mortal maid beside him he seemed to show a polite disinterestedness not usually to be found in his ancient prototypes, if we are to believe the classics. Hermione felt this and it aroused in her a sudden fierce perversity. Again there came that swift desire to waken him out of his sleepy indifference by a physical violence. There were also the traitorous thrills.

"Come on!" she said, with such sharp impatience that the poet turned and blinked at her inquiringly. Hermione's blue eyes flashed, and with a sudden spiteful motion of her hand she sent a shower of the icy water spraying over him. Applebo gasped, laughed gurglingly and flung himself forward to swim, Hermione following.

Side by side they thrust forward through the clear, cold water. Hermione was swimming prone; the poet lounged along on his side, his head half buried, the floating hair swirling about his ears, his eyes almost closed. To Hermione he looked as though he were asleep and propelled onward by some involuntary mechanism within. For a hundred yards neither of them spoke. Hermione turned on her side, facing Applebo. The thinnest of amber gleams between the double fringe of eyelashes told that he was watching her.

"You could swim all day, Cécile," said he.

"What right have you to call me Cécile?" snapped Hermione, tired of the constantly recurring error of identity. "Even if I were ——"

"I call you Cécile and not Miss Bell because the latter is the conventional name, and I do not know you conventionally, and never will. Fancy my writing verses to 'Miss Bell'! As we shall never meet, in all probability, after this hour, what does it matter?"

Hermione did not reply. The water seemed to strike her with a certain chill.

"Don't you want to see me again?"

"No. My life now is happy and tranquil. If I saw more of you my fate would no doubt be that of so many others. No, Cécile, I do not want to see you again."

"But, perhaps, I might care to see you."

"You will have what is best of me in the verses I shall send you."

"Oh, hang the verses!" cried Hermione, and turned on the other side.

At the end of a hundred yards she rolled back again. The poet was harmlessly entertaining himself by taking large mouthfuls of water and spouting it into the air. Hermione burst into a ringing laugh. Applebo regarded her with sleepy inquiry.

"You look like a Triton, with your cheeks puffed out that way," said she.

"Don't talk," replied the poet. "It adds to the effort of breathing. You look rather like a mermaid, yourself."

Hermione did not answer and they swam on in silence through the golden August morn. The sensation of cold had passed and it seemed to the girl that she was of one substance with the sea; of the same essence, the same elemental property, feeling neither warmth nor cold nor fear nor fatigue, nor anything that was alien or individual. She found herself a mermaid, at home, and felt that when it pleased her she could leave the surface to explore mysterious green depths far beneath.

He, her companion, was of it too. They were seamates—Triton and Nereid, subjects of the great god Poseidon, owing no fealty to any lord of the land, knowing no trammels but the wide boundaries of the ocean, that greater dominion of the world. She looked at Applebo. He appeared to be under the water rather than upon it, and the yellow eyes rose from the swirl of brine to blink at her with comradeship. Hermione wanted to take his hand that they might plunge together to explore unknown depths—never guessing, innocent girl, that she was well on the road to explore depths just as redoubtable.

Well offshore, with their seaworld all about, a sudden odd vibration smote against their vigorous young bodies; a vibration that suggested a sound felt rather than heard.

"Morning colors," said the poet. "That's the gun from the Reading-room. Look!"

He flashed from the water an arm of gleaming gold, from which sprang diamonds. Hermione turned to look toward the yacht flotilla. Down from the trucks of the anchored fleet fluttered the "nightcaps," little tongues of black, while pennant and burgee passed them on their race aloft; and the national ensign, the stars and stripes, unfurled lazily from the taffrail. To their ears came with sweet faintness the shrilling of the sheaves as the halliards spun through them, while from a big steam-yacht, nearly a mile away, came the merry whistle of a boson's pipe.

Hermione looked toward the Daffodil, then at Applebo.

"Rotten lack of etiquette," said he, and grinned. "I haven't any bunting."

"Why not? Are you a member of no clubs?"

"Oh, yes—the New York and the Atlantic. There is bunting below, but I do not fly it because I am merely a parasite—a pilot-fish."

Hermione did not answer, for their pace was a smart one and she had need of breath. Presently she asked:

"How about the tide?"

"It is running flood out here," said Applebo; "otherwise I would not have let you swim. We are in the deep channel now and the tide is helping. I've been gauging our drift on the shore."

The thought of the cold fathoms beneath sent no slightest chill through Hermione. She was too much a part of it all. Neither was she tired in the least. They were nearly abreast of the yawl, but seaward. Neither had suggested stopping there. Hermione looked at her companion and wondered how far he could tow her if required. Seized by a sudden impulse, she said:

"I think I will rest a little, please."

He was close beside her in two powerful strokes that sent the water swirling in his wake as though he had been a porpoise. His yellow eyes gave her a swift, questioning look.

"Take my shoulder," he said. "Do you want to go to the yawl?"

"No," replied Hermione, and she laid her hand on the bare, flashing shoulder offered her.

"Paddle a little so as not to get chilled," said Applebo, and started unconcernedly ahead. The tug of the heavy muscles under her hand reminded Hermione of the sensation one gets in laying the palm upon the shoulder of a galloping hunter. There was the same iron contraction, tense and quivering, to be followed by the quick relaxation—the whole evenly spaced and rhythmic as the throb of an engine. It seemed impossible that this strong human machine could ever tire. For several minutes she clung, resting and reveling also in the sense of being borne onward without effort. But she was not actually fatigued, and presently released her hold.

"Rested?" he asked, looking back.

"Quite."

"Good for the rest of the voyage?"

"Yes; and if I am not, you are. Why did you never go in for athletics?"

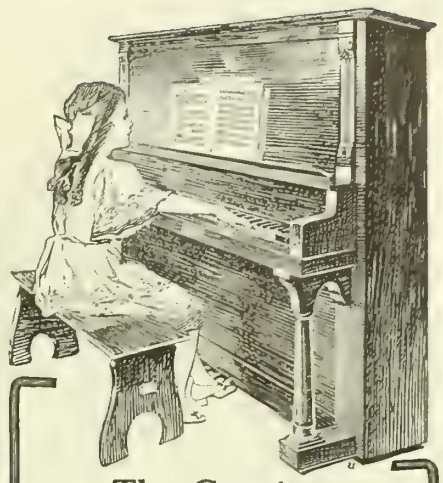
"They do not interest me. Games always made me feel like a performing lion."

It occurred to Hermione that they must have made him look like one also.

"Football?" she asked.

"I tried it, but I used to get to thinking and forget to play. Besides, I do not like to get banged about—that is, merely for vanity. If it were to get something I wanted it would be different."

Hermione did not reply. She watched him curiously as he lounged along. Applebo looked back and smiled. His eyes reflected the swirling green; his hair was the color of the golden-brown seaweed and suggested that substance as one sees it trailing from a rock in a clear tideway. He looked more than ever like a Triton, thought the girl. All he needed was a shell-trumpet and a trident. She wondered if so pagan a creature could possess the



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elements of real human feeling. At least, she confessed a little ruefully, he could arouse them!

She herself seemed to be imbued with an unnatural strength. Her long, athletic limbs smote the water with unflagging vigor —more than that, with an exhilaration.

Just what might have been the reaction from this physical exertion had she swum the whole course, one cannot say, for the last third was destined to be uncompleted. Applebo's trained ear, buried in the brine, caught the rattle of boat-falls and the whine of sheaves, and he raised his dripping head to stare toward the Shark.

"Rest," said he to Hermione. "Here comes your gig. They have sighted us. It's just as well; you might have got overtired."

"Bother!" said Hermione. "Now you will see me catch it from Uncle Chris." She looked in Applebo's face, which was close to hers, and laughed. Then her blue eyes opened very wide.

"What's the matter?" she cried. "You look frightened to death!"

"Do I? Put your hand on my shoulder and rest." Hermione thought that his voice had an odd, strained note. She took his shoulder, then looked at him curiously. The poet's face, naturally a little pallid already from the immersion, had suddenly become of a sickly, bleached-out pallor which suggested the belly of a dead fish. Hermione was seized by a sudden alarm.

"Are you tired?" she asked, and loosed her hold on his shoulder.

Applebo gave a rather forced laugh. The color began to return again. Then, just as Hermione expected, he assumed his sleepy, blinking expression.

"What was it?" Hermione demanded.

"A little cramp in the sole of the foot. It's gone now. Did you never have one?" He reached for her hand and placed it on his shoulder again. "They are painful, but not dangerous," said he.

Their faces were very close, each to the other. Hermione looked at him questioningly. The poet smiled and something in the flash of the strong, even teeth set Hermione's heart to thumping in the same undisciplined manner that she had previously experienced on the shore. Applebo pushed the wet hair back from his forehead. As Hermione looked at him his amber eyes seemed to darken.

"This is goodby," he said.

"It is your own fault."

"No; my misfortune. There are reasons besides the silly ones I have given you. This is goodby."

Hermione was conscious of a sudden fatigue. It was as though she had been under the effect of a stimulant which was suddenly withdrawn. The chill of the water struck suddenly through her. Applebo saw the light fade from the deep violet eyes, and the sweet mouth drooped a little at the corners.

"I'm so tired," said Hermione in a plaintive little voice.

He took her free hand and placed it on his other shoulder. Both were slowly treading water, though depending more for buoyancy on their splendid young lungs, trained to the exercise. The boat was coming on rapidly, not over three hundred yards away.

Their eyes met and clung for an instant. Those of the poet were like aquamarines, but in Hermione's there was a mistiness not of the sea. They faltered, dropped, then were raised to his as if drawn by some subtle force.

"Goodby," said the poet.

"Goodby; and—and thank you very much for—for your kindness!"

She paused, startled at a sudden clear flame, the same amber light that had been in the yellow eyes when Applebo had turned to her after flinging to earth the gamekeeper.

"You darling!" cried the deep, throaty voice, and before Hermione knew what was happening she felt herself drawn closely to him, and a pair of wet, salty lips were crushed for the instant against her own. Her head fell back; her eyes closed; the water swirled about her ears. Then she felt two strong arms supporting her beneath the shoulders, raising her bodily from the jealous grip of the sea. Blindly she took a stroke or two, then looked dazedly at the poet.

"You—you kissed me!"

"Yes, Cécile; it was only goodby."

Hermione could find nothing to say, but indeed there was no time. Up crashed the gig, foaming under the powerful strokes of the crew. Heldstrom's anxious eyes had noted the drooping of the red-coifed head, and his thunderous "Pull, you lubbers, pull!" reached the swimmers from a distance. Fortunately the kiss could not be observed, the two heads having been directly in line during this indiscreet performance.

The boat foamed alongside. "Vat's dis? Vat's dis?" cried Heldstrom. He leaned over the gunnel and lifted Hermione aboard, where she sank down on a thwart, a limp, dejected mermaid, gazing mutely at the poet. "Vere is your boat?" demanded Heldstrom. "Vat you mean, svimmin' ar-round in der vater mit dis feller?"

He turned to glare at Applebo, and his jaw dropped. Hermione saw him pass his hand across his eyes in a dazed sort of way. The poet blinked back at him inscrutably, but it struck Hermione that his face was very white and she wondered if he had the cramp in his foot again.

"You vas—der Bilot-vish?" said Heldstrom in an odd, tremulous voice.

"I am Mr. Applebo," answered the poet in his silky bass. "The gamekeeper yonder confiscated Miss Bell's boat. He sneaked around and swiped it. You had better get her aboard before she takes a chill."

Heldstrom was still staring in the same dazed, bewildered way.

"Vere haf I seen you?" he demanded.

"Have you seen me?" retorted Applebo. "I don't remember you."

Heldstrom seemed to recover himself with an effort. "You comin' mit us?" he asked of Applebo.

"No, thanks. I am not tired I will swim to my yawl."

"You won't take a cramp?" cried Hermione.

"Oh,no! That will not return. Goodby; and I hope you will be none the worse for your long swim."

"Goodby," said Hermione faintly, and added, with the slightest catch in her voice, "I'm not Cécile—I'm Hermione!"

But, alas! these words were lost to the Pilot-fish, whose yellow head was buried with his long, powerful overhanded stroke.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Simple Request

JIM THORNTON, the actor, went into a hardware store in Pittsburgh one day and said to a clerk: "I want a copy of Buckle's History of Civilization."

"But," protested the astonished clerk, "this is a hardware store."

"I am perfectly well aware of what kind of a store it is and that makes no difference to me. I should like a copy of Buckle's History of Civilization."

"My dear sir ——" began the clerk.

"Do not parley with me," broke in Thornton sternly. "Please give me what I asked for. I cannot stand here all the afternoon and engage in small talk with one so manifestly my inferior."

"We—I—it ——" stammered the clerk.

"Tut, tut!" said Thornton. "Hurry, please, and get me a copy of Buckle's History of Civilization. It is very curious to me that I must stand here all this time. At once, please."

"We haven't—this is—you are mistaken ——" stuttered the clerk.

"My dear sir," said Thornton in his blandest manner, "this is really too much. You have buckles, have you not?"

"Certainly."

"Then bring me his History of Civilization."

The clerk was very angry by this time and berated Thornton, who slang-whanged back with much enjoyment. Finally Thornton shouted: "Oh, very well! If you refuse to wait on me bring the proprietor. Let me see the proprietor."

The clerk, white with rage, rushed away and brought the proprietor back with him.

"It is passing strange," said Thornton to the man who owned the store, "that a gentleman desiring to make a purchase in your store cannot be accommodated with what he desires. Now this impudent clerk refused to sell me what I want. I cannot understand it. What sort of a store is this anyway?"

"He's crazy, boss," yelled the clerk.

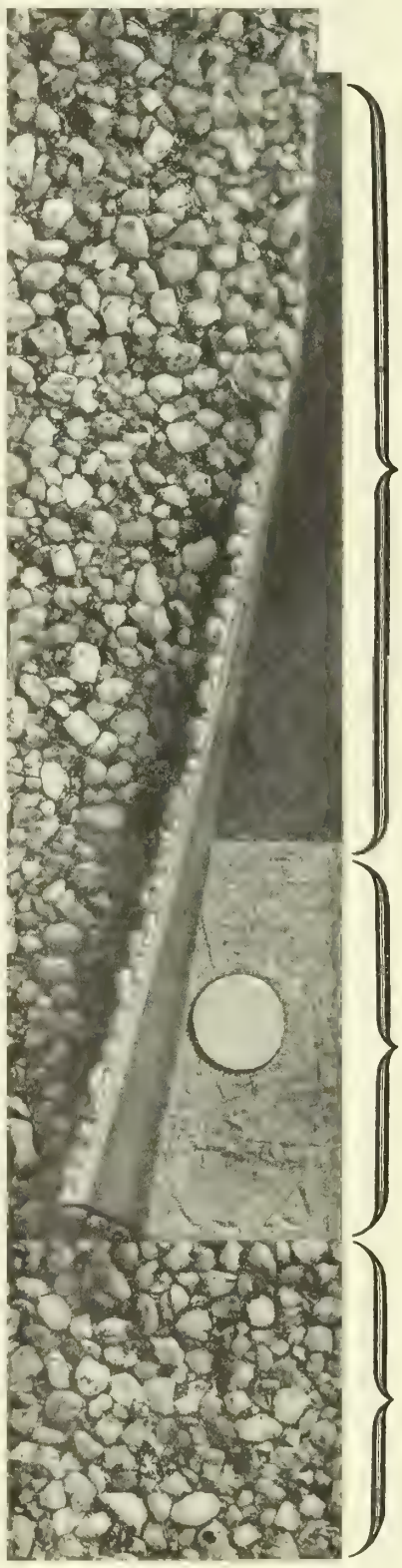
"Keep quiet, you!" rebuked the proprietor. "Now, sir," turning to Thornton, "what is it you desire?"

"I desire," said Thornton impressively, "one small rat-tail file."

SECURITY WIDE-WELD ASPHALT ROOFING

PATENTED

SIX INCHES OF ASPHALT-CEMENT-WELDED JOINT



The Most Important Point in Your Roof

THE most important point in the roof is the joint—that's where the leaks and troubles come in most roofs. The patented wide-weld of Security Roofing makes the joint the strongest part of the roof instead of the weakest.

Each sheet is lapped *six full inches* over the one next below it, as shown in the diagram. The upper six inches of the lower sheet, over which the lap is made *are ungraveled.* Thus, when the joint is welded, *two smooth surfaces* are brought together and firmly united by a layer of hard, mineral-asphalt cement.

This makes a continuous one-piece roof. The six-inch, cemented joints can not be torn apart, and every nail head is covered.

No Nail-holes Through the Roof to Cause Leaks

IN Security Wide-Weld Roofing it is impossible for the nails to become a cause of leaks by pulling loose, rusting and breaking off, or tearing holes in the fabric. Each one is driven through the full thickness of felt and asphalt and is then completely covered by the overlapping sheet and permanently imbedded in a water-tight joint.

The Surfacing That Never Needs Repairs

THE surfacing is a thick layer of natural mineral asphalt cement into which is permanently imbedded a final layer of either white sea-gravel or crushed feldspar rock. It not only insures protection from the elements, and does away with all need of painting or repairs, but will withstand a shower of sparks and embers from a burning building, and hold an interior fire in check for a long time.

It Pays to Buy and Use GOOD Roofing

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is built up on quality. The long-fibred wool-felt is made especially for us and saturated by our own formula with natural mineral asphalt—the best weather-proofing material known. The layers of felt alternate with layers of hard, natural, mineral-asphalt cement, and *no coal-tar products* or inferior, volatile oils are used.

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is made in three styles—Graveled Surface, Coarse Feldspar and Fine Feldspar. It can also be furnished with burlap insertion for siding or roofs over one-half pitch. Anyone can easily apply Security Roofing and it is perfectly adapted for use on any type of building.

There is a Security Agent in almost every town. Write us and we'll send name and address of the one nearest you

Write for Free Book, "The Requirements of a GOOD Roof." It tells in detail why Security Roofing meets these requirements; and how easy it is to weld the patented, 6-inch joint.

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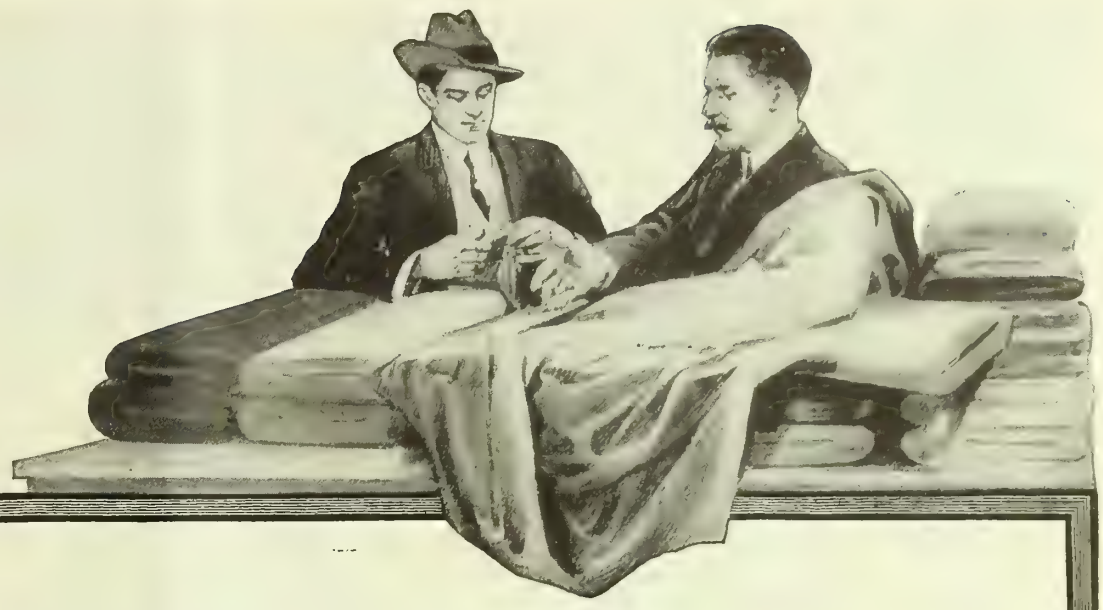

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That is the positive assurance which every good tailor who handles the *Shackamaxon* fabrics gives you with any suit he makes from them.

He knows that a suit properly made from these fabrics will *stay* right.

It will *hold* its shape, its color, and its style. It will give you real service to the last thread.

And we back up the tailor's guarantee with ours.

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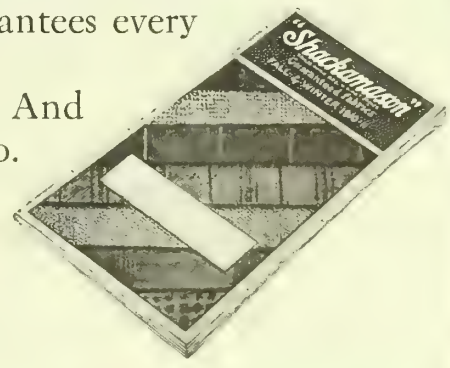
Write us anyway for a copy of the new *Shackamaxon* booklet just out. Every up-to-date man appreciates its handy chart of "Correct Dress for All Occasions."



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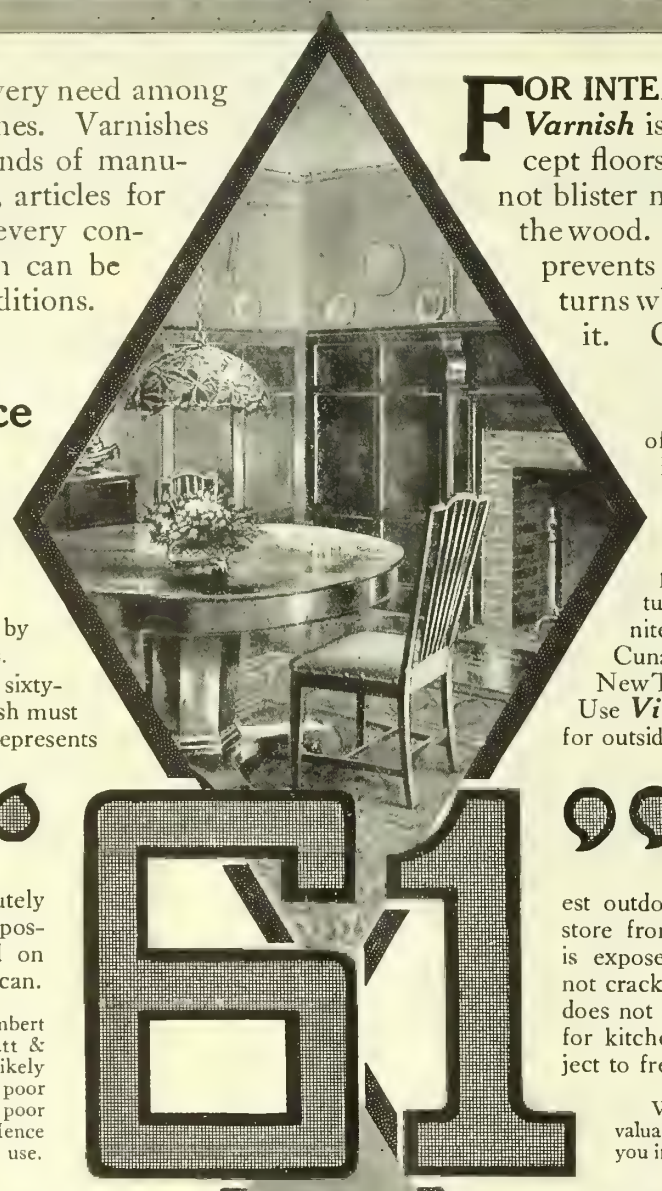

FOR INTERIOR WOODWORK ***"38" Preservative Varnish*** is the finest varnish for interior work, except floors. It is tough, elastic and durable. It will not blister nor crack when the furnace heat dries out the wood. It preserves the woodwork indefinitely and prevents discoloration that ruins its beauty. It never turns white nor does either hot or cold water affect it. Can be rubbed and beautifully polished.

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of all kinds calls for ***Vitralite*** because it is unapproached in durability and ease of application. Even the amateur finds it easy to apply ***Vitralite*** because it spreads uniformly and does not show brush marks or laps. Use it in your bathroom or kitchen. It is moisture-proof and gives a rich, porcelain-like gloss. It never turns yellow nor discolors and will last almost indefinitely. This is why it was used throughout the big Cunard liner "Lusitania" and in great quantities in the New Theatre and the magnificent New York Public Library. Use ***Vitralite*** wherever enamel is used. It is unequalled for outside or inside enameling of any kind on any surface—plaster, wood or metal.

FOR EXTERIOR WORK

Pratt & Lambert Spar Finishing Varnish is the most durable protection against the severest outdoor conditions. Use it on front doors, vestibules, store fronts, boats, porch ceilings, and wherever woodwork is exposed to the weather. Extremes of temperature will not crack it, because it is tough and elastic. Even salt water does not affect Pratt & Lambert Spar Finishing Varnish. And for kitchens, bathrooms, window sills and other places subject to frequent wetting it is unequalled.

Write for "Decorative Interior Finishing." It offers many valuable suggestions on the decorative finishing of interiors, and tells you in a practical way how to use the right varnish for every purpose.

FLOOR VARNISH

"Test it with a Hammer"

"Shows Only the Reflection"

WE make only one kind of ***floor*** varnish, "61," because only the ***best*** will withstand the friction of daily use—the constant wear of heels, furniture legs and castors, grit and dust.

"61" is the varnish that the heel cannot crack nor mar. It becomes part of the floor.

That is why you can dent the wood but cannot crack the varnish, as shown in our well-known heel-test and hammer-test. It is a tough, elastic coating that is heel-proof, mar-proof and waterproof. It will stand anything the floor would stand if it wasn't varnished. Never scratches white, nor turns white when you spill water on it; doesn't require constant care and renewal like wax.

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Dealers everywhere sell Pratt & Lambert Varnishes. If yours hasn't what you want, send direct to us. Let us know what you want to varnish and we will gladly advise as to the *best* varnish for your purpose.

"61" makes floors sanitary, durable, beautiful to look at and easy to clean.

When you once try "61" on your floor—kitchen, dining room, bedroom, hall or parlor—you will appreciate that it is very much ***better*** than any general varnish. Two coats of "61" are better for floors than three of most other varnishes. It is quickly and easily applied. It dries over night and ***wears***—that's the strong point. "61" adds life and durability to oil cloth, linoleums and painted floors.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PANEL

finished with "61." Test it yourself. Hit it with a hammer, stamp on it with your heel. You may dent the wood but you can't crack "61."

Send for free booklet "The Finished Floor"; it tells how to finish and care for floors.

"61" Floor Varnish sells for $3.25 per gal.; $1.72 per ½ gal.; 90c. per quart. In Canada, imperial measure, $3.50 per gal. One gal. covers 600 sq. ft. one coat. Express charges paid if there is no dealer in your town.

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Your Relentless Competitors

(Concluded from Page 23)

everything to the end of selling off the brand that they had stocked so lavishly.

But that company learned something and has abandoned such tactics for all time. Instead of shutting off competitive brands the grocers sold just as many as before. Instead of pushing the big company's brand more vigorously they piled the stock away and sold about the usual quantity. All the extra goods disposed of that year cut down sales the following two years, so that finally when all returns were in the company ascertained that it had done nothing whatever to increase the real consumption of its goods.

A certain large company marketing a line of machinery has a board of directors made up of bankers, lawyers and mechanical engineers. It is said that not one of these directors has ever sold goods or been engaged in a business where there is healthy competition. The character of the board has led to an unusually narrow policy on competition. It buys up rivals as fast as they appear. It would be a distinct advantage to have several active concerns in the field, going about, selling and explaining. The more talk the better.

One competitor who gave much trouble several years ago made a contrivance that was sold for less than anything the big company could put upon the market, for the latter maintains high standards and the competitor's cheaper machine was distinctly inferior. It would do the work in a perfunctory fashion, however, and was especially strong in connection with the lower price when shown to a customer who knew little about such machinery. The big company's salesmen complained that it was impossible to make headway against this cheaper machine. Wherever a customer had listened to the rival salesmen's arguments, they insisted, there was little use in trying to sell him something at a higher price.

The Result of Narrow Policies

The directors tried to buy out this competitor, but the deal fell through. Then a special sales force was organized to deal with that opposition. When the smaller concern sold a machine, one of these salesmen would call on its customer before delivery had been made, under the pretext of giving him further information about the more costly apparatus, but really making every effort to persuade him to cancel the order. He was assured that the machine he had bought was manufactured by a company of slender resources, that it was an unknown quantity, and he would surely have mechanical troubles if he tried to use it. He was told that the little concern had infringed patents owned by the big company and was about to be sued, that he would probably be drawn into the litigation, and so forth. This force of salesmen was known as the "glooming crew," and its purpose was to make the other fellow's customers feel as gloomy as possible about what they had bought. In many cases orders were canceled. Still, the cheaper machine made gains, and the bitter cry of the salesmen went up, "Give us something to sell at a lower price!"

So the directors of the big company renewed their efforts to buy in the competition, and finally succeeded by paying an extravagant price. Among the assets taken over was a large stock of the cheaper machines. The company proposed to discontinue making them, but this finished stock had to be sold. Samples were accordingly given the salesmen, in the expectation that, as they had found this apparatus so formidable in competition, they would make easy work of closing it out. But, lo! now that the salesmen had this cheaper device themselves they complained that it was not possible to sell it. More than a year was spent in cleaning out the last of these machines, and then only by allotting each salesman a definite number that had to be sold if he wanted to hold his job.

Price competition is a squabble for the one ripe apple that has dropped to the ground. Quality competition, however, climbs into the tree.

A prosperous little toilet-goods business is owned by a New York woman who got her original capital to set up in manufacturing by selling similar goods on the road for another concern.

One day a dignified old gentleman came into this woman's office and asked if he might sell her goods among manicures in New York City. He was a man with a small income and a good deal of leisure. He wanted something to do. The representation was given him, and he worked two or three days a week, making the rounds among two or three dozen high-class manicure parlors, selling the goods for use in their work. His commissions averaged twenty or twenty-five dollars a week, which seemed to satisfy him.

A Lesson in Selling

Occasionally, however, he would come in at the end of a hot or rainy day and sit down to complain of competition. This line of toilet goods, being made of the finest ingredients, had to be sold at prices considerably higher than the ordinary run of preparations bought by manicures. That often lost him sales, he believed.

"Pshaw!" said the woman proprietor, "that's just the reason why you ought to make sales. I'll show you how to do it."

Going out among the manicures herself she offered goods not merely for use in their work, but as stock to be sold to their patrons.

"Put in a showcase, fill it with our goods, and get your customers in the way of buying them for home use," said she. "In a little while you can build up a profitable steady side line."

"Oh, no, that is impossible," objected the manicures, "for our customers would learn to do their own work at home."

"Nonsense—the kind of people who come to you want your expert work," insisted the woman. "By selling them preparations besides you make just so much additional profit on a customer."

After a single day's canvassing she came in with an order from one manicure for thirty dollars' worth of goods. The old gentleman opened his eyes, for he had never sold more than fifteen dollars' worth in a single order. Listening carefully to her explanation of how it was done, he went out the following day and sold fifty dollars' worth of stuff to one customer. Next week the woman canvassed again and brought in a fifty-dollar order, which the old gentleman promptly beat by bringing in one aggregating sixty-five dollars. Today that old chap's quiet trade has increased tenfold and his sales are much steadier than formerly.

Competition in price makes a direct appeal to the customer's pocket, but diverts attention from the goods. Its tendency is always downward toward the bedrock of cost, beyond which there is no going.

Competition in quality, on the contrary, is an appeal to the taste and intelligence of customers based on the goods and their merits. Many merchants and manufacturers hesitate to trust public taste, in the belief that the average consumer does not appreciate fine points of quality. But those who do rely upon it seldom go wrong, and the whole trend of quality competition is upward.

There is never very much room in which to make or sell things more cheaply. But there is always a world of room in which to make or sell them better.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by James H. Collins, dealing with competition in business.

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YOU men who read this page know a good deal about good clothes. You discriminate in fabrics, you have cultivated ideas about choice patterns and refined styles, you know real values. And, you are very keen about the many kinds of clothes that you *don't* want. Isn't this ***true?***

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in Fall and Winter models are now on display by many good clothiers in most of the towns and cities of America. We would like you to inspect them, for your *own* satisfaction. They are pretty sure to upset some of your "notions" about ready-for-service clothing. And, we hope they will number you among our many thousands of steadfast customers.

Send for this book—

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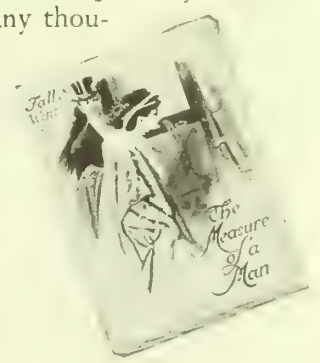


It gives a good many good reasons why Michaels-Stern Clothes have been preferred for forty years. It is also a Style Book and guide to good form in men's dress. It is ***Free***—write for it.

Michaels, Stern & Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE MANKILLER

(Concluded from Page 11)

sniffed of the wind. When they reached the horse pasture the boy tore out the strands of wire at a spot near the corner of the fence.

"You was fond of my Dad, wasn't you, Apache?" Tommy quavered, working with nervous fingers to unbuckle the halter. "Then go to it."

The jack required no bidding. He wrenched free and stepped carefully over the wire into Midnight's domain. Apache never did anything in ill-judged haste. A blur, two hundred yards off, attracted him and he headed toward it eagerly. A moment, and he stopped; then went forward with caution.

Midnight had seen him coming. He trotted out from his band of mares and halted expectantly. Next instant he had recognized Apache for what he was, and shrilled a challenge. The jack brayed like a fiend and went forward slowly to meet him.

Now, a capable jack can whip any stallion that ever breathed. It is really an education to watch a jack like the mighty Apache fight. There exists the same difference between the methods of a stallion and a jack as between those of a nervous amateur boxer and the seasoned champion. A jack has no fear that any one can detect, and is practically insensible to pain. One can see at a glance what an advantage this gives him over an opponent with any antipathy to suffering or loss of life.

Also, a jack never fights for glory, never fights for the gallery. His sole object is to win. Wherefore, no idle and frivolous prancing about for him—no swift rush in, a blind striking with hoofs, a tearing with the teeth, then out again. A jack is not constructed that way. Fighting is a business—a serious, albeit a pleasurable, business; and he attends to that side of it with passionate singleness of purpose. He will watch his opportunity with the alert coolness of the professional, wasting not an ounce of energy. When the opening comes he goes to it like the stroke of a rattler, gets his grip and shuts his eyes and hangs on. There is considerable of the bulldog in a jack, and if he is to be gotten off at all, one must pry him off with a crowbar; in fact, next to a Shetland stallion, which is the darlingest little fighter that ever tore at an enemy's ribs, nothing more instructive can be witnessed than a full-sized jack in a fair field and no interruptions.

Apache had fought before—many, many times. Therefore he made for the foe with circumspection, his head jerking sideways, his tail tucked, ears laid flat on his neck, and his feet barely touching the ground, so lightly did his tense muscles carry him. One evil eye measured the giant horse with venomous composure.

Vastly different was Midnight's attack. The stallion had pluck to spare, but his temper was overhasty and his skill slight. Rage forever clouded his judgment in encounter. He had learned only one plan of battle and that was to rush and bear down his opponent by the velocity of his onslaught. It spoke well for his heart but little for his understanding. There was his rival. He would kill him. Midnight's was a simple creed.

His harsh scream split the night silence, and the fight was on. Another horse would have circled so formidable an adversary in an endeavor to create an opening, but the black's temper was too imperious for delay. Straight was his rush. He bore down on the jack at the top of his speed, his wonderful, supple body aquiver with eagerness and anger.

Then Apache did a remarkable thing a thing almost human in ingenuity. What Apache didn't know about fighting is best forgotten. Swerving ever so slightly as the black came, he lunged to meet him, crashing shoulder to shoulder with all the strength of his tough sinews behind the impact. Hit sideways, taken off his balance, the force of Midnight's own charge contributed to his overthrow. Down he tumbled, scrambling with his feet as he fell. Before his body touched the ground the jack whirled and lashed with both heels into his sides. With the same appalling speed, Apache drove for the throat of his prostrate enemy, secured his grip and shut his eyes, wrenching frenziedly from side to side and upward.

It is well not to tell further what Apache did to the mankiller. A jack has about as much sense of mercy as he has of fear, and he has never been taught any rules of warfare. When he gets his enemy where his enemy would like to get him he does his utmost to obliterate him from the face of the earth. So it was that next day the Tumbling K men were barely able to recognize the Kentucky stallion in the torn, broken, black pulp they found in the horse pasture.

All night long Apache brayed and screeched. The noise of his triumph would set a soul to quaking. It pierced Manuel's dreams and he muttered in his sleep a prayer for protection from the Evil One. The jack pranced around and around his victim, and up and down the pasture, wild with the joy of battle, magnificent in his superb strength and the pride of victory. Toward dawn he abandoned the carcass and drove off the terror-stricken mares as the just spoils of the conqueror.

Big white clouds boiled up back of the mountains that afternoon, with a stiff wind from the southeast behind them; and at sunset the heavens opened of their blessed treasure. Manuel and Tommy lay in the bunkhouse listening to the thunder of rain on the sod roof. A burro came to the door and poked his patient head inside, seeking warmth and a friendly dry spot.

"Come in!" cried Manuel cheerily. "Take a chair. Tommy, give him your bed. Isn't that music, though? Hark! Oh, the cattle! Can't you see them soaking in it, boy?"

A yellow mongrel ousted the doubtful burro from the doorway and began nosing about for a place to rest his uneasy rump. The roof was leaking in strong, hearty streams, and Salazar sprawled on his back, letting the water run on to his chest. He was smiling placidly. Tommy snuggled into the blankets and pictured to himself a new land of much grass and clear-eyed, contented cows and high-tailed calves.

"The curse is lifted," Manuel observed piously. "Yes, sir. The dear God sent the jack to kill that stallion. How else could it be? What do you think, Tommy, boy?"

"I reckon so," said Tommy.

Protectionists

FARSEEING methods of insuring a future for one's family are illustrated by the following cases.

A broker's clerk, after providing $5000 life insurance, has made it the rule to put away money at a rate that enables him to buy a trustworthy thousand-dollar bond about once every three years. Each bond purchased provides an addition to the yearly income of forty to fifty dollars, and is available for himself as well as his wife in emergency. To teach his wife a little about the scheme, he takes his bonds home from the office every coupon day, has her clip the coupons, and shows her how they are deposited at the bank. In case he dies she knows how his savings are invested, and why, and how to collect the income and safeguard the principal.

A widower of forty, with one daughter, cannot pass the physical tests to obtain life insurance. He is able to put away about $350 a year, which would buy $10,000 insurance on the twenty-payment plan. Instead, he has created what is known as a "cumulative trust estate" with a trust company. A special trust deed was first drawn up, providing that upon his death all income from his savings shall be paid to his daughter until she is of age, and then the principal paid her in a lump sum. He deposited $500 as a first payment, and makes regular payments precisely as though the estate were a life insurance policy, the trust company investing the money conservatively to yield about four per cent. Under this plan as little as $100 can be paid as an initial deposit, and as little as twenty-five dollars afterward, either regularly or as desired. If the creator of the estate lives twenty years these deposits will probably yield more than would life insurance, but in the event of death, of course, there would be only what he had saved, plus the increase through four per cent interest. The trust company will also take charge of what money he may leave at death, administering it for the benefit of his daughter. Under a similar plan, trust companies now accept insurance money under a special trust deed to be administered and paid out as income to the widow or children.

Why a "South Bend" Watch Costs More

A "South Bend" Watch costs more than an ordinary watch because of the *intricate care* and *superlative quality* of workmanship put into its manufacture.

You are proud to carry a "South Bend" because this superiority *shows*—not only in the looks of the watch but in the *accuracy* with which it tells the time.

A "South Bend" Watch must be put together so carefully and the parts finished so perfectly that it will run without a hairspring. That is a test all "South Bend" Watches must stand.

It takes six months just to *make* such a watch. Another six months are often spent in adjustments and in regulation. This means that a full year is sometimes spent on the watch before it is deemed up to our standard. There are over 250 *inspections* on a "South Bend" Watch.

You can't expect a common watch to do as well, for common watches are not made with equal attention to detail.

Every adjustment given a "South Bend" Watch is most carefully performed.

We have men in our factory who, on account of the delicacy of the operations they perform, scarcely move a muscle from morning till night.

In no other factory of any kind in the world can one find such marvelous skill as is employed here.

But a "South Bend" Watch is *a real watch* when it is sent to the retail jeweler who sells it; in other words, it is watch perfection carried out to the "nth" power.

Why a "South Bend" Watch Keeps Time Best for Its Owner

No watch, not even a "South Bend," will keep accurate time in everyone's pocket without a personal adjustment. A watch needs to be adjusted not only to heat, cold and position, but to the *owner's personality.*

But a watch must have a wonderfully accurate factory adjustment such as only a "South Bend" gets before it can be given a successful "personality adjustment."

A watch has a tendency to run faster when lying flat than when in an upright position. If your business or habits of life cause you to lean over a great deal or move quickly or walk all day, your watch is affected. But a high-grade jeweler can *regulate* a *"South Bend"* Watch to neutralize your actions so well that the watch will keep perfect time for you, although it may vary in someone else's pocket under other conditions.

These are the reasons why a "South Bend" Watch costs more than common watches.

Only reputable dealers sell "South Bend" Watches.

Go to one of them and have him show you a "South Bend" Watch and explain more fully just what "personal adjustment" means and how necessary it is. Write for our highly interesting free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." You'll read every word if you read the first page.

South Bend Watch Company
Dept. B
South Bend, Indiana

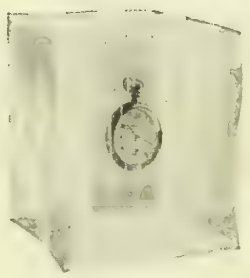
Special Railroad Movement

A new "South Bend" model called the "Studebaker"—it is a masterpiece

A railroad watch must run absolutely without the slightest variation, for every watch is inspected by railroad inspectors every fifteen days. In the "Studebaker" we have produced a watch that those inspectors can give "perfect scores" at every test.

You can buy the watch (without case) of a retail jeweler, a 17-jewel movement, for $24, and a 21-jewel movement, for $35.

Send us dealer's name if he hasn't this watch.

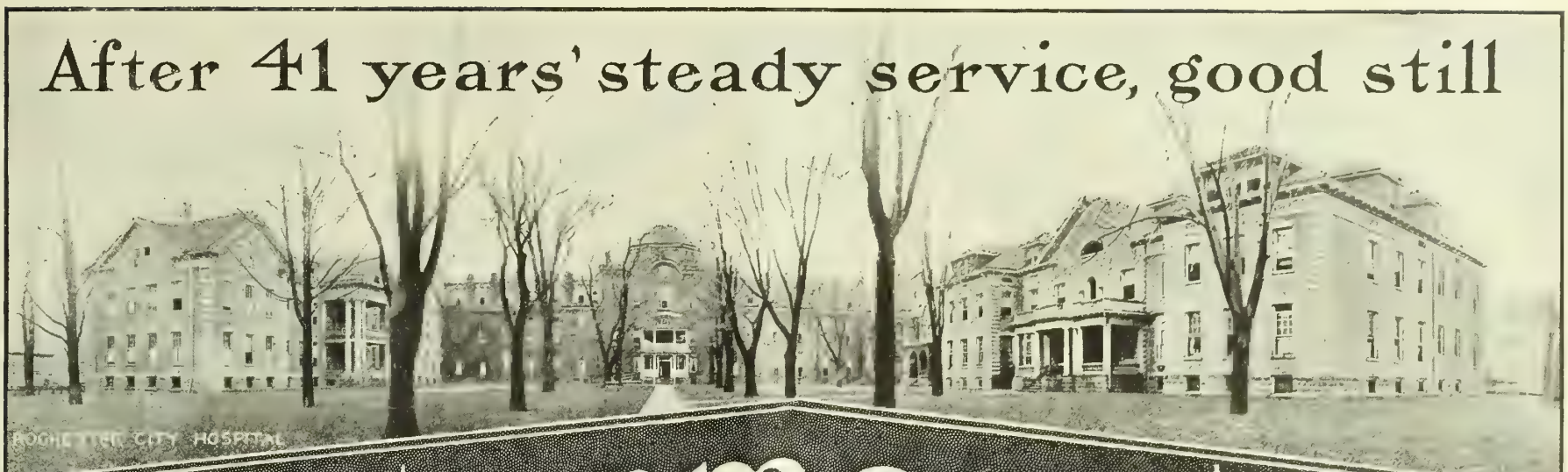


Frozen in Ice—Keeps Perfect Time

The "South Bend" Watch

(17)

After 41 years' steady service, good still



Ostermoor $15.

A Strong Endorsement of Ostermoor Service from
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
(shown above)

June 20, 1910.

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.

Ostermoor Mattresses have been most satisfactorily used in this hospital for the past Forty-one years, *many of them all that time.*

It is surely proof enough of their superiority to say that after having twenty-five years hard, constant use without any renovation whatever, a number of them were made practically new by you—at less than half the original cost in 1894. Those and all others purchased since 1870 are still in use, have been frequently steamed, and yet are in most excellent condition to-day.

Yours very truly,
M. L. KEITH, Supt.

Many years of service in the best homes and institutions in America is *Proof of Quality* offered by the Ostermoor Mattress.

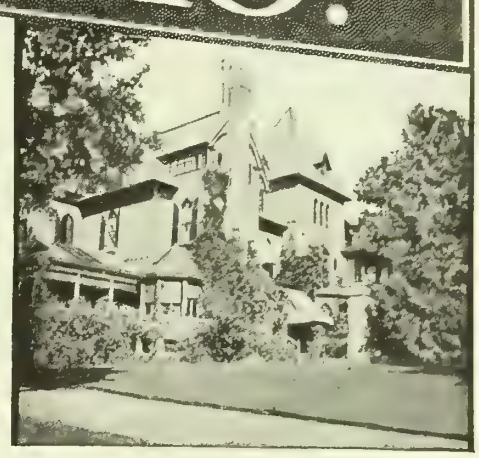
Mere claim of being "just as good" is the sole offering of the horde of trailers who seek to trade on Ostermoor popularity by brazen imitation.

If you want an imitation, get it. If you want the mattress that can show *real reasons* for superiority, get it—it's the OSTERMOOR. And we challenge any other mattress maker or seller, regardless of name, material or price, to prove Ostermoor claims in connection with *his* product.

OSTERMOOR REASONS ARE:

Life-time Durability—always retains its soft, yielding, yet springing and resilient properties. This is because of Ostermoor construction—four thousand sheets of filmy, downy cotton, *built* by hand (not stuffed) into a soft, resilient mattress that is acknowledged to be the ***Most Comfortable of All Mattresses.*** It never packs, gets lumpy or loses its feeling of newness.

The Ostermoor is the one ***Really Sanitary*** Mattress. It will not absorb dampness, or attract disease germs; dust cannot work into it; vermin cannot live in it. It is not susceptible to odors of atmosphere or perspiration. Thus the Ostermoor is ***Always Dry, Sweet and Wholesome.*** You never need spend a cent "re-making" it; an occasional sun bath is the only renovation it needs. These facts explain why thinking people—those who want *comfort* and *service*, instead of just "a mattress"—*insist* on the Ostermoor.



30 Years here

Rev. Dr. Francis Goodwin, Hartford, Conn., whose home is here shown, says:

June 29, 1910.

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.

DEAR SIRS: It gives me much pleasure to bear my unqualified testimony as to the excellence of Ostermoor Mattresses and Cushions. I think that in cleanliness, comfort and durability, and never requiring to be remade, Ostermoor is much to be preferred to hair or any other material. It is over thirty years since I first used your Mattresses and Cushions and my very satisfactory experience only confirms the judgment expressed above.

Yours very truly,
FRANCIS GOODWIN.

Send for 144-Page Book and Samples—Mailed Free

Our book, "The Test of Time," contains over 200 illustrations and text matter of special interest. It tells all about the various styles of Ostermoor Mattresses, church cushions, etc. Postal request brings it, with samples of ticking.

The Ostermoor is not on sale generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places—the livest merchant in town. *Write us and we will give you his name.* Don't make a hasty purchase of a "just as good"—it means discomfort and short service, because there is only one Ostermoor way of building a mattress. Our trademark label is your guarantee of the genuine.

Where we have no dealer, or when the dealer has none in stock, we ship you an Ostermoor by express prepaid same day check is received. Thirty nights' free trial granted. Money returned if dissatisfied.

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid

Best blue and white ticking 4'-6" wide—45 lbs. $15.

In two parts 50c. extra.

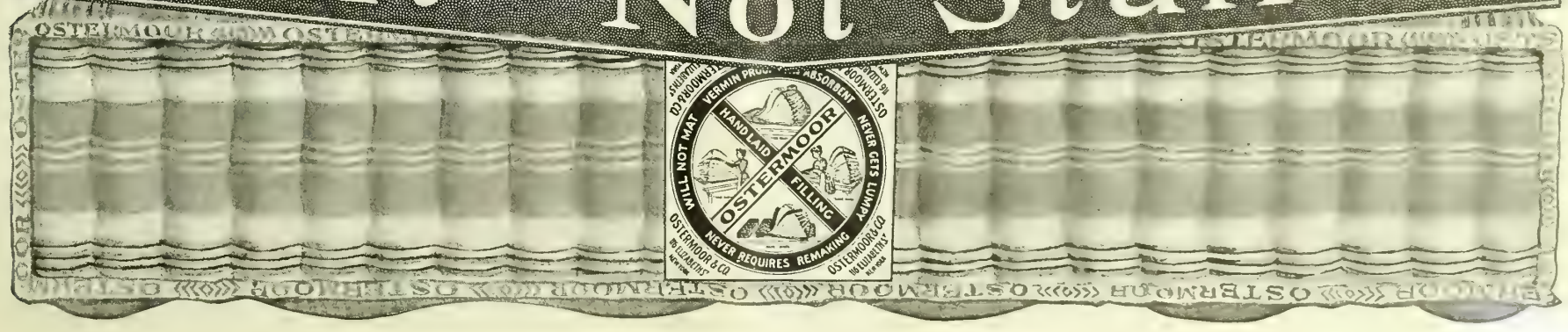
Dust-proof, satin-finish ticking $1.50 more.

French mercerized Art Twills $3.00 more.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 101 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Get the Genuine Ostermoor
by seeing the trademark label shown below, also the name Ostermoor woven in the binding. They are there to protect you.

Built—Not Stuffed



When You Buy

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

You Buy Food

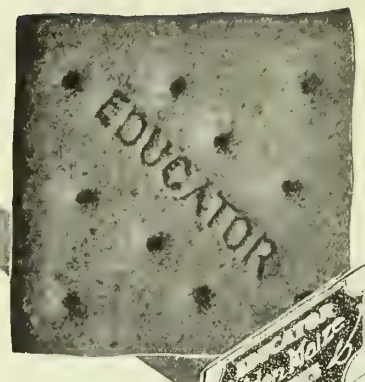
Would you know a new delight in eating? Then try Educators. Their charm lies in their simplicity. The best of goodness all through—made from stone-ground Educator Entire Wheat Flour (or cereals), pure spring water and highest quality of ingredients.

Undeniably nutlike in flavor, tempting in taste. A delight to eat and to serve. There are twenty kinds of Educator Crackers — how many have *you* tried?

The leading grocers of every place sell Educator Crackers. If you cannot secure the various kinds you like, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Our catalogue is mailed free.

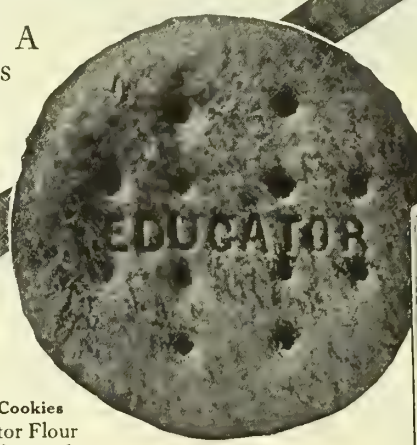
Johnson Educator Food Co.
209 Tremont Street
Boston, Mass.

EDUCATOR Butter Cracker
Shortened with creamery butter—slightly salted. Fine for crackers and milk.



EDUCATOR Golden Maize
Made of Golden Corn and Entire Wheat. Children and grown-ups never tire of it.

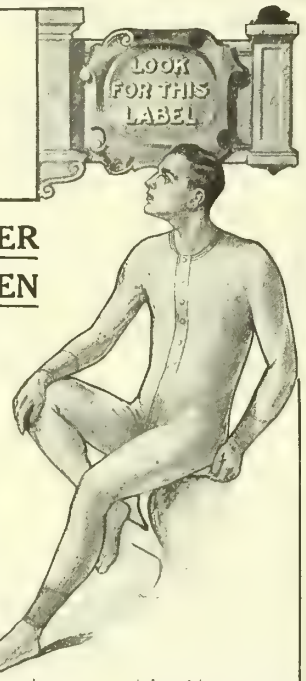
EDUCATOR Fruited Cracker
Delightful in its fascinating flavor, enriched by selected Sultana Carabuna Raisins.



EDUCATOR Bran Cookies
Wheat Bran, Educator Flour and a little sweetening. A natural laxative that delights the palate.

REIS UNDERWEAR
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
U. S. PAT. OFF.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL



REIS FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

distinguished by the above label is made in every approved material to meet every variation of personal taste and to fit tall men, short men, big men, small men, stout men, slim men, long arms and short arms. Every **REIS** garment is

GUARANTEED

Made in shirts, drawers and union suits in every good fabric, every weave and weight. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. If REIS UNDERWEAR is not obtainable at your dealer's, write to us, giving his name and your address, and we will send you FREE a copy of our new winter catalogue, which contains much valuable information.

ROBERT REIS & CO. Dept. S 560-562 Broadway, New York

Your Boy Will Read

He is just at the age where he's ravenous for all kinds of information. And what he reads now will *stick*. Choose his reading for him! Give him the boys' magazine that is safe, fascinating, instructive and *real*—that develops manly boys—that is endorsed by a half-million careful parents—

THE AMERICAN BOY

Sane, inspiring stories of real life. Expert talks on electricity, manual training, photography, everyday science and current events. Latest news of clean sports and games. Regular department of stamp, coin and curio collecting. Full of fine pictures

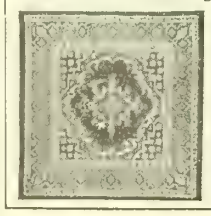
Send it to him for a year, $1.00.
10c a copy at all news-stands.
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
109 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets

From the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent.

You can buy the well-known **Regal Rug**, reversible, all wool finish, at $3.75. **Our Brussello Rug**, greatest value known, **$1.85**. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug**, 9x12 ft., **$11**. Famous **Invincible Velvets**, 9x12 ft., **$16**. Standard **Axminsters**, 9x12 ft., **$18.50**. Fine quality **Lace Curtains**, 45c per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums** at Mill prices.



Write to-day for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 12. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2450-2462 Jasper St., Phila.

Columbus HARD DRYING Liquid Wax

The Easiest Applied Floor Finish
(Patented.)

Here at last is a floor wax that finishes perfectly hard or soft wood floors, furniture and woodwork without possessing any of the disagreeable features of paste or powdered wax.

It is LIQUID and flows readily from the can. It is applied simply with a soft cloth and polished with a dry cloth in from 10 to 20 minutes. There is no heavy brush to push, no hard rubbing, no back-ache, no discomfort.

(Patented.)

Done In Less Than An Hour

You can wax a floor 15 feet square, ready to walk on in less than one hour. Think of that as compared to three or four hours in hard labor applying common wax.

Water Won't Harm It

It dries quickly and hard but remains tough and elastic. It can be wiped up with water without turning white or peeling off. Heel marks won't show and nothing can scratch or mar it.

Absolutely Sanitary

It contains no grease or paraffine, so that it cannot collect or hold dust, dirt or germs, nor soil rugs or clothing.

It Covers More Surface

than any ordinary wax and is therefore cheaper in the end. One gallon will keep the average home in condition for a year.

Get a Liberal Sample FREE

At your dealer's or send us 10c stamps or silver to cover cost of packing and mailing and we will send sample bottle and some valuable information about floors—Get it today.

At all first class dealers': ½ pint 25c; pint 45c; quart 85c; ½ gallon $1.60; gallon $3.00.

THE COLUMBUS VARNISH COMPANY
Dept. 10 Columbus Ohio

THE FIRST BIRDMAN

(Continued from Page 13)

vagaries of the wind, just as a gyroscope torpedo is able to steer a straight course in spite of waves and contrary currents.

It was several years after he concluded that mechanical flight was possible before he undertook the extremely difficult work of making a power-driven model that would fly a much longer time than was possible with the twisted rubber bands used in his little machine. It was during the prosecution of this work that enough difficulties were encountered to have stopped almost any man. The first four models that were built all greatly exceeded their estimated weight, and none of them developed the power which their engines should have delivered. Every possible form of boiler was tried and finally at the fifth attempt, when, as Professor Langley said, weight had been reduced to the utmost limit and further reduction was still necessary, a boiler was constructed from a helical coil of very thin copper tubing and heat furnished from an adaptation of a plumber's gas torch. This engine and boiler worked at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch and delivered about one and one-half horse-power to seven pounds of total weight.

It was at the end of many years of heart-breaking experiment and failure that this result was achieved. Work on the actual construction of the first machine was commenced in 1892, but it was not until 1896 that the first machine was flown. Four models were actually built before one was made that was theoretically light and powerful enough to fly.

A Memorable Day at Widewater

With a sensitive man working in secret and a hostile press, eager to laugh at any supposed failure, it may be imagined that the years of suspense and discouragement were enough to sap almost any one's vitality.

The scene of the prospective launching was finally selected near Widewater, Virginia, a little place thirty miles below Washington, whence the return trip took the best part of a day. Here a small scow was secured and a house built on it, and the work that had been done in a well-protected shop in Washington had all to be done over under different atmospheric conditions that disarranged the apparatus and involved more harassing trials and failures than had been previously experienced.

Even after the machine had been built that was to be given a trial in free flight twenty trips were made between Washington and the experiment station before a successful launch was secured. These were not trips made on successive days either, but extended over a period of two years, with intervals of shopwork to repair some trifling but discouraging flaw that had unexpectedly developed—waits for favorable weather and other sorts of delays that could not possibly have been anticipated.

It was found when the first open-air trials were attempted that working out-of-doors was vastly different and more discouraging than working in a protected shop. Even in a light breeze the fragile apparatus could not be left alone for two seconds without being upset. There had to be a launching device made that would hold the model firmly till the instant of free flight and then would unquestionably and instantly release it.

Even when the model, which was thirteen feet across the wings, was launched it was found that the wings were distorted by their weight in the air out of all resemblance to their theoretically proper shape. It was necessary then to turn the machine on its back and dredge fine sand to the weight of the machine itself all over the wings, and then tighten up the guy wires and stays till the wings were the shape they should be when the machine was supported with its own weight in air.

Perhaps the account of the final triumph can best be given in Professor Langley's own words, which give an idea of the nerve-wrecking period of experiment through which he had passed and an unconsciously pathetic record of human achievement against odds. He says in part:

"I will spare an account of the numberless delays from continued accidents and from failures in attempted flights which prevented an entirely satisfactory one during nearly three years after a machine with the power to fly had been attained. It is true that the aerodrome maintained itself in the air many times, but some disaster had so often prevented a complete flight that the most persistent hope must at some time have yielded. On the sixth of May, 1896, I journeyed, perhaps for the twentieth time, to the distant river station and commenced the weary routine of another launch with very moderate expectations indeed; and when—on that, to me, memorable occasion—the signal was given and the aerodrome sprang into the air I watched from the shore with hardly a hope that the long series of accidents had come to a close. And yet it had, and for the first time the aerodrome swept through the air like a living thing, and as second after second passed on the face of the watch till a minute had gone by and it still flew on, and I heard the cheering of the few spectators, I felt that something had been accomplished at last; for never in any part of the world, or in any period, had any machine of man's construction sustained itself in the air for even half of this brief period. Still the aerodrome went on in a rising course till at the end of a minute and a half—for which time only it was provided with fuel and water—it had accomplished a little over half a mile. It then settled rather than fell into the river with a gentle descent. It was immediately taken out and flown again with equal success, and there was nothing to indicate that it might not have continued indefinitely except for the limit put upon it.

"And now, it may be asked, what has been done? This has been done: A flying machine, so long a type for ridicule, has really flown. It has demonstrated its practicability in the only satisfactory way—by really flying; and by doing this again and again under conditions that leave no doubt.

"There is no room here to enter on the consideration of the construction of larger machines or to offer reasons for believing that they will be built to remain for days in the air and reach speeds greater than any with which we are now familiar.

"Neither is there room to enter on a consideration of their commercial value or of those applications which probably will first come in the arts of war rather than in those of peace. But we can at least see that these may be such as to change the whole condition of warfare. When two opposing hosts will have their every movement known to each other, when no lines of fortifications will keep out the foe, and when the difficulties of defending a country against an attacking enemy in the air have grown, we may hope that this will hasten rather than retard the coming of the day when war shall cease."

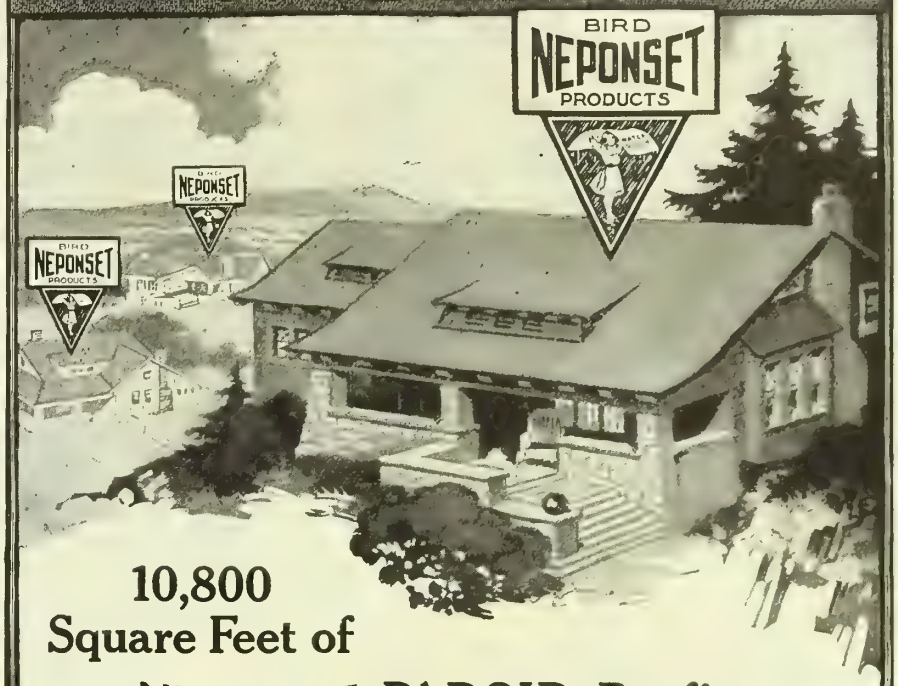
Mr. Langley's Modest Words

This was the record of Professor Langley's final success after failures enough to have stopped any ordinary man. It was written at a time when the present achievements in mechanical flight were undreamed of, when Langley himself was known in his success to only a limited number of friends, and when the man-carrying flying machine was still a vision so little considered that the man who had made it possible was being driven to death with a broken heart over the fashion in which his pioneer work was received.

Just how little wealth and recognition Mr. Langley expected to win may be judged from the paragraph with which he closed his reference to that part of his experiments. He said:

"I have so far had a purely scientific interest in the result of these labors. Perhaps, if it could have been foreseen at the outset how much of labor there was to be, how much work and how much of life itself would be given to it, and how much care, I might have hesitated to enter upon it at all. And now reward must be looked for, if reward there be, in the knowledge that I have done the best I could in a difficult task with results which it is to be hoped will be useful to others. I have brought to a close the portion of the work which seemed to be specially mine—the demonstration of the practicability of mechanical flight; and for the next stage, which is the practical and commercial

Are You Going to Build ?



10,800 Square Feet of NEPONSET PAROID Roofing

were used on the Postum Cereal Plant at Battle Creek, illustrated below.

Before this order was placed, the record of NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING was closely examined.

The U. S. Government—as careful buyer as any in the world—has bought NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING every year since it was first placed on the market. Last year it bought 1,500,000 square feet.

There are different NEPONSET ROOFINGS for different types of buildings.

The residence shown above illustrates the use of NEPONSET PROSLATE, an attractive rich brown roofing, which is rapidly superseding the high priced poor quality shingles of the present day. Made with straight or ornamental edges.

Every residence, too, should be insulated against cold, draughts and dampness with NEPONSET WATERPROOF BUILDING PAPER instead of with the cheap, porous kind. The additional cost will be less than $10, all told. The saving on fuel alone will amount to one third every winter.

Let us tell you where you can see in your neighborhood a NEPONSET ROOF. If interested in a building paper, let us direct you to one who has used ours. Judge BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS by what the users say.

Bird NEPONSET Products

ROOFINGS AND WATERPROOF BUILDING PAPERS

NEPONSET Proslate Roofing: For residences and all other buildings requiring an artistic roofing and siding. Rich brown in color. Looks like shingles, wears like slate.

NEPONSET Paroid Roofing: For roofs and sides of farm, industrial and railroad buildings. Slate in color. Has proved its worth in all climates. Endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters for its fire-resisting qualities.

For poultry buildings, brooder houses, sheds, and temporary buildings, **Neponset Red Rope Roofing** is unequalled.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Paper: For use in residences under clapboards and shingles in the walls, or under slate, metal, tile and similar roofs. Keeps out cold, draughts and dampness; saves one-third the fuel bill every winter.

NEPONSET Florian Sound-Deadening Felt: For use in residences, under floors, between partitions, and under metal roofs. Based on the dead air cell principle, it is the most effective muffler of sound and absolutely sanitary. It is vermin proof.

Our Building Counsel Department is placed at the disposal of anyone that is building or repairing. Give us full particulars, and we will gladly give you expert advice on any roofing or waterproofing question.

Bird Neponset Dealers everywhere. If you do not know the one in your locality, ask us.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 124 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.

Established in 1795. Originators of Complete Ready Roofing and Waterproof Building Paper.

New York, Washington, Chicago, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John

MILLS: East Walpole, Mass., Norwood, Mass., Phillipsdale, R. I., Hamilton, Ont., Pont Rouge, Quebec

development of the idea, it is probable that the world will have to look to others. The world, indeed, will be supine if it does not realize that a new possibility has come to it and that the great universal highway overhead is soon to be opened."

It would have been well for Professor Langley's peace of mind, even for the popular conception of his scientific reputation, if he had stopped with demonstrating the practicability of mechanical flight. But he was drawn by the call of the Government into building a man-carrying machine. This was one of the most remarkable pieces of mechanical work that was ever executed.

The framework of the machine was built of French steel tubing two inches in diameter and almost as thin as writing-paper. This frame was of oval shape and at either end had big wings set at identical levels so that in reality it was a tandem monoplane. The propellers were set midway the length of the machine and revolved outside and on each side of the main framework. They made from one thousand to twelve hundred revolutions a minute. Inside the frame a very light bicycle seat supported the operator.

Every pulley, guy-wire and rib of the machine was hollowed out and reduced to the lowest possible weight. The total weight of the machine and engine was just eight hundred pounds and the supporting surface of its wings totaled ten hundred and forty square feet. When this is compared with the weight of from two to four pounds to the square foot of supporting surface carried by a modern aeroplane it will be seen that the machine was abundantly light to fly.

The most difficult as well as the most essential part of the machine was the motor. Professor Langley, in company with Mr. Manley, personally interviewed the foremost engine builders in Europe and America. He finally secured a contract with one of them to build an engine weighing not over ten pounds per horse-power. This contract, however, was never fulfilled, and almost a year was wasted in waiting for the engine which never came.

Professor Langley at that time had discarded steam and relied upon a gasoline motor. The one which eventually was built in the Smithsonian shops is rated by competent engineers to be the best gas engine which even yet has been produced. Much of the designing was due to Charles Manley, who also performed a very large part of the actual construction. Special carbureters were adopted after experiments had been made with dozens of different types, and the engine was connected with the propellers by a series of gears, dispensing with chains altogether and running absolutely without vibration.

The engine, which is now on exhibition in the National Museum, has five stationary cylinders arranged in the form of a five-pointed star. It is a marvel of light but durable construction, and delivers fifty-two horse-power for one hundred and fifty-five pounds of weight, including the radiators and batteries.

A Marvelous Mechanism

Those who are familiar with the construction of the best gasoline engines of the present day know that many of them are catalogued at three and four pounds to the horse-power and rated at from forty to fifty horse-power. Those who have attempted to get a light engine for aeronautic work know, however, that this weight is predicated on stripping the engine of radiators, batteries, cooling water and other essentials and that the actual horse-power, when it is put on a brake test, often falls from a rating of forty to a delivery of twenty.

The wings of the big machine were a marvel of light and efficient construction. In view of the modern construction of aeroplane wings, which is light and strong, but by no means delicate, it would seem as though they exceeded the limit of accuracy. The ribs were built on the plan of the quills in the wings of a Harpy eagle, this form of construction being the lightest and strongest among Nature's flying creatures. These quills were square in structure, tapered almost to a fishing-rod point at the small end. They were hollow and were put together with marine glue and braced with tiny wooden struts inside. Weight for weight they were as strong as Nature's model after which they were built.

The whole workmanship of the big machine is exquisite. For those who really enjoy fine machine work, such as nearly approaches mathematical-instrument work, it is a revelation. Every ounce of superfluous metal has been cut out. The machine carries less weight to the square foot of supporting surface and has more actual power than any machine that is flying today. It also has less head resistance, and the chances are that if it were entered in a world-speed contest against the fastest modern machines it would make a world's record.

It is the sort of machine that one can picture young millionaire sportsmen using a decade hence, not necessarily in the model but in the workmanship. It compares with the machines now flying about as a modern racing car would compare with the old automobile in which the Comte de Dion won the first Paris-Bordeaux automobile road race.

The engine of the big flyer is on exhibition in the National Museum, but the big machine has never been publicly shown. The officials of the Smithsonian say this is because of lack of room. The chances are that this reticence is due partly to a feeling of resentment over the scant recognition that has been given to Professor Langley's work.

While Doctor Cyrus Adler, one of Professor Langley's closest personal friends, was the librarian of the Smithsonian Institution, he was asked whether the persistent report that the big machine would be given another trial was true. He shook his head and said: "No; it has made history and it belongs to history. It will remain a relic."

A Hitch in the Launching

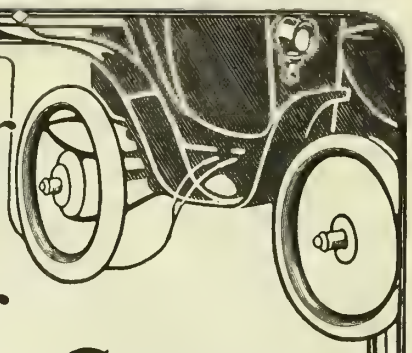
Before trying his big machine Professor Langley made a final flight with a model driven by a gasoline engine. This model was just a quarter of the size of the man-carrying machine. It flew perfectly and the launching apparatus, which eventually wrecked the big machine, worked perfectly also.

When it came to the trial of the man-carrying machine both Mr. Manley and the officers of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications, under whom the tests were to be made, distrusted the launching device. It was true that this device had worked well on numerous occasions, but they insisted that for such a test as was contemplated it would be better to try the machine on wheels over the ground. Mr. Manley was to operate the machine, and he insisted that if he was willing to take the risk it was nobody else's business. Professor Langley said, however, that he was not willing to risk the life of the operator over land, and he was firm in demanding that the trial be made over water. In view of what has been done in subsequent years by aeroplanes mounted on wheels it is almost certain a launch of this sort would have been a success. But Professor Langley sacrificed his own ambitions on the score of greater safety to the operator.

It was on October 7, 1903, that the first test of the big machine was made. Newspaper accounts are so recent as to render unnecessary a repetition of the details of this trial; but it is essential to say that when the first trial was made two little pieces of iron on the ways, each not more than half an inch in diameter, caught in the frame of the machine and as the launching ways fell, at the end of the run across the top of the houseboat, they dragged the machine down and prevented it from getting into the air. The second and last trial was made on December 8 of the same year, just below Washington. Money was exhausted and the season was so far advanced it was impossible to wait longer. Little was expected in this final trial, and it was made altogether under the most disadvantageous circumstances.

For a second time the launching ways failed to work and the machine was again thrown into the river, so that the series of trials closed without getting the aeroplane into the air and giving it a chance to prove whether or not it would fly.

It would seem, even at this late day, essential—in fairness to Professor Langley—to show that the alleged failure of the big machine was not a failure to fly, but was due entirely to a fault in the launching device and to the humane insistence of the builder, who would not risk the safety of the operator by a trial except over the water.



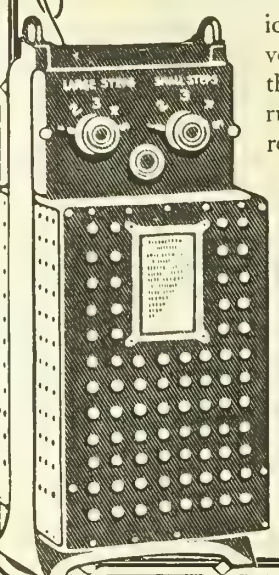
Charge your Electric Motor Car In your own Garage

THE Electric Automobile owner may now have his car ready for use the instant he wants it without the loss of time or annoyance of waiting his turn at the public garage.

You can charge your own car from the Central Station Line *at about half the cost* with the

Cooper Hewitt — Westinghouse Rectifier

All you have to do is connect your car—start the Rectifier in operation and then forget it until you need it. No electrical knowledge necessary.



The Rectifier properly charges the batteries—automatically decreases the charging current as the battery voltage increases and cuts off the current when the charge is complete. Even if current is interrupted—Rectifier will automatically restart on return of current to line.

Rectifier contains no revolving parts—nothing to get out of order. It occupies but two feet of wall space. Built by the ablest organization in the world devoted to the manufacture of electrical apparatus.

Send for booklet giving descriptions and other information to nearest District Office.

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.
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Sales Offices in 40 American cities.
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GOTHAM SHIRTS for Well-Dressed Men are labelled GOTHAM MFG

THE man who likes to ride, and motor, and golf, and dance, and who seems to have time for the real *amenities* of life and the good sense and good taste to *enjoy* them,—that type of man is pretty sure to prefer Gotham Mfg. Co. Shirts. They fit exactly with *his* idea of good form.

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Listen—
you sure *can* smoke a pipe;

smoke it hard, smoke it hot, smoke it often; and get the bulliest enjoyment out of every pull—if you'll just wise-up on a first hand tip and get next to Prince Albert—tobacco without a bite; tobacco that overcomes *all* the faults of all other brands; tobacco *every* man can smoke all the time and *like* all the time, no matter how sensitive his tongue!

PRINCE ALBERT

has a bunch of imitators because it has won in a walk. It's a cinch to make a box look like the famous Prince Albert package and to get fussed up with claims. Get down to case cards:

Imitators can toot horns, *but they can't produce tobacco bearing any of Prince Albert's earmarks.* Every ounce of Prince Albert tobacco is specially processed. *No other manufacturer can duplicate that process. It's patented!* Hence, you're wise when "just-the-same" con is dished up.

Now, listen—we've handed out some real facts, but at that, try the imitations. Get this pipe tobacco question right off your mind. Compare 'em all with "P. A."—your say-so is just strong enough for us.

Every live dealer in the country sells Prince Albert. If you can't get in touch with a "live" one mail the coupon on this page together with 8 cents for a liberal try-out tin. Do it now. Tobacco shipped by return mail—quick action to get "the goods" right into your old jimmy pipe! Don't wait for the second bell!

Paste this in your hat.

When you cut loose with a new pipe don't fire up until you have soaked the inside of the bowl and stem in milk at least 12 hours. That won't do a thing but keep your jimmy pipe sweet.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

A

How She Won Him

Feminine Persuasion Leads Traveling Man to Improve His Personal Appearance

A successful and busy traveling man was once handed a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

"Thanks. I'll take this home to the wife," he said.

"No, that is for you to try," I insisted.

"Oh, I'm no mollycoddle," laughed the "commercial tourist."

"If getting that travel-stained old face of yours just about 50% cleaner than ever before; and if having a face wonderfully refreshed and really presentable in public is mollycoddlish, then don't try Pompeian," I replied.

Several months later the scoffer met me again.

"Say, take it from me, that Pompeian stuff has soap-and-water backed up against the barn-door!" declared the traveling man. "After a dusty trip I don't feel like facing a big prospect now unless I've Pompeianed. But you needn't smile. You didn't win me over; the wife did. Gave her that trial jar you gave me. Told her what you said about the Pompeian making an Apollo of me.

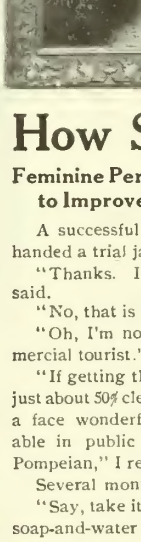
"So she tried the cream herself; bought a jar and one Sunday morning there was nothing doing but for me to try to do the Apollo act. Wife insisted. Tried the stuff after I'd shaved. It's all off with me now! I'm a willing mollycoddle! Say, doesn't it make your face feel great, and look as if you'd taken off your mask! The wife, too, is looking young enough to be her own daughter nowadays. She says to thank you for the good-looking husband she's just found! I'm thanking you for the better-looking wife I have since you gave me the tip about Pompeian."

Free—Magazines and Books

Save the green "Library Slips" found with every jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and with every package of 40 other standard products. The Library Slips can be exchanged for leading magazines and books.

Each Library Slip is worth 5% of the advertised price of the products. That is, if you buy a 50c jar of Pompeian you get a library slip worth 2½c. But only with Pompeian Massage Cream (*and with no other face cream*), and only with the 40 other standard Library Slip products can you find these Library Slips which will keep you supplied with fine magazines and books at no cost to you. Why not begin now to have all your family or friends save Library Slips?

(D)



The above Library Slip seal appears in the advertisements of the 40 Library Slip household products. The seal means—"Free Magazines and Books." Always think of that when you see the seal. It pays to buy standard products always. It pays doubly to buy those that give the additional value in books and magazines.

Conservation Forever!

ECONOMICS PROFESSOR—Mention some conservators of natural resources, Miss Youngthing.

MISS YOUNGTHING (absently)—Why, ah—talcum powder, hair restorers, tooth paste, and Pompeian Cream.

—Stanford University *Chaparral*.

Offer of 1911 "Pompeian Beauties"

(Now ready for delivery!)

Seems "Too Good to be True"

Hard for Public to Realize that Expensive Color Pictures can be Given for a Few Cents

The actual Art Store value of these exquisite color pictures is from $1.50 to $2.50 apiece. But each copy that you get is practically a gift. We charge only 15c apiece to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. Only artist's name-plate on front.

It is impossible for any magazine to show these pictures in their full size (larger than this page) or to reveal their true and beautiful colors. Each copy of "Pompeian Beauty" goes through the press from 10 to 15 times. The color pages of most magazines go through the press only 2 or 3 times. Hence a magazine could not begin to do justice to the exquisite color effects of these 1911 "Pompeian Beauties," *which are now ready for delivery.*

Expensiveness Causes Wonder

"How can you afford to give them away for only a few cents?" Thousands of the quarter-million people who got our 1910 "Pompeian Beauty" asked us that question.

Here is the answer. The old way to distribute pictures was to get a cheap color picture, "plaster" it with advertising matter and scatter copies to the four winds. Our way is different. First we get popular and expensive artists, place only their name-plates on the fronts of the pictures (as you see in the reproductions here) and then, by months of careful, high-cost printing, make them so fine, so beautiful and so valuable that they are kept for years, and often framed.

The small sum we charge not only protects us from being overwhelmed, but also protects you. Art pictures are always cheapened when given away. In short, we aim to make you so delighted and so satisfied that you can never forget "Pompeian." Our reward comes in thus gaining your confidence and good will through years to come. (See guarantee.)

Seems "Made Over New"

We quote from an enthusiastic letter written by a loyal Pompeian woman of New York City. It gives one of the big reasons for the really wonderful popularity of Pompeian Massage Cream.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

DEAR SIRS:

I bought a jar of the Pompeian Cream and had used it according to directions for three or four weeks when I happened to be invited to dine with friends whom I had not seen for several weeks. This was the remark with which I was greeted when I arrived:—"What have you been doing to yourself! You look as if you had been made over new!" As I knew that the fresh, healthy appearance of my skin was due to the use of Pompeian, this honest tribute to its merits may not come amiss.

Yours very truly,
(Name withheld by request.)

"The *fresh*, healthy appearance of my skin." There you have it! Color! *Natural*, youthful freshness from the use of Pompeian! Some competitors of Pompeian try to build up their business by "knocking" Pompeian. Instead of "knocking" we are willing to grant that those creams have certain undeniable merits. We say, "Use as many good cold creams as you wish, but don't confuse Pompeian with them."

Pompeian is not a cold cream. It is a massage cream. Cold creams are merely rubbed on the skin. Pompeian can be rubbed in and then rubbed out. It is the only face cream with a national reputation that will give *natural fresh color*. "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

Canadian Customers!

Pompeian Massage Cream is now made in our own factory in Canada, as well as in Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A. Canadian customers are no longer paying duty, but can buy Pompeian from their own dealers at advertised prices.

Automobile Complexions

Those who have machines (or have friends who have them) find that Pompeian takes the dust out of the pores as nothing else will. The "automobile complexion" has come to stay, except when Pompeian is used to overcome it. Use Pompeian after the next dusty drive. It's astonishing how Pompeian rolls the dust and grime out of the pores, leaving the skin clean and clear and with the muscles relaxed.

Description of Pictures

Each **"Pompeian Beauty"** represents a type of woman whom Pompeian Massage Cream helps to make more beautiful by imparting a *natural*, fresh, beautiful complexion.

We have only a half-million copies. Who knows whether a half-million or a million friends of Pompeian Massage Cream are eagerly waiting for this, our annual offer? Choose your favorites. Then speak for them quick!

A brass hanger is attached to each picture. Use hanger if you don't care to frame picture.

"Pompeian Beauty" (A) by Turner. Size 17 in. by 12 in. Turner's "Pompeian Beauty" smiles straight at you. She is irresistible with her feminine softness of contour and bloom of healthy happiness. Her black picture hat, glorious Titian hair and light blue opera cloak form a rare color combination. Rich frame is lithographed on picture, so that at 5 feet it looks like real mahogany. Art value $1.50 to $2.50. Price, 15c.

"Pompeian Beauty" (B) by Warde Traver. Size 19 in. by 12 in. This exquisite profile of Traver's typical American girl makes women exclaim "If I could only have a complexion like hers!" The golden glint of her hair blends beautifully with the dull-gold frame, which, by the way, is one of the most unique illusions ever attained on a picture. At 5 feet you think you see a real dull gilt frame. Her bodice is dark green. Art value $1.50 to $2.50. Price, 15c.

"Pompeian Beauty" (C) by Everett Johnson. Size 32 in. by 8 in. The original of this Art Panel would cost you nearly $1000. Artists declare it a daring yet wholly artistic color treatment. The wonderful green shade of her dress almost startles you at first. Yet each day the picture seems more worth the having. Mr. Johnson is an American living in Paris, which accounts for the dash of French chic to this panel. Art value $1.50 to $2.50. Price, 15c.

"Pompeian Beauty" (D) by Forbes. Size 35 in. by 7 in. Lovers of a dashing Art Panel can't get enough of this picture. It went into a quarter of a million homes, and still the public cries for more. As far as we know, this "Pompeian Beauty" is the most popular Art Panel ever issued. The color combination of lavender-and-gold seems to hit the popular fancy to an astonishing degree. Art value $1.50 to $2.50. Price, 15c.

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM

"Don't envy a good complexion; Use Pompeian, and have one!"

All Dealers, 50c, 75c and $1

B

THERE IS NO RISK

Our Guarantee: If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual Art Store value of from $1.50 to $2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will return your money.

Note: The handsome frames are only printed (in colors) on pictures A and B.

Final Instructions For Ordering

Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together; don't expect reply by "return mail" (we may have 20,000 orders on some days). But after making due allowance for distance, congestion of mails and our being overwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us, for mails will miscarry and we do replace all goods lost or stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may order as many pictures as you wish for yourself or friends. Read articles about Pompeian before ordering pictures. Trial jar sent for 6c (coin or stamps). You may order trial jar or pictures, or both.

(C)

Read this coupon carefully before filling out your order.

Tear off

Coupon

now before turning this page. It is so easy to forget. And to forget it is to regret it.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

GENTLEMEN:—Under the letters (or a letter) in spaces below, I have placed figures (or a figure) to show the quantity I wish of one or more of the 4 "Pompeian Beauties." I am enclosing 15c (stamps or money) for each picture ordered.

Pictures	A	B	C	D
Quantity				

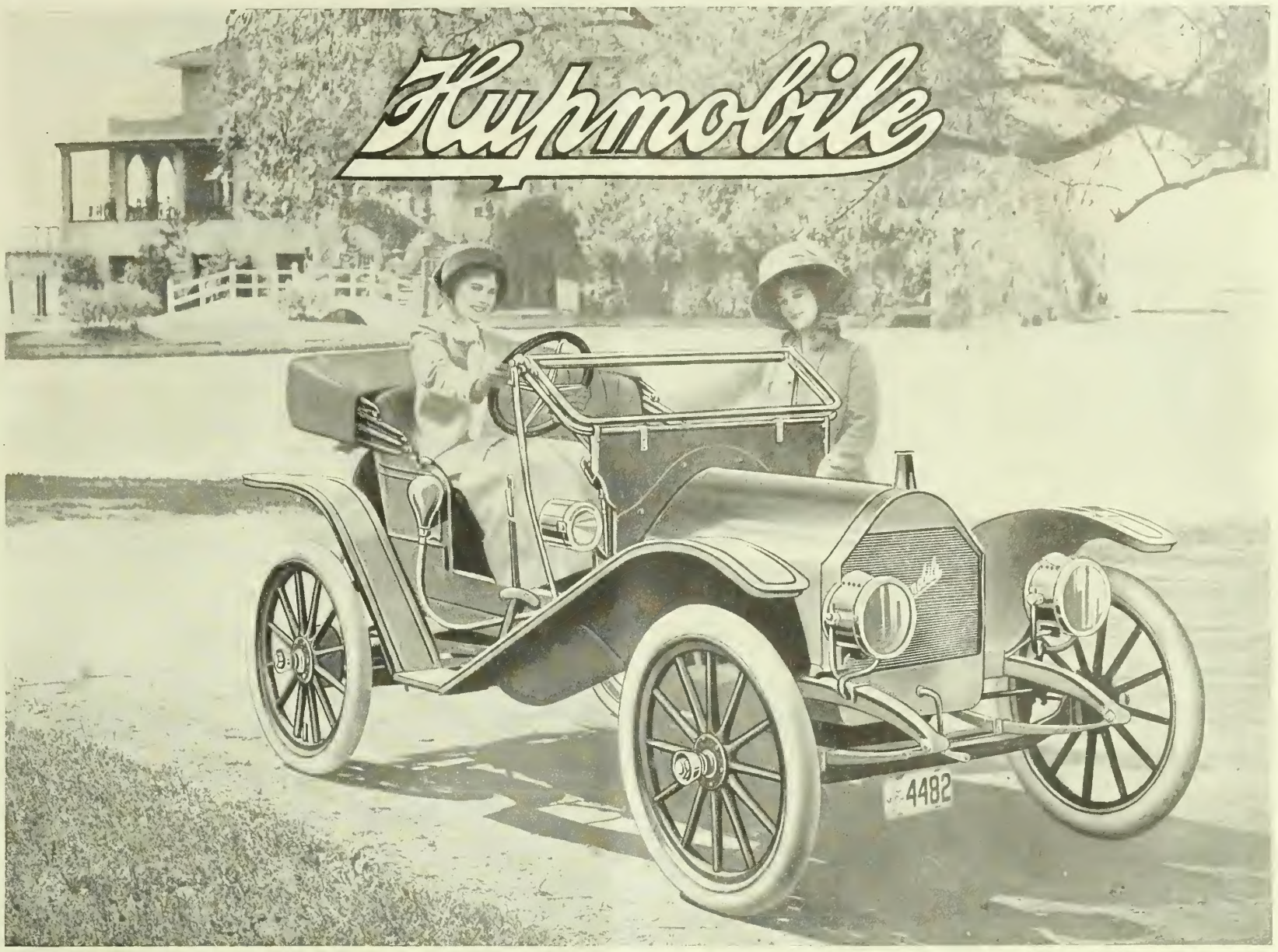
P.S. I shall place a mark (x) in square at end of this line if I enclose 6c extra (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian. ☐

Write very slowly and plainly on coupon only.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____



4 cylinders; 20 H. P.; Sliding gears
Bosch magneto

$750

F. O. B. Detroit, including three oil lamps, horn and tools.
Gas lamps and tank, top, windshield and speedometer, extra.

25c a day is all it costs most people to run this car

There are 7500 Hupmobile owners in America.

The great majority keep their cars at home and run them for about 25c. a day.

That means everything—oil, gasoline, repairs—everything.

You may moralize all you like about the expense of keeping automobiles—but you'll not find a Hupmobile owner who will admit that his car is an expense at all.

At 25c. a day he maintains that his Hupmobile is cheaper than a street car—and infinitely less expensive than a horse.

Cheaper, because it covers so much more ground.

An economy, because it enables the owner to do two or three times as much work and still have leisure.

The Hupmobile is just the right size to save money in first cost; and it saves money, because it is just the right size, on tires, gasoline and repairs.

You never see any second-hand Hupmobiles. There aren't any.

A "Hup" that has seen a year of service, with any kind of care at all, commands within a few dollars of the full price.

And isn't it the handsomest, smartest car of its type in the market?

At least one hundred thousand more people can afford to own a Hupmobile—in the sense that it would prove itself an actual investment in time saved and the pleasure it would bring.

See if you are in the list of folks suggested, to whom the Hupmobile would be useful.

Read what a few owners say.

Talk to a Hupmobile owner—doubtless there are two or three among your acquaintances—then look up your Hupmobile dealer.

Cheaper than street cars or horses; better than either

"The average cost of oil and gasoline per 1000 miles has been only $8.25. Tire expense practically nil."—B. G. Hannum.

"Have found it very economical—actually cheaper, I believe, than riding on street cars."
—A. J. Carpenter.

"As to economy I average from twenty-five to thirty miles on a gallon of gasoline."—C. H. Kibbee.

"I have driven my machine about 4000 miles, and have not spent a cent for repairs. Considering that I have got this mileage in about five months, at a net cost of $40 maintenance, including washing and polishing, once or twice a week, it makes the Hupmobile considerably cheaper than a horse, and much more satisfactory than street cars."
—W. W. Kelly.

"In city driving, *28 to 30 miles on one gallon of gasoline;* for country roads, *25 miles on a gallon.*"—F. R. Love.

"I have been driving automobiles since 1904; and have had *less trouble, less expense,* and *more pleasure* with the 'Hup' than with any other car I ever owned."
—B. L. Marble.

Men to whom a Hupmobile would make itself indispensable after a week's use

Doctors, Collectors, Lawyers, Rural Mail Carriers
Salesmen, Electricians, Solicitors, Engineers
Builders, Surveyors, Contractors, Traffic Agents
Gas, Electric Light and Water Companies

SPECIFICATIONS

MOTOR—4 cylinder, 20 H. P., 3¼ inch bore, 3⅜ inch stroke; L-head type; water cooled; offset crank shaft; fan bladed fly wheel in front; Parsons' white bronze bearings; noiseless cam shaft.

TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gears in extension bolted to crank case; shifting without noise.

CLUTCH—Multiple disc type; self-adjusting; enclosed in gear case; running in oil.

REAR AXLE—Shaft drive; Hyatt roller and Timken bearings; shaft and universal joint enclosed and lubricated by oil from transmission.

BRAKES—Two foot and two emergency (internal expanding) on rear hubs.

IGNITION—Bosch high tension magneto, doing away with spark coil, batteries and connecting wires.

TIRES—30 x 3 inches.

WHEEL BASE—86 inches.

TREAD—56 inches; optional, 60 inches.

SPRINGS—Semi-elliptical front, patented cross spring rear.

EQUIPMENT—Two side and tail oil lamps, dragon horn, tools, repair kit, pump.

WEIGHT—1200 pounds, regular equipment.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DEPT. P, DETROIT, MICH.

Licensed under Selden Patent

Good Teeth— Good Health

"Tooth-brush drill is as needful as any gymnastic exercise for the preservation of health,"

says Dr. Richard Grady, the Dentist of the Annapolis Naval Academy.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

helps to keep you in athletic condition. It improves your teeth, and therefore your digestion, health and appearance. Its regular use is a safeguard against disease. For Dr. Grady's view is that:—

"There is strong reason to believe that many diseases may be due to the fact that the masticatory organs have been neglected."

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans, preserves and polishes perfectly and antiseptically. That its cleansing virtue prevents tooth-destroying decay-germs, is proved by the following report of an eminent chemist:

GENTLEMEN:—I have made a careful examination of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, purchased in the open market, and find that it is aseptic and also has pronounced antiseptic and disinfectant properties and *effectually checks the growth of bacteria.*
Dec. 30, 1909. PARKER C. McILHINEY, A.M., Ph.D.

Its delicious flavor proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary to efficiency.

42 inches of cream in trial tube sent for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806. Dept. P, 55 John St., New York

Canadian Dept., Coristine Bldg., Montreal. *Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap.*